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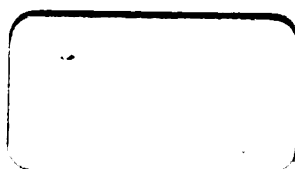
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COFFIN

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For a man

Beverly R. Robinson
1891.



CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT

THE FOURTH PERIOD

OF

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

60
FROM SEPTEMBER, 1864, TO ITS CLOSE

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF '76" "THE STORY OF LIBERTY" "OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES"
"BUILDING THE NATION" "DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION" "MARCHING
TO VICTORY" "REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC" &c.

Illustrated

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NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1891

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Dedicated

TO

EDMUND CARLETON, M.D.

**SKILFUL PHYSICIAN, BELOVED NEPHEW, FLEET AND FEARLESS COURIER,
MY MESSENGER FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS TO AN EXPECTANT AND
WAITING PUBLIC DURING THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN
OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, 1864**

INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume is the fourth in the history of the War of the Rebellion, and covers the period from September, 1864, to the re-establishment of the authority of the United States throughout every part of the republic. It may fittingly be characterized as the Dramatic period of our country's history. It opens with the Army of the Shenandoah winning its great victories; the Army of the Potomac besieging Petersburg, after having fought its way from the Rapidan to that city; with the Army of the West in possession of Atlanta; Abraham Lincoln as candidate for re-election as President, the political issue being the continuance of the war till the authority of the United States should be recognized in all the revolted States, or peace at any price, and upon such terms as Jefferson Davis might dictate; the final abolishing of slavery, or the continuance of the institution.

The volume treats of the military movements of the closing period—of Sheridan in the Shenandoah, the march of the Army of the West from Atlanta to the sea and through the Carolinas, the struggles of the Army of the Potomac around Petersburg and Richmond; the breaking up of the Rebellion; my personal observations in the chief cities of the Confederacy—Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond; the entrance of Abraham Lincoln to the capital of the Confederacy; the last great tragedy—his assassination.

I have given from authentic documents what is to be found in no volume that has come under my observation—the change of opinion and sentiment in the South in regard to the employment of slaves as soldiers of the Confederacy. In this, as in preceding volumes, I have endeavored to keep in view the real cause of the war—not the question of the rights of the States, but the continuance of slavery. The war was begun ostensibly for the maintenance of "State rights," but really and truly for the establishment of a government founded on the idea that slavery was a

beneficent institution, ordained of God for the best welfare of the human race. The proclamation of Abraham Lincoln emancipating the slaves was issued January 1, 1863; the sentiment of the people of the South at that time found truthful expression in a message to the Confederate Congress by President Davis, who said:

"We may leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow-men of all countries to pass judgment on a measure by which several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination, while at the same time they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation to abstain from violence unless in necessary defence. Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man is tempered by the profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses."

The proposition on the part of the United States to employ negro troops was received with execration by the people of the South, as set forth in this volume; but there will also be presented an outline of the great change which came over Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, Robert E. Lee, the Confederate Congress, and the people generally, culminating in the passage of a law, during the last weeks of the conflict, for the employment of two hundred thousand slaves as soldiers of the Confederacy.

In this volume, as in all that have preceded it, I have endeavored to divest myself of prejudice; to place myself, as far as it is possible for one who was an observer of the great conflict and loyal to the Union, in the position of those who were fighting for the establishment of the Confederacy. I recognize their sincerity, valor, bravery, endurance, suffering, achievements, and triumphs; I hold out to them fraternal hands, have but one wish—that love, peace, prosperity, and the best blessings of Heaven may rest upon them forever. I write to set forth the truth of history, and have endeavored to present only authentic statements. It will be for the historian of the future to place a correct estimate upon the motives of the actors, and the parts performed by them in this great historic drama.

The War of the Rebellion was an emancipating, educating, and uplifting period, not only for this country, but for all the nations. The prediction came from beyond the Atlantic that the republic never would be able to rid itself of its million of men in arms; that the military idea would control the Government, and that henceforth the United States would be

a military nation. Crowned heads looked on with amazement when the great armies melted away. With the surrender of the last Confederate, and the disbanding of the armies, the United States became the leader and teacher of all the nations, uplifting the whole human race by the unparalleled example.

This series of volumes is but an outline of the events of the great conflict of ideas and institutions—between freedom and slavery. I deplore the feebleness of the portrayal; but such as it is I present it to the boys and girls of this generation with the hope that it will enable them to comprehend the greatness and value of the inheritance bequeathed to them through the valor, patriotism, sacrifice, and devotion of those who laid down their lives to make freedom triumphant in this Western World.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Boston, *October*, 1890.

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FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864 IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

DURING the summer of 1864 the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Lee, had been forced to fall back from the Rapidan to Richmond and Petersburg by the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, under General Grant. In the west, the Confederate army commanded by General Johnston had been compelled to retreat from Dalton in Northern Georgia to Atlanta. General Johnston had been removed from command by Jefferson Davis, and General Hood, who had been forced to evacuate Atlanta during the closing days of August, appointed in his place. Upon the Gulf, the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay had been captured by the combined efforts of the Union fleet under Admiral Farragut and an army under General Canby.

In the closing chapter of "Redeeming the Republic" we have seen how the silent forces were at work weakening the power of the Confederate States on the one hand, and strengthening that of the Union on the other. The waste of war was felt far more keenly by the Southern than by the Northern people. In the Southern section there was no power to make good the loss; while in the North there was ceaseless activity in supplying the armies with everything that could contribute to their efficiency. The drafts ordered by President Lincoln had brought new soldiers to the ranks—not such men as had volunteered to fight for the flag, not those that could always be relied upon in battle, but which were quite as good as those forced into the Confederate army by the conscription of Jefferson Davis. Far-sighted men saw that the time was approaching when the drain upon the resources of the Confederate States, the destruction of the railroads, and the repeated defeats of the Confederate armies

would bring about final exhaustion and inability of the Confederate Government to continue the struggle.

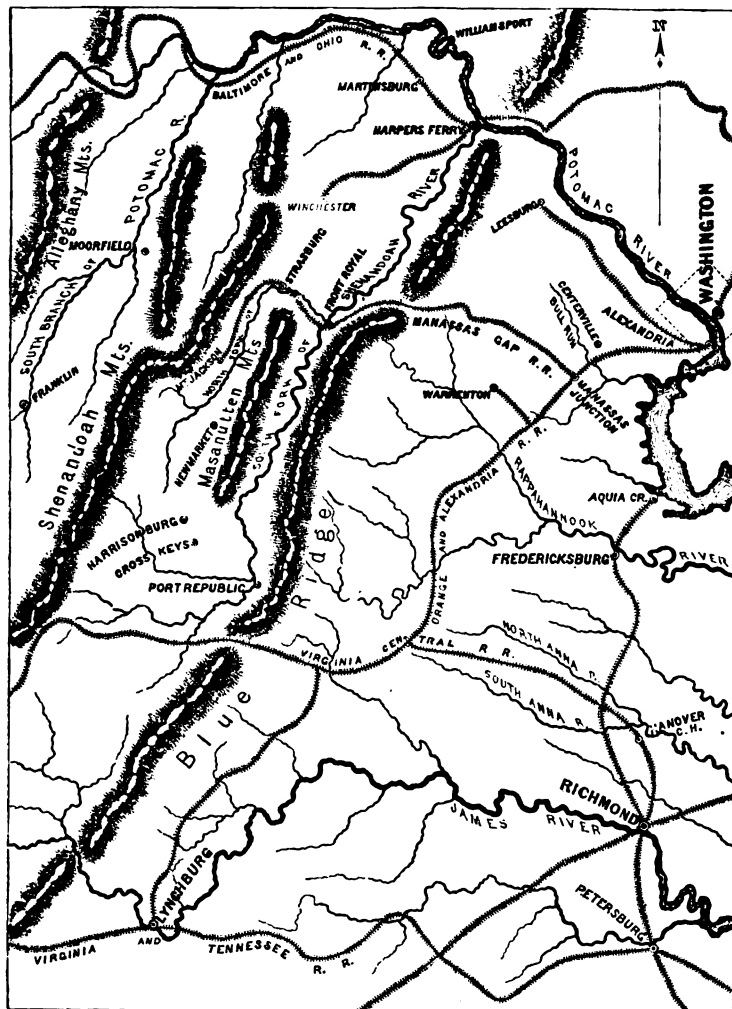
The military movements of the closing period of the war began in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, which, from the beginning of the struggle, had been the theatre of stirring scenes. There is no fairer section of the country than that through which the waters of the Shenandoah find their way to the Potomac. The Blue Ridge, rising in its beauty and glory above the undulating regions extending to the Atlantic, is its eastern boundary. The mountain range has several gate-ways—Snicker's, Ashby's, Manassas, Chester, Thornton's and Blackfish gaps—through which armies can march over macadamized roads.

At Harper's Ferry, the north-eastern corner of the valley, the Potomac, during long ages, has worn its way through the mountain wall. It is sixty miles from that point westward to the Alleghany ridge. Twenty miles south, at Winchester, the valley had narrowed to forty-four miles; still farther south, at Strasburg, it is but twenty-five in width. At that point the valley is divided and made picturesque by the Massanutten ranges—a series of ridges which rise sharp and steep, and which are clothed with woods from their base to their summits, fifteen hundred feet above the lowlands of the valley. The valley east of Massanutten bears the name of Luray, widely known since the war by the discovery of its cavern of wonderful architecture. The western valley is the Shenandoah, through which the north fork of that stream, after many turnings, joins the south fork at Front Royal at the northern base of Massanutten.

The principal towns in the valley are Martinsburg, fifteen miles west of Harper's Ferry, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had its machine shop and round-house for locomotives; Charlestown, ten miles south-west of Harper's Ferry, forever memorable as the scene of John Brown's execution; Winchester is thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, and twenty miles due south from Martinsburg, and is the largest town in the valley. It often changed hands during the war—more than seventy times, it is said. The citizens were accustomed to see the soldiers of the Union tramping through the streets in the morning, and soldiers of the Confederacy in the evening. A few families were loyal to the Stars and Stripes through all the changes, but most of the people cheered the Confederate flag whenever they saw it waving in the streets.

From Winchester a wide and beautiful macadamized turnpike extends northward to Williamsport on the Potomac, and southward through Middletown, Strasburg, and Woodstock to Harrisburg, and from there to Lexington, one hundred and twenty miles from Winchester. Before the con-

struction of the railroads it was the great highway between the James and the Potomac, and the nearest route from central Virginia to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Heavy wagons drawn by horses and mules, loaded with



SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Showing the railroads as they were in 1864.

corn, wheat, tobacco, and other products of the country, or with sugar, molasses, and goods bought in Baltimore, rumbled along the well-kept way, the teamsters paying the keepers of the toll-gates for the privilege of using it.

In 1864 the toll-gates had disappeared, the taverns were closed; many of the fences along the road had been burned by the soldiers of the two armies, and once tilled fields were lying fallow. The men who had cultivated them were following the Confederate drum-beat, or were at rest forever beneath the sods of the battle-fields of Virginia. Though so many had gone, the farmers were not only raising enough wheat and corn for themselves and families, but for the army under General Lee defending Richmond. So fertile the valley, and so abundant the harvests, that it was regarded as the granary of the South.

The country was so open that armies could make rapid marches. With many gate-ways in the Blue Ridge opening towards Richmond, a Union army could not advance very far towards Lynchburg without being exposed to an attack from Confederate troops, which could be sent in the cars from Richmond to Charlottesville, and thence make a swift march into the valley and gain the rear of the Union army. Stonewall Jackson, in 1862, availed himself of this feature of the topography of the country, and compelled General Banks to make a hasty retreat from Strasburg to Harper's Ferry. (See "Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 246.)

General Early had forced General Hunter to retreat from Lynchburg, not down the Shenandoah, but down the Kanawha to the Ohio (see "Redeeming the Republic," p. 270), which enabled General Early to advance towards Washington, and which, in turn, compelled General Grant to detach the Sixth Corps from the army in front of Petersburg, and send it in haste to defend the capital. (See "Redeeming the Republic," p. 280.) When repulsed from Washington, General Early retreated across the Potomac, and instead of going directly south to join General Lee, had marched through Snicker's Gap into the valley, and made his way to Strasburg. One of his divisions, commanded by General Ramseur, was attacked by General Averill with cavalry and infantry on the farm of Mr. Carter, and driven, with a loss of four hundred.

General Grant expected that General Lee would direct Early to return at once to Richmond, but the Confederate commander had other plans. He saw that General Early, by remaining in the valley, would be a constant menace to Washington and Pennsylvania; besides, the farmers were harvesting their crops, and by keeping Early in the Shenandoah region, he would be able to supply his army with food.

General Early, seeing the Sixth Corps, which had followed him to Snicker's Gap, returning to Washington, concluded not to remain at Strasburg, but advanced rapidly down the turnpike to Kernstown, three miles south of Winchester, where the Union general Crook was stationed, and



THE SCOUT.

compelled that officer to retreat to the Potomac. The Confederates came upon him so suddenly that he lost nearly twelve hundred men. Having accomplished this, General Early sent General McCausland to burn Chambersburg in Pennsylvania. (See "Redeeming the Republic," p. 435.)

The events above narrated occurred before the month of August, 1864. It is necessary to state them for a full comprehension of what is to be narrated in this chapter. The burning of Chambersburg was an act of retaliation on the part of the Confederates for the destruction, under the order of General Hunter, of the residences of three Confederate citizens. The war of retaliation, thus inaugurated, was a distinguishing feature of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley during the closing months of the year, as we shall see.

The commanding officers of the Union and Confederate armies watched each other with eager eyes. Each had his corps of trusted scouts, who knew every road in the valley, and who were familiar with all the mountain paths. From the tops of the commanding heights Union and Confederate scouts alike looked down, at daybreak, or noon, or in the twilight hours, upon the opposing camps, and beheld the smoke of the bivouac-fires, noting any change made during the preceding night or day, each reporting to his commanding general. By sleepless vigilance Union and Confederate stood ready to take advantage of any mistake made by his opponent in the game of war.

The summer was passing away. General Grant saw, or thought he saw, that General Lee intended to keep Early in the valley with a sufficient force to give anxiety to the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and so, instead of ordering the Sixth Corps to return to Petersburg, as he had intended, allowed it to remain at Washington, to be used as circumstances might demand. He finally determined to collect an army in the valley, and crush Early where he was, or compel him to retreat; and then, by destroying the crop, he would make it impossible for a Confederate army to remain there through the winter; and more than this, he would cut off General Lee's supplies.

The military authorities at Washington had divided the country into twenty or more districts. When General Grant was made commander-in-chief, in March, 1864, he reduced the number, but there still remained four such districts around Washington. For some reason the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, had not thought it best to consolidate these into one, and so put the troops under one general, but upon the burning of Chambersburg the troops were all placed under the command of General Hunter. It was seen that the burning of that town had been accom-

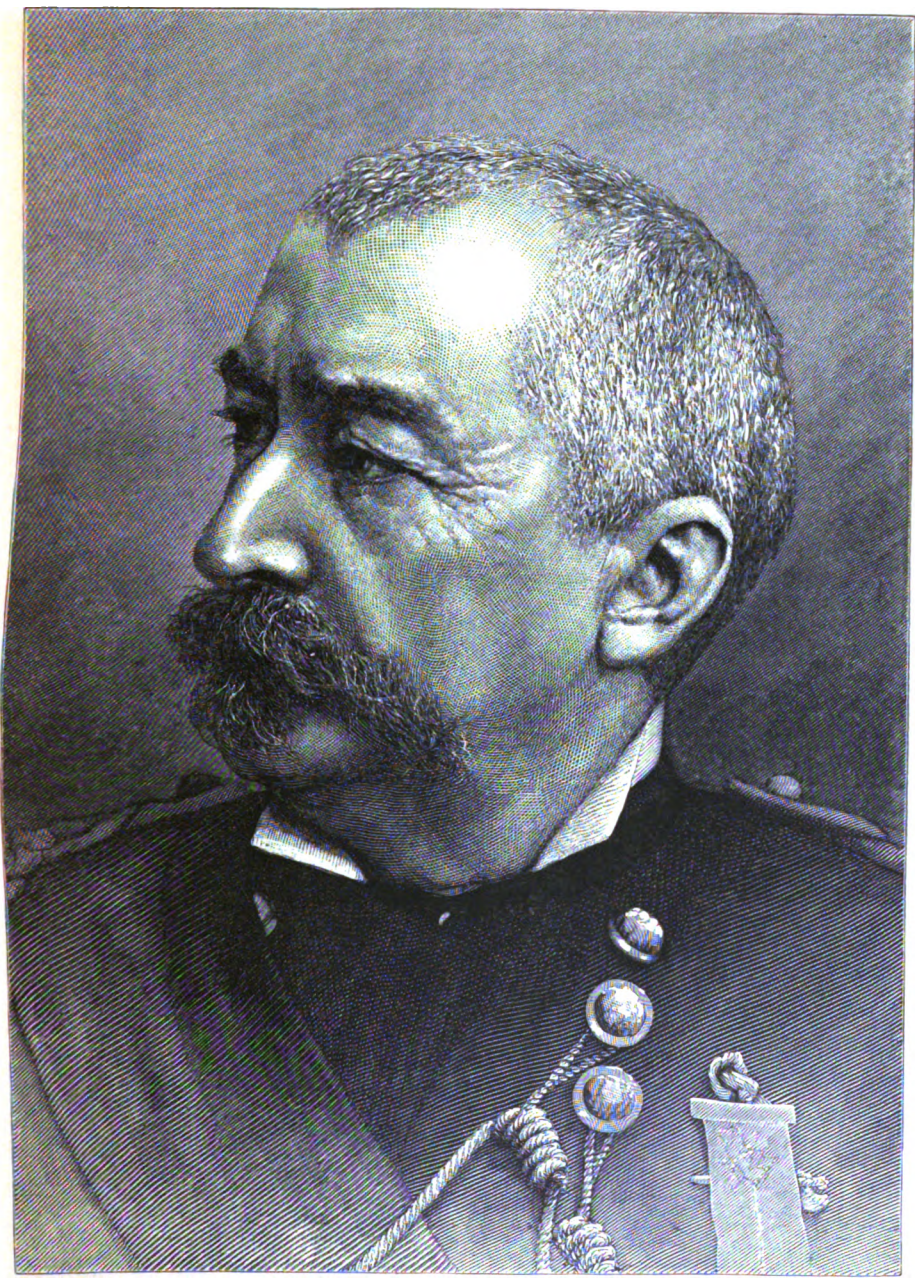
plished by the Confederate cavalry, and that in all probability other raids would be made, to prevent which a large force of cavalry must be assembled in that region. So it came about that General Sheridan, with one of his divisions, was ordered to leave the Army of the Potomac for service in the valley. These the instructions which Grant sent to Halleck: "Unless General Hunter is in the field in person, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also. Once started up the valley, they ought to be followed till we get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad."

General Sheridan had shown at Stone River of what stuff he was made (see "Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 430), also at Chickamauga and at Missionary Ridge (see "Marching to Victory," p. 449), and in the battles with Stuart's cavalry through the summer of 1864 (see "Redeeming the Republic," p. 125). He was thirty-three years old, but General Halleck thought him too young to be placed in command of all the troops gathering in front of Early. (') General Grant had confidence in him, and left City Point on a steamer for Baltimore, and hastened thence by rail to Monocacy Junction in Maryland, where the troops were encamped.

Aug. 6, 1864. General Sheridan arrived the next day. General Grant saw that cavalry could be used to such good advantage that he ordered another division to leave the Army of the Potomac and join Sheridan. We see of what value the rivers James and Potomac were during the war—enabling the cavalry to go by steamboat from City Point to Washington, the horses resting the while.

General Hunter was in command of the district, but General Sheridan was to command the troops in the field. In his instructions to General Hunter, General Grant said: "In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, as it is expected you will have to go, first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for the use of your command. Such as cannot be consumed, destroy. It is not desirable that the buildings should be destroyed; they should rather be protected, but the people should be informed that so long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of their raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards."

This seems very harsh, but General Early had ordered the burning of Chambersburg because the Union troops, at the direction of General Hunter, had burned the houses of three citizens of Virginia. (See "Redeeming the Republic," p. 435.) General Early had begun a war of retaliation. The newspapers of the South were advocating such a course. (See "Secret



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

History of the Confederacy," E. A. Pollard, chap. xxii.) General Grant did not write the instructions in a spirit of retaliation, but because most of the people in the valley, being intensely loyal to the Confederacy, were not only supplying the Confederate armies with food, but were harboring the guerillas, who watched their opportunity to capture Union soldiers, and destroy the supplies of General Sheridan. One day the guerillas would be making a raid or capturing a train of supplies, and the next day at work in their

fields as peaceable citizens. General Grant determined to put an end to that mode of warfare.

It was a very noble act on the part of General Hunter when he, not from any feeling because Sheridan was appointed to command the troops in the field, but from a desire to do what he could for his country, asked that he might be relieved from the command of the district so that Sheridan might have full sway and power. He said that it would simplify the situation of affairs.



MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE CROOK.

The Union troops consisted of the Eighth Corps, commanded by General Crook; one division and part of another of the Nineteenth Corps, commanded by General Emory; the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Wright. General Torbert was placed in command of the cavalry. The whole number of troops was twenty-six thousand, with fifty-six cannon. (*)

The main body of Confederates was at Martinsburg. A small force was across the Potomac near Sharpsburg, gathering provisions, when the Union army moved towards Winchester. It was the beginning of the campaign. General Early fell back to Winchester. The Union army crossed the Opequan River to gain the rear of the Confeder-

Aug. 10, 1864.

ates. Early was not to be caught in that way, and retreated to Fisher's Hill, three miles south of Strasburg, to a very strong natural position, which the Confederates made still stronger by throwing up intrenchments. Reinforcements were on the way from Richmond, Kershaw's division, commanded by General Anderson—veterans who had been in a score of battles—together with a division of cavalry under Fitz-Hugh Lee. Scouts brought information to Sheridan that the Confederates, on their way from Richmond, were moving towards Front Royal. A messenger brought a despatch from General Grant, with the information that Early was about to receive reinforcements. He cautioned General Sheridan to be careful. That officer had studied the topography of the country all the way from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, and saw that there was no position where he could stand on the defensive. With the reinforcements,

Aug. 15, 1864. Early's army was nearly as large as his own. One division of the Union cavalry, under Merritt, was attacked by Anderson near the village of Cedarville, but the Confederates were repulsed, losing nearly five hundred men.(')

The Confederates believed that Sheridan was about to give battle at Strasburg, but when the signal-officer on Massanutten Mountain looked down upon the far-reaching landscape in the early morning, Aug. 17, 1864. no Union troops were to be seen. The infantry and artillery were on their way to Winchester, while the cavalry guarded their rear, and were driving the cattle of the farmers before them and setting the stacks of wheat on fire. No other private property was injured, nor were families molested.(')

Just before night the Confederates of Anderson's division, advancing rapidly from Front Royal, attacked the Union cavalry, capturing nearly three hundred men. General Sheridan continued his retreat to Halltown. Early followed, and for several days there was constant skirmishing between the pickets. Early sent Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry and Wharton's division of infantry to Williamsport. General Torbert met them, and there was a sharp fight. General Custer, commanding a division, was so hard pressed by the Confederates that he was obliged to cross the Potomac into Maryland. While this was going on, General Crook, with a brigade of cavalry, fell upon the Confederates, capturing several officers and men, and compelling Anderson to retreat in turn.

The movements of Early and the retreat of Sheridan led the people of the North to think that Pennsylvania was again to be invaded. They thought that he was showing no more ability than the generals who had preceded him in the valley. They did not reflect that it is a high order

of generalship that knows just when to retreat as well as when to advance. General Grant was satisfied with what Sheridan had done.

"I think that I can manage this affair. I have thought it best to be prudent, everything considered," said Sheridan. He was biding his time. (*)

General Grant at Petersburg was making a movement which he thought would compel Lee to recall Anderson. He extended his lines westward and seized the Weldon Railroad, running south from Petersburg. "All



MARTINSBURG, 1864.
From a sketch made at the time.

troops will be ordered back from the valley, except what they believe to be the minimum number to detain you," wrote General Grant. "Watch closely, and if you find the thing correct, push with all vigor. Give the enemy no rest, and if possible follow to the Virginia Central Railroad. Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste." (*)

General Early wished to prevent the reopening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and whenever a body of Union troops advanced to Martinsburg, he sent a larger body to drive them back. General Lee telegraphed

Anderson to return to Richmond. The Confederate troops started, but came in collision with General Crook's command, which had been thrown forward towards Berryville. There was a sharp skirmish. Sept. 3, 1864. General Early supposed that Sheridan was about to attack him, and Anderson, instead of marching on towards the Blue Ridge, returned to Winchester.

General Lee was greatly in need of Anderson, and once more that officer started for Richmond. General Grant had been studying the situation.

Sept. 14, 1864. He saw that it would not do for Sheridan to risk a battle with a prospect of being defeated, for such a result would revive the waning spirits of the Confederates. If he were defeated Pennsylvania would again be invaded. "I determined," he said, "that the risk should not be taken." (') He did not think it best to send his instructions by telegraph, for they must pass through Washington; all the operators could hear the clicking of the message, as it would pass through their offices. He would not trust a cipher despatch, but determined to visit Sheridan in person. This his reason :

"I knew that it was impossible for me to get orders through Washington to Sheridan to make a move, because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleck's caution (and that of the Secretary of War) would suggest would be given instead, and would, no doubt, be contradictory to mine. I therefore, without stopping at Washington, went directly through to Charlestown, some ten miles above Harper's Ferry, and waited there to see General Sheridan, having sent a courier in advance to inform him where to meet me." (*)

The Opequan Creek, a branch of the Shenandoah, four miles east of Winchester, separated the two armies. It is not a large stream, but narrow and deep, winding between steep banks fringed with elms and willows. The fords were guarded by Confederate pickets on the western bank, by Union soldiers on the eastern. It is a stream not easily crossed by a large army in column and under the necessity of immediately deploying in line of battle.

It is very difficult for a military commander to obtain definite information of the movements of his enemy. Many rumors come to him, together with statements which may be of the utmost importance, and yet which he cannot verify. General Sheridan wanted to ascertain to a certainty the situation of affairs within the Confederate lines, and organized a band of scouts which rendered efficient service. Two of the scouts came one day to the cabin of a negro, just outside the Union lines, and found that General Early had given him a permit to go to Winchester



WHERE THE UNION TROOPS CROSSED THE OPEQUAN.

three times a week to sell eggs, chickens, and vegetables. The negro liked the Yankees, and was loyal to the old flag. The scouts told General Sheridan that they thought he might be made use of in finding out what was going on at Winchester.

"Do you know any of the Union people in Winchester?" General Sheridan put the question to General Crook.

"Yes, there is one noble young lady, Miss Rebecca M. Wright, a Quakeress, and who teaches a private school. She is true to the Union. She is closely watched, though, by the Confederates." General Sheridan sent for the negro.

"Do you know Miss Wright?" he asked.

"Yes, general, I know Miss Wright very well."

"Will you take something to her the next time you go to town?"

"Yes, general, I'll take something to her."

Miss Wright was sitting at her desk in her school-room at noon when she heard a knock at the door. She opened it, and saw a colored man.

Sept. 16, 1864.

"I wanted to see Miss Wright," he said.

"I am Miss Wright."

"I should like to see you privately, Miss Wright, if you please."

He looked cautiously around the room to make sure that no one was present other than themselves.

"Why do you wish to see me privately?"

"I have something for you from General Sheridan."

"Do you know to whom you are talking?"

"Yes'm; you are Miss Wright."

"But I have a sister."

"Yes'm; she likes the Confederates, but you are Miss Rebecca, and you like the Unions."

He took a pellet of tin-foil from his mouth and gave it to her. Miss Wright was alarmed. What was the meaning of all this? The negro was a stranger. She never had seen him before. She never had attempted to conceal the fact that she loved the old flag. Her mates, who were loyal to the Confederacy, shunned her. Was this a scheme to entrap her into saying or doing something which could be used against her?

"I will go now, but I will come at three o'clock, and I am sure you will have something for me to take to General Sheridan."

The negro bowed and went away. Miss Wright unrolled the tin-foil, and found within the pellet a slip of tissue-paper with this from General Sheridan: (*)

"Sept. 15, 1864. I learn from Major-General Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag. Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of any or all of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any troops arrived from Richmond, or are any coming or reported to be coming?" (")

A Confederate officer was boarding near by. He had been sick, but during the bright September days was able to sit upon the veranda and enjoy the beauty of the flowers blooming in Mrs. Wright's garden. It was delightful to the sick man to spend the evenings in Mrs. Wright's parlor with her two charming daughters. There was ever one all-absorbing topic of conversation—the war. Little did the officer think, as he sat there during the evening of September 15th, talking about the troops that had left Winchester, and were on their way to Richmond, that he was giving information which would be of incalculable value to Sheridan; and as little did Miss Wright mistrust that she was hearing that which a few hours later she would be sending to the Union commander. Unwittingly she had asked what troops had gone, unwittingly he had replied; and now the note from General Sheridan was in her hands. She loved the old flag. She wanted to see it wave in triumph over a united country, and wrote this in reply: (")

"I have no communication whatever with the rebels, but will tell you what I know. The division of General Kershaw, and Cutshaw's artillery, twelve guns and men, General Anderson commanding, have been sent away, and no more are expected, as they cannot be spared from Richmond.



REBECCA WRIGHT.

From a photograph taken by Lemee, Harrisburg, Pa., by permission.

I do not know how the troops are situated, but the force is much smaller than is represented."

At three o'clock the negro was once more at the door, and received a pellet of tin-foil, which he put into his mouth. General Sheridan had instructed him to swallow it if necessary. The Confederates did not search him, and before midnight the Union commander was reading what Miss Wright had written. The information was trustworthy. General Grant was on his way from the Potomac to confer with him.

message which came clicking through the telegraph from the commander-in-chief, and a few hours later the two generals were talking of the situation of affairs.

"Anderson has gone, and I propose to fight a battle," said Sheridan.

"Your teams and supplies are at Harper's Ferry. How soon can you get them up?" General Grant asked.

"This is Friday evening. I can be ready by daylight next Monday morning."

"Go in!"

The two words comprised all the instructions the commander-in-chief had to give. He had taken a map along with him, intending to point out lines of advance, but he saw that General Sheridan fully comprehended the situation, and did not take it from his pocket. (")

General Averill, who was at Martinsburg with a division of cavalry, sent information that two divisions of Confederate infantry were moving

Sept. 17, 1864. north towards that town. General Sheridan was pleased to hear of it. He had intended to cross the Opequan and gain

Early's rear south of Winchester, and then bring on a battle and compel Early to fight. This news changed the aspect of affairs, for Early was separating his divisions. This their position: the division commanded by Ramseur was on the Berryville turnpike, one mile east of Winchester, between two little streams—Abraham's Creek and Red Bud Run, both flowing into the Opequan. The cavalry, under Lomax, Jackson, and Johnson, were in the fields south of Ramseur. Wharton's division of infantry, commanded by Breckinridge, was three miles north of Winchester, at Stephenson's Depot, on the railroad leading from Winchester to Harper's Ferry. Rodes's division was a little farther north, while Gordon's was at Bunker Hill.

Sept. 18, 1864. Fitz-Hugh Lee's division of cavalry was north of Winchester. General Early, on the afternoon of the 18th, learned that General Grant had arrived at Charlestown, and came to the conclusion that he had come to take the direction of affairs, and that the Union army would soon be in motion. He sent orders for Gordon to hasten south.

General Sheridan designed that General Torbert, with Merritt's division of cavalry, which was at Summit Point, should move west, cross the Opequan at Stevens Ford, and advance towards Stephenson's Depot; while Averill, at Martinsburg, should move south, join Merritt, and strike the cavalry of Fitz-Hugh Lee, and drive it south. He intended that the cavalry under Wilson, which was down towards Berryville, should cross the Opequan on the Berryville turnpike, dash up the gorge, and drive the Confederate cavalry from their position. The Sixth Corps was to follow, and then the Nineteenth. He held the Eighth Corps in reserve, intending to use it in preventing the retreat of the Confederates from Winchester. When he issued his orders on the afternoon of the 18th he intended to overwhelm Ramseur, then Breckinridge, and finally Rodes and Gordon. Confederate spies carried the information to Early that General Grant had arrived, and was in consultation with Sheridan, which awakened the suspicion of the Confederate commander that General Grant himself was taking the direction of affairs, and couriers rode in haste to the commanders of the several Confederate divisions with orders to move towards

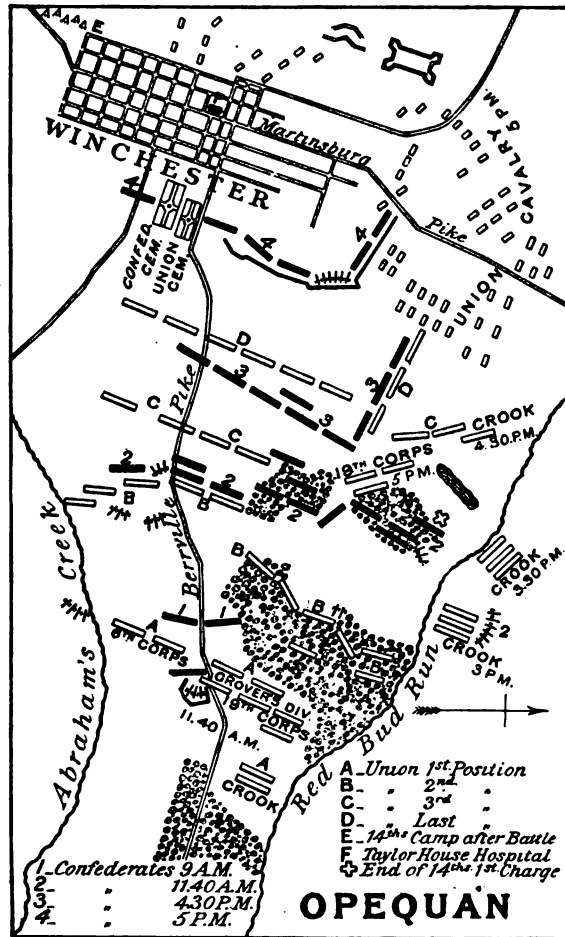
Winchester; and so, by midnight, the Confederate army, instead of being dispersed, was well concentrated east and north of Winchester.

General Sheridan had expected to begin the battle by attacking a single Confederate division, but instead, Early's troops were concentrated and could quickly be massed at a given point along the line.

The stars were shining, and the day-dawn just appearing in the east, when McIntosh's brigade of cavalry came to the Opequan, on the Berryville turnpike, dashed through the stream, and up the narrow defile, capturing the Confederate pickets, and also an earthwork in front of Ramseur. The rattle of musketry aroused the still sleeping Confederates, who quickly formed to recapture it, but the Union cavalry dismounted and held the work.

The troops of the Sixth Corps started at three o'clock, but it was eight miles they had to march, and the sun was two hours above the horizon before they reached the Opequan. They were obliged to march in

column on account of the narrow passage in the hills. Their ammunition wagons followed, and so blocked the way that it was mid-forenoon before the Nineteenth reached the Opequan. The delay upset General Sheridan's plans. With the first roll of musketry, and the opening of the cannonade in front of Ramseur, Early comprehended the movement, and



BATTLE OF THE OPEQUAN.

messengers soon were riding north, with orders for Gordon and Rodes to hasten south and join Breckinridge and Ramseur. They had a wide road and open grounds, and so, while the Sixth and Nineteenth corps were slowly making their way along the one narrow road, the Confederates were marching swiftly through clear fields. The battle began with the Confederates far better concentrated than the Union troops. Not till noon was General Sheridan in position to attack. At that hour Getty's and Ricketts's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and Grover's of the Nineteenth, advanced through woods, fields, and pastures. Getty was on the Berryville pike, Ricketts next in line, and Grover on the right of Ricketts, reaching to Red Bud Run; the Fourteenth New Hampshire regiment, reaching up to the fringe of timber along the run, holding the right of the line. Sheridan placed Russell's division in the rear of Ricketts's, and Dwight's, of the Nineteenth Corps, in the rear of Grover's, with the Eighth Corps in reserve.

It was just twenty minutes to noon when the Sixth Corps, sweeping through a patch of woodland, and here and there a cleared field, came upon Ramseur and Rodes. The battle began like the burst of a
Sept. 19, 1864. thunder-storm—a continued roll of musketry and the uproar of the cannonade. The onset of the Sixth Corps was made with great vigor, the troops advancing, loading and firing, pressing nearer, and compelling Ramseur and Rodes to fall back towards Winchester.

The Confederate army, after the departure of Anderson's division, numbered about 17,000. Sheridan's army had been reduced by the departure of men whose term of service had expired, and consisted of about 18,000 infantry and artillery, and between 3000 and 4000 cavalry. The United States kept good faith with its soldiers, who, though a battle was impending, were allowed to leave for home the moment their term of enlistment expired. Not so the Confederate Government, which never relieved a soldier from service, but carried on a remorseless conscription to sweep old and young alike into the army.

The Sixth Corps advanced on the Berryville turnpike, the Nineteenth moved through the woods and pastures north of that road. Grover's division soon encountered Gordon's Confederate division, striking Evans's brigade and shattering it.

General Early says: "Evans's brigade, which was on the extreme left of our infantry, was forced back through the woods from behind which it had advanced, the enemy following to within musket range of seven pieces of Braxton's artillery, which were without support. This caused a pause in our advance, and the position was most critical, for it was apparent



ATTACK OF GETTY'S DIVISION.
From a sketch made at the time.

that unless this force was driven back or destroyed the day was lost. Braxton's guns, in which now was our only hope, resolutely stood their ground." (13)

It was not Braxton's guns which brought Birge's Union brigade to a halt, but a battery of Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry stationed near the house of Mr. Hackwood, across Red Bud Run, which, as the Union troops swept up the southern side, poured in an enfilading fire, making great havoc in the Union line. If there had been a Union force north of Red Bud Run at that moment to have rushed upon Fitz-Hugh Lee's guns, the probabilities are that the battle of the Opequan would have ended much



HACKWOOD HOUSE.

Braxton's Confederate battery occupied the foreground. The foliage at the right marks Red Bud Run. The Eighth Corps swept across the fields in the distance. The Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, the right of Birge's brigade, reached the middle of the field.

sooner than it did. The troops made a rush towards Braxton's guns, but the front and flank fire was so destructive to them that they could advance no farther.

They were within pistol-shot of the cannon, which opened with canister, while Fitz-Hugh Lee's guns, from beyond the Hackwood House, fired shells with great rapidity. There was no body of troops in position to charge the battery north of Red Bud Run, no Union battery to silence it or engage its attention. Unopposed by any Union troops, that battery of six guns could deliver its fire lengthwise the Union lines. No troops could long remain intact under such a condition of affairs. The Vermont men lose heart when there is no hope. We need not wonder that the

lines come to a halt, and then, after a brief struggle, retired out of the reach of such a tempest.

In the movement the Sixth Corps and Grover's front rank had been separated, and Molineaux's brigade was hurried in to fill the gap. At the moment when the tide was setting against Early, Butler's brigade of Rodes's division came upon the field, having been hurried down from Stephenson's Depot. The Confederate officers rallied their troops, and the Union lines were compelled to fall back. In the furious onset of the Confederates General Rodes was killed, and Early lost one of his most efficient officers.

In battle, as upon the shore of the sea, there is the ebb and flow of the tide. Sheridan ordered Russell's division to advance. It was a vigorous assault, and the Confederates in turn were hurled back over the ground, which was thickly strewn with the killed and wounded. Russell fell mortally wounded, and in him Sheridan lost one of his ablest generals.

In the first attack the Fourteenth New Hampshire, being on the extreme right, and exposed to the cross-fire of fourteen cannon, suffered great loss.

General Early thought that he had gained the battle. "A splendid victory has been won," he said. This at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon. Thus far Sheridan had used only the Sixth and Nineteenth corps. The Eighth Corps and the cavalry were yet to be heard from. The uproar had died away, but the Union lines were reforming, and the Eighth Corps, which had been held in reserve, was moving across the Opequan, but not as Sheridan had at first intended. He had abandoned his original plan of attack, and instead of using the Eighth Corps on his left, determined to use it on his right. The troops of this corps marched up the wooded valley through which trickles Red Bud Run, the left of the line upon the ground over which the Fourteenth New Hampshire had advanced. That regiment had been widely scattered, but a few of its soldiers, with the colors, joined the Eighth Vermont, and resolutely stood in line for the final charge. (")

It was nearly four o'clock when the Eighth Corps moved past the Hackwood mansion. Sheridan had been waiting for the cavalry under Torbert, which had crossed the Opequan six miles down-stream, joined Averill, and thousands of horsemen were now riding across the fields—the divisions of Merritt, Averill, and Custer—the last extending beyond the range of hills north-west of Winchester, upon the summits of which were the forts which had been erected by General Milroy in 1863. They



ATTACK OF HICKETT'S DIVISION.
From a sketch made at the time.

were now bristling with Confederate cannon, which were sending solid shot and shells across the cornfields and pastures into the advancing lines. The sun, descending the western sky, glints from the gleaming sabres of the cavalymen. The earth trembles beneath the hoofs of the horses. The whole army is hinged upon the Sixth Corps, all the divisions swinging at once. Every soldier is in motion, controlled by one master mind. The movement is almost wholly across open fields. Breckinridge and the Confederate cavalry north of Winchester are the first to yield, falling back to stone walls and a line of breastworks near the town.

"The instant Merritt's division could be formed for a charge," writes Sheridan, "it went at Breckinridge's infantry and Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry with such momentum as to break the Confederate left just as Averill was passing around it. Merritt's brigades, led by Custer, Lowell, and Davis, met from the start with pronounced success, and with sabre and pistol in hand, literally rode down a battery of five guns, and took about twelve hundred prisoners." (")

While the cavalry was thus turning Early's left the Eighth Corps was folding back Gordon and Rodes, and the Sixth and Nineteenth were pressing Ramseur. Early tried in vain to hold the line of stone wall. The battle was lost, and his troops broke everywhere, fleeing in confusion through the streets of the town, across fields and pastures, crowding the turnpike, infantry and artillery commingled, very much disorganized, making their way towards Strasburg.

The sun was sinking and night settling down. Had there been a few additional hours of daylight, it is probable that the defeat would have been exceedingly disastrous to Early, for the Union cavalry was in good condition to press the fleeing troops. At mid-afternoon Early was rejoicing over what he thought was a brilliant Confederate victory, but at sunset he was experiencing unexpected disaster.

When the reverberation of the cannonade echoed along the valley on the morning of the battle, the young school-mistress's heart leaped into her mouth as the thought flashed over her that possibly she had had something to do with bringing on the battle. (")

The uproar increased; the musketry was like the rattling of hail-stones upon a roof. Long lines of ambulances came through the streets, bringing Confederate and Union wounded. The battle was coming nearer. Shells were bursting, setting buildings on fire, and the young school-mistress, with other women, hastened with buckets of water to put out the flames.

Bullets began to pierce the sides of the buildings, and the school-mis-

tress, her sister and mother, sought safety in the cellar. They heard the rumbling of cannon through the streets, the tramping of men upon the run. The roll of musketry died away; there was ominous silence.

"I must go up, mother, and see what it means," said the young teacher. She looked into the street and found it deserted, but from the attic window she could see the dear old flag waving in the light of the setting sun, and the soldiers of the Union marching down the streets. Blessed sight! "Come up, come up! The old flag is here!" she shouted, and they who had found refuge in the cellar hastened to welcome those who had won the victory. ('')

There came a knock upon the door, and the young teacher, upon opening it, saw a group of Union officers. "I am General Sheridan. I have come to thank you for the note which you so kindly sent me, for it was upon that information that I have fought this battle," he said.

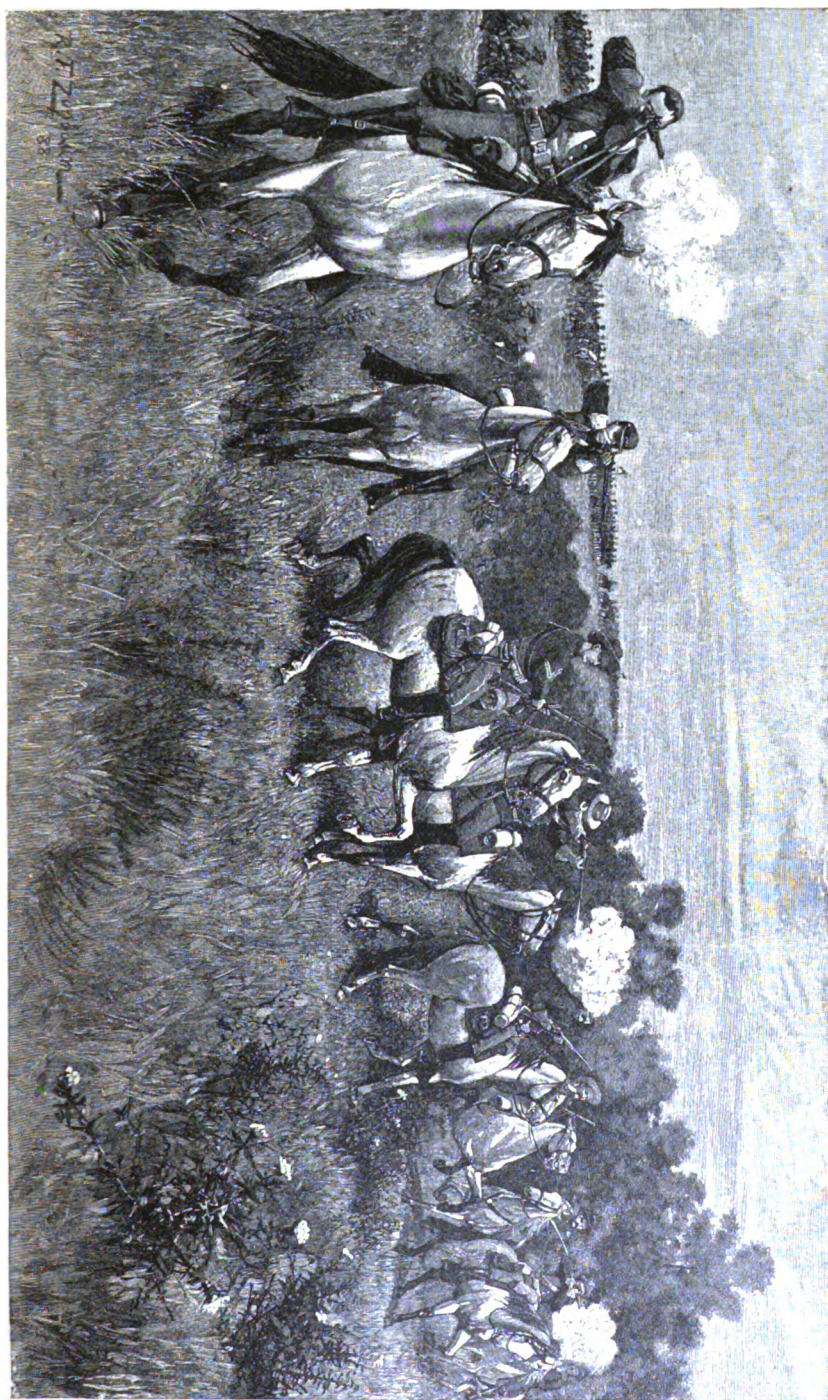
"Please don't mention it, for my life will be in danger when you go away," said the teacher.

"Oh, you need not fear, for we are not going away. You never will see the Confederates in Winchester again."

"That is what they all have said. I have heard it before."

General Sheridan smiled, and sitting down at the teacher's desk, wrote a despatch to General Grant informing him of what had been done. General Sheridan kept his own counsel. No one in Winchester knew of the correspondence between him and Miss Wright. Two years passed, and then one day an express messenger brought a package to the school-teacher containing a beautiful gold watch—a present from General Sheridan—as a testimonial to her loyalty to the old flag, and the service she had rendered to the country. ('')

In the management of the battle General Sheridan displayed great ability as a commander, for he had been compelled to change his matured plan of attack. He had expected to bring Early into battle south-east of Winchester with the Confederate troops widely scattered, but had fought it north-east of the town against a concentrated foe. He had planned to use the Eighth Corps on the extreme left of his line, but had wielded it with great force upon the right, changing his plan to meet the emergency of the moment. He was everywhere along the lines himself, seeing the varying fortunes of each division, ordering a new movement and onset with every repulse, continuing the battle by marked pertinacity on the part of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, till the Eighth and the cavalry united could make the movement unparalleled in its splendor, brilliancy, and success by any other movement of the war, unless it be that



ADVANCE OF THE CAVALRY.

of Stonewall Jackson in the battle of Chancellorsville. Jackson's movement crushed the right flank of the Union army in that battle, but at Winchester the Confederate army was swept from the field as the whirlwind sweeps away houses and fences and all other obstacles that lie along its path.

It was a pitiable spectacle, that of nine thousand killed and wounded—about four thousand five hundred in each army. But the loss to the Confederates was far greater than this—it was of position, of prestige, of five cannon and nine battle-flags, and a large number of wagons.

To the North it was more than a brilliant victory upon the field of Winchester; it was an event indicative of final triumph; it was a victory followed by great rejoicing. President Lincoln sent this despatch to Sheridan:

“God bless you all, officers and men! I am strongly inclined to come and see you.”

We are to remember that in November the people were to elect a President; that Abraham Lincoln had been renominated by the Republican party; that General McClellan had been nominated by the Democratic party. In “Redeeming the Republic” (chap. xviii.) we have seen the attitude of the men who had nominated McClellan; that no cheer was given for the Stars and Stripes when the convention held its session in Chicago; that no hurrah rent the air when the telegraph flashed the news that Sherman had taken Atlanta, and that Farragut and the Army of the Gulf had captured Fort Morgan, guarding the entrance to Mobile Bay. Through the month of September loyal men were looking anxiously forward to the first week in November, when the election would be held. The party that had nominated General McClellan was demanding that the war should cease. If the Union armies were defeated, the chances were that McClellan might be elected, and the party that had denounced the war would take possession of the Government. But instead of defeat the soldiers under General Sheridan had won a great victory, and all over the North bells were ringing, and men were rending the air with their shouts.

To the South the defeat of Early brought despondency and gloom. It was an indication that the Union army, sooner or later, would gain permanent possession of the Shenandoah Valley, and thus deprive General Lee of the subsistence which came from that section. More than this, it was seen that Sheridan would be likely to advance and threaten the destruction of the railroads leading west from Richmond. The Confederate president knew that the defeat of Early would be of incalculable political importance in the northern States, and so it came about that in its results the

battle of the Opequan was one of the most notable of the war—bringing about the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, and manifesting to Jefferson Davis that the war was to go on till the authority of the Stars and Stripes was once more everywhere re-established.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

- (¹) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. i., p. 463.
- (²) Idem, vol. i., p. 475.
- (³) Gen. Wesley Merritt, "Battles and Leaders of the Nation," vol. iv., p. 504.
- (⁴) Idem, vol. iv., p. 503.
- (⁵) General Sheridan's letter to General Grant.
- (⁶) General Grant's letter to General Sheridan.
- (⁷) General Grant's Report.
- (⁸) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 327.
- (⁹) Rebecca Wright to Author.
- (¹⁰) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 71.
- (¹¹) Rebecca Wright to Author.
- (¹²) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 328.
- (¹³) General Early.
- (¹⁴) "History Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment."
- (¹⁵) General Sheridan's Report.
- (¹⁶) Rebecca Wright to Author.
- (¹⁷) Idem.
- (¹⁸) Idem.

CHAPTER II.

CEDAR CREEK.

THROUGH the night after the battle of the Opequan the defeated Confederates under General Early were streaming down the road to Strasburg, but not halting there; they hastened along the valley turnpike, beneath the elms and willows, with the waters of the Shenandoah gurgling by the road-side, crossed the creek, ascended a long hill, filed right and left, and came into position behind breastworks which had been constructed in 1862 on Fisher's Hill, three miles south of Strasburg. The Confederates had suffered defeat in a pitched battle in the open field, upon ground of their own choosing. They had been outnumbered, but they had had the advantage of position. It was mortifying, but they had retreated in fair order, and were now occupying their breastworks along the southern bank of a deep gorge, which was so steep that it could not be readily climbed. Eastward, Massanutten Mountain rose in its grandeur and majesty. No assailing force could turn their flank in that direction. Westward was a dense forest, reaching across the valley to another mountain range. Through the gorge flowed the waters of Tumbling Run, which must be crossed by Sheridan's troops before they could reach the Confederate lines. In this secure position General Early waited for the advance of the Union army.

While the last gleams of daylight were fading in the west on the evening after the battle, Sheridan issued his order for a movement up the valley. Although the troops had been awakened at two o'clock in the morning, and had marched eight miles; although they had been in the white-heat of battle through the day, and had bivouacked amid the dead and wounded, they sprang cheerfully to their feet when the drums beat the reveille.

At daybreak the cavalry was in motion, followed by the infantry and artillery, the cannon carriages and ammunition wagons rumbling along the valley turnpike, the troops marching through the fields. Soon after noon the cavalry scouts informed General Sheridan

that the Confederates were on Fisher's Hill, hard at work felling trees along the southern bank of the gorge of Tumbling Run, and strengthening the breastworks.

From the hill near Strasburg the Union commander could look across the valley, and see the sunlight glistening from the cannon in position to sweep every avenue of approach. He expected to find the Confederates at Fisher's Hill—the one place in the valley best suited to resist his advance. Through the day the Union troops, followed by the trains, were making their way to Strasburg, bivouacking at night in the fields and pastures and in the woods south-west of the town.

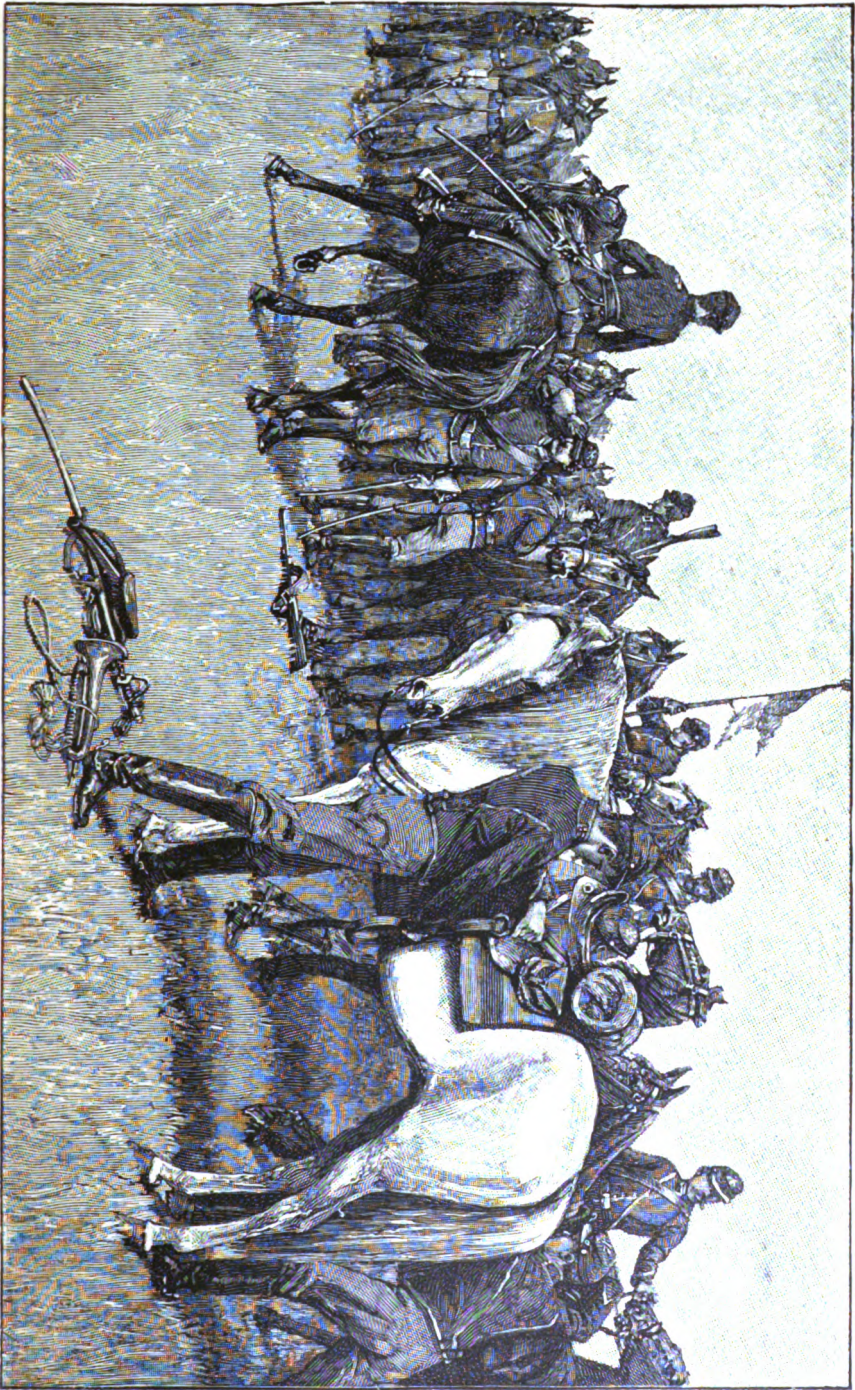
The morning dawned, but a dense fog had settled over the valley, so that not till mid-forenoon—not till the sun had dissipated the mists—could

General Sheridan survey the situation. He rode alone along
Sept. 21, 1864.

the northern bank of Tumbling Run. He would have no crowd of horsemen making ostentatious display to attract the attention of the Confederates. He soon saw that it would not be well to make a direct attack anywhere along the front; that the gorge was so deep and the southern bank so precipitous that he could not send his troops across the chasm without great loss of life, or with much prospect of success. He noticed that the Confederates were so confident of holding the position that the artillerymen had taken the ammunition chests from the caissons and placed them beside the cannon, that they might the more readily work the guns if he were to attempt an assault.

The Confederate army was formed with Wharton's division holding the right of the line, then Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Rodes's, now commanded by Pegram. The Confederate signal-officer on the mountain could look down upon the Union army, and locate the position of the several divisions in the fields and pastures around Strasburg.

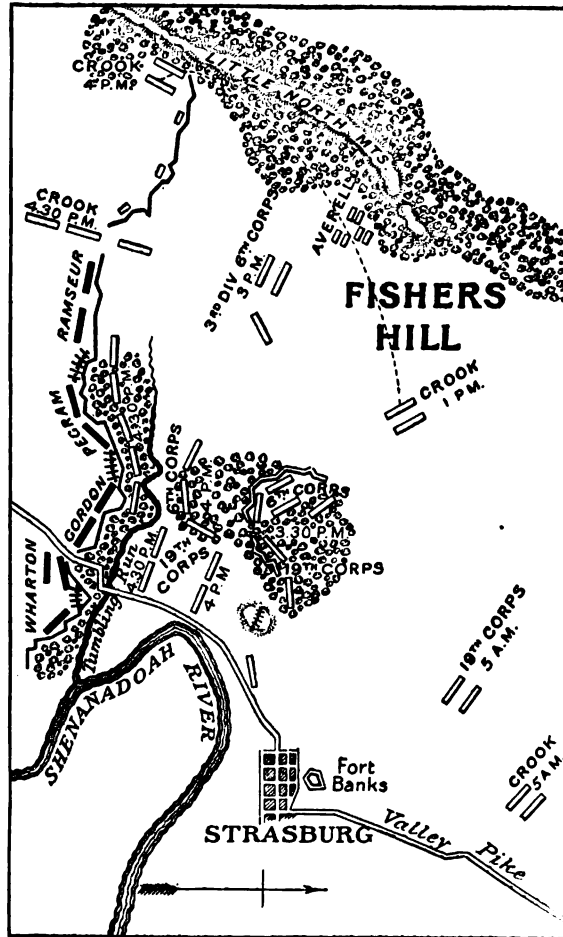
During the day General Sheridan was placing his troops in position—not for a direct attack, but to carry out a plan which he had formed. There was one commanding hillock on the north bank of Tumbling Run which the Confederates were holding, but they were quickly driven across the stream by the troops of the Sixth Corps. The artillery came into position, and opened fire upon the Confederate intrenchments. It was not with a view of attacking at that point, but to attract the attention of the Confederates while he carried out his plan, one part of which was to send a portion of the cavalry under Torbert and Wilson up the Luray Valley to gain the rear of the Confederates. Torbert turned east from Strasburg towards Front Royal, and moved up the valley east of Massanutten, to be in position to cross the mountain farther up through one of the gaps, and



CAVALRY PREPARING TO ADVANCE.

thus cut off Early's retreat. The Confederate commander suspected that Sheridan would make such a movement, and sent General Wickham with two brigades to prevent it.

General Early did not mistrust just what Sheridan was about to do. He did not know that the Eighth Corps, under Crook, was concealed in the woods north of Hupp's Hill, and that Sheridan was intending that Crook should make a long march west to Little North Mountain, then south along the base of the mountain, then south-east, to gain the left flank and rear of Pegram's division. The Confederate commander saw the Sixth and Nineteenth corps forming in the edge of the woods along the north bank of Tumbling Run. He saw them throwing up intrenchments and wheeling their cannon into position. The sharp-sighted signal-officer on the top of Massanutten could see the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, but obtained no glimpse of the Eighth. A division of Union cavalry under Averill held the Union right, which screened Crook's movement from the Confederate pickets. Through the day the Union cannon sent shot and shell across Tumbling Run upon the Confederate intrenchments, and Early's artillery replied. A little after three o'clock the Sixth Corps filed left and moved farther west, followed by the Nineteenth. General Sheridan



FISHER'S HILL.

was on a hill, sweeping the horizon with his glass, eagerly waiting for the appearance of Crook, confident that it would be a successful movement. "I'll get a twist on 'em," he said.⁽¹⁾

The cavalry under Lomax dismounted, and extended the Confederate line well out towards Little North Mountain. It was four o'clock—not quite two hours before the sun would sink behind the mountain—when Crook reached the point where he could turn east and prepare for the work he had in hand. No Confederate scout had seen him. The autumn foliage, beginning to put on its tints of russet, had effectually screened the column of troops from the searching eyes of the signal-officer on Massanutten. Crook halted his men, gave them a brief rest, and then in silence brought them into line just as Stonewall Jackson had formed his divisions for the onset at Chancellorsville. ("Marching to Victory," p. 176.)

It was half-past four when the Confederate cavalymen, standing behind the breastworks which they had erected, with their horses tied to trees, heard a rustling of leaves and the tramping of feet in the woods behind them, and saw, a moment later, long lines of men in blue advancing with steady steps to cut off their retreat. A few fired their carbines, and then all were in flight. Five minutes later, before Pegram and Ramseur could comprehend the meaning of the rattling fire in their rear, the Eighth Corps emerged from the woods into an open field. "Had the heavens opened and we had been seen descending from the clouds, no greater consternation would have been created," writes one of Crook's officers.^(*) The Confederates under Pegram fled in terror. The panic ran along Ramseur's line. Sheridan beheld the gleaming bayonets of Crook. The decisive moment which he planned for, and for which he had waited, had come. "Forward!" It is his order to the Sixth and Nineteenth corps. Behind him, concealed from the sight of the Confederates, are five batteries of artillery, the horses all harnessed and champing their bits, the cannoneers upon their limbers. "Into position!" the order. The drivers lash their horses to a run. There is a rumbling of wheels, and then the roar of thirty cannon sending a storm of shells across Tumbling Run. The Confederates reply, aiming their cannon towards Getty's and Ricketts's divisions of the Sixth Corps moving to join Crook.

"Forward, the whole line!" the order. Pegram's and Ramseur's lines are crumbling. Nothing so unnerves a soldier as the thought that his retreat is being cut off. The Confederates could see Crook closing around them as a fisherman draws his seine. The Sixth and Nineteenth corps were advancing. In an instant the Confederate lines dissolved, the troops fleeing eastward towards the turnpike.



SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY MARCHING UP THE VALLEY.

Down the north bank of Tumbling Run rushed the men of Getty's and Ricketts's divisions, leaping into the brook, wading the shallow pools, climbing the steep southern bank, reaching the breastworks to find them deserted, with the Confederates streaming across fields and pastures, tumbling headlong over fences and stone walls in their flight, the artillerymen leaving sixteen cannon in position, the drivers of the limbers lashing their horses to a run. General Sheridan is with Getty. "Don't let 'em stop! Don't wait to form! Fire! Yell!" he shouts, and the men fire a volley and shout till they are red in the face. The Nineteenth Corps dashes through the ravine, closing upon the Sixth and putting Gordon and Wharton to flight. They are followed by Devin's division of cavalry of the Nineteenth Corps. With the setting of the sun Early's army is fleeing, a confused mob—infantry, artillery, baggage wagons, ammunition trains—without organization or order—along the turnpike towards Woodstock. To the Confederates it was a disastrous rout.

"At Fisher's Hill," wrote General Early, three days later, to his commander-in-chief, "the cavalry gave way, but it was flanked. This would have been remedied if the troops had remained steady; but a panic seized them at the idea of being flanked, and without being defeated they broke, many of them fleeing shamefully. The artillery was not captured by the enemy, but abandoned by the infantry. My troops were very much shattered."(*)

The Union loss was less than 400, the Confederate nearly 1400, besides sixteen cannon.

Four miles south of Woodstock, after a flight of sixteen miles, the routed troops of Early halted. The Union cavalry followed, finding many wagons and a large amount of supplies which had been abandoned and set on fire in the haste to escape. General Averill, commanding a division of Union cavalry, made the mistake of going into bivouac after the battle, instead of pushing after the Confederates, for which General Sheridan relieved him of his command.

General Torbert found himself confronted by two brigades of cavalry under Wickham in the Luray Valley. He did not attack with energy, and so did not cut off Early's retreat.

At Rude's Hill, a little north of New Market, General Early reformed his troops and threw up intrenchments; but when General Sheridan appeared, and deployed his troops for a battle, the Confederates disappeared, retreating sixty miles to Brown's Gap, there receiving as reinforcements Kershaw's division and Cutshaw's artillery—the same troops that had left Winchester a few days before the battle of the

Sept. 24, 1864.

Opequan, and whose departure had been made known to Sheridan by the young school-teacher of Winchester.

General Sheridan followed Early to Harrisonburg. He was eighty miles from his base of supplies, and deemed it prudent to make no further advance, but to carry out the instructions of General Grant, and destroy the provisions and drive off cattle. Word came that one of his important officers—his chief engineer—had been murdered by citizens of

the valley clothed as Union soldiers. He regarded it as an
Oct. 3, 1864.

atrocities which demanded terrible retribution, and ordered the burning of all the houses within five miles of the spot where the murder was committed. The order was executed in part, the village of Dayton being exempted. All the citizens were arrested and sent to Harper's Ferry.

In the return down the valley the order of General Grant was carried out by the cavalry. "As we marched down the valley pike," writes Sheridan, "the many columns of smoke from burning stacks, and mills filled with grain, indicated that the adjacent country was fast losing the features which hitherto had made it a great magazine of stores for the Confederate armies."(*)

The Confederate cavalry had been no match for the Union cavalry. Fitz-Hugh Lee had been wounded in the battle of the Opequan, and General Rosser was sent to take command. He announced that he was to be the "savior of the valley." He brought his own brigade, and his men, having confidence in their leader and in themselves, decorated their hats with laurel, the emblem of victory. It is far better, however, to wait till victory is won than to celebrate in advance. General Rosser made a rush upon Sheridan's rear-guard and won some success, whereupon Sheridan ordered Torbert to attack in turn. He has written an account of what happened. "I told Torbert I expected him either to give Rosser a drubbing or get whipped himself, and that the infantry would be halted till the affair was over. I also informed him that I proposed to ride out to Round Top Mountain to see the fight."

The battle was near Tom's Brook. It began at seven o'clock in the morning. Custer fell upon three brigades under Rosser, while Merritt attacked Johnson and Lomax. There were charges and countercharges through the fields, the flashing of sabres and rattling of carbines. The Confederates held their ground bravely for a while, but at last broke and fled. Sheridan was looking down upon the scene. He says: "Merritt and Custer went at the wavering ranks in a charge along the whole front. The result was a general smash-up of the entire Confederate line,

the retreat quickly degenerating into a rout the like of which never before was seen. For twenty-six miles this wild stampede was kept up, with our troops close at the enemy's heels. In the fight Torbert took eleven pieces of artillery, with their caissons, all the wagons and ambulances the enemy had, and three hundred prisoners." The Confederates



GENERAL CUSTER.

were followed to Woodstock, and fled so fast and were pressed so vigorously that the flight and pursuit were called the "Woodstock races." (*)

We are not to think that Rosser's troops were wanting in courage, but rather that they were losing the power to cope with the Union cavalry for other reasons. The Confederate cavalry had been organized at the outbreak of the war on the plan that the men must own their horses. Some of the men had furnished several horses, which had been killed in battle or

ridden so hard that they were worthless. Horses were rapidly disappearing from the Southern States, whereas the horses of the Union cavalry, being furnished by Government, had been gathered from all the great States of the North and West, and in 1864 were much superior to those ridden by the Confederates. On the plains of Culpeper, before the battle of Gettysburg, the Union cavalry, organized as a distinct corps by General Hooker, had shown its ability to meet the Southern horsemen in the open field. In the battle of Tom's Brook the Confederates were signally defeated, and from that day to the close of the war exhibited but little of their former spirit.

General Sheridan marched back to Cedar Creek, encamping on its north side. It was supposed that the valley having been thus devastated, the Confederates, with winter so close at hand, would not again attempt to hold it, and the Sixth Corps was accordingly ordered to return to Petersburg, and marched towards Ashby's Gap for that purpose. Early had no intention of abandoning the valley. General Lee desired to prevent, if possible, the return of the Sixth Corps to General Grant, and accordingly Early advanced once more to Fisher's Hill.

The movement was suddenly made known to the Union troops when a shell from a Confederate cannon came hissing through the air, bursting among the troops of a division of the Eighth Corps under Oct. 13, 1864. General Thoburn, who at the moment was eating dinner. His troops were quickly in line, and advanced to capture the battery which had so unceremoniously disturbed them. It was located on Hupp's Hill. They suddenly found themselves confronted by Kershaw's division on Mr. Stickley's farm. There was a sharp skirmish, resulting in the falling back of the Confederates across Tumbling Run.

The Union signal-officers had discovered the key to the signals of the Confederates, and were watching the flags waving over the summit of Massanutten. They read this message from Longstreet to Early:

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan."

There is a mystery about the despatch. General Longstreet was not on his way to join Early; his troops were near Richmond. One supposition is that General Early, having learned that the Sixth Corps had started to join Grant, had the despatch waved by the flags with the expectation that the Union signal-officer would read it, and that the Sixth Corps would be recalled. It is almost certain that no such despatch was ever sent by Longstreet, but when the signal-officer read it a messenger was sent with orders for the Sixth Corps to return to Cedar Creek.

General Sheridan had been asked to visit Washington for consultation. He went to Rectortown, took a train of cars, and reached Washington at

Oct. 17, 1864. eight o'clock in the morning, but at twelve was on his way back to Martinsburg in a special train. Three hundred cav-

alrymen were at Martinsburg to escort him to Winchester. He reached that place early in the evening, where a messenger from Cedar Creek in-

Oct. 18, 1864. formed him that everything was going on well, that the Confederates were at Fisher's Hill, and that General Gro-

ver's division of the Nineteenth Corps would make a reconnoissance the next morning.

Had we been in the camp of the Confederates with General Early while Sheridan was at Washington, we should have seen him looking over



BELLE GROVE.

the situation of affairs very carefully. Sheridan had destroyed so much grain, and had so removed the cattle, that General Early could not get a full supply of food for his troops. He was smarting under the defeat at Winchester and the rout at Fisher's Hill, and it was not pleasant to think that he had been driven out of the valley; but he was back again, with new cannon just received from Richmond. It would be glorious if he could surprise Sheridan and defeat him.

Early had a very able engineer, Captain Hotchkiss, who went up to the signal station with General Gordon to discover just how the Union troops were situated at Cedar Creek. (*) In the early morning they could see the blue smoke curling up from the camp-fires, and as the sun dispelled the mists and cleared the air they beheld the white tents of the Eighth Corps in the fields east of the turnpike, and the fine old mansion west of the

turnpike which the owner had named Belle Grove, and which General Sheridan before leaving for Washington had selected for his headquarters. Between Belle Grove and the creek they could see the tents of the Nineteenth Corps, and out west of the mansion those of the Sixth Corps—more than two miles from the headquarters of General Crook, commanding the Eighth. The cavalry under Merritt was on Marsh Run, a mile beyond the Sixth Corps, while the cavalymen of Custer's division were picketing their horses along Tom's Brook, nearly two miles beyond Merritt and five miles from Crook. Captain Hotchkiss and another Confederate officer came down from the mountain, laid aside their uniforms, put on citizens' clothes, and went along the Union picket line examining the ground, seeing the exact position of the Union camp, and noting the best points for attacking.⁽¹⁾

Colonel Thomas, commanding a brigade of the Nineteenth Corps, was out on the picket line, and saw men in citizens' dress walking here and there, and pointing towards the Union lines. General Wright, commanding in the absence of Sheridan, did not mistrust that the Confederates were contemplating an attack. Throughout the army there was a feeling of security. It was believed that the campaign was over; that the destruction of the crops between Strasburg and Harrisonburg would soon compel the Confederates to leave the valley of the Shenandoah. The scouts reported that there were Confederates at Fisher's Hill. Colonel Thomas's suspicions were aroused when he saw through his glass the men pointing towards the Union lines. "I think that something is going on, and that it will be well to investigate matters," he said to General Emory, commanding the Nineteenth Corps.⁽²⁾ General Emory reported it to General Wright, who said that he did not think there was any large body of Confederates near, but, to make sure, informed General Emory that he might make a reconnoissance early the next morning.

On the Confederate side, Captain Hotchkiss was making a map. He knew there was a narrow road running through the woods at the base of Massanutten; it left the turnpike north of Strasburg, crossed the Shenandoah to the east side: there were two fords just below the junction of Cedar Creek with the Shenandoah, and a mile and a half farther down the Shenandoah was the Buckton Ford.

Captain Hotchkiss and General Gordon both thought that a body of troops might be taken along this road at night; that they could cross the river, fall suddenly upon General Crook and crush him, and gain the rear of the Nineteenth and Sixth corps. Another feature was to be a movement on the part of General Rosser (commanding the cavalry) westward to

the base of Little North Mountain, around the flank of the Union cavalry, throwing the right wing of the Union army into confusion. (*)

General Early did not know that Sheridan was absent. He thought that it would be glorious if the Union commander could be captured, and he accordingly directed that a brigade of cavalry should dash upon Belle Grove and seize Sheridan. (")

The road was so narrow that no artillery could be taken; it must be a movement made wholly by the infantry. General Early decided to send Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Pegram's divisions to make the flank movement, the three divisions to be under Gordon: himself, with Kershaw and Wharton and all the artillery, were to move along the turnpike and attack in front—the artillery to come into position on Hupp's Hill, and send its missiles across the creek into the Union camp. The cavalry were to cross Cedar Creek on the left, and drive Custer and Merritt from their positions. The troops were to move secretly and noiselessly. "Take off canteens and swords; make no noise," was the order. With the first ripple of musketry from Gordon Early would advance, and the artillerymen were to whip up their horses, reach the top of the hill, and open fire.

At midnight the Confederates were astir, and at one o'clock Gordon was crossing the bridge which had been constructed across the Shenandoah. The troops began picking their way along the base of the mountain. The moon was shining, and they could march without difficulty.

Oct. 19, 1864.

Three o'clock. General Early is on Hupp's Hill, Kershaw's and Wharton's divisions have moved noiselessly along the turnpike, and are resting—waiting to hear the first roll of musketry from Gordon. General Early can see the white tents of the Eighth and Nineteenth corps pitched in regular order in the fields east and south of Belle Grove. Kershaw is by his side, and he points out to him the several positions. "You will cross the creek as quietly as possible, and form in column of brigades, and advance against the enemy's breastwork," he said. (")

It is a scene for a painter—the three Confederate commanders, Early, Kershaw, and Wharton standing on the hill, pointing to the distant tents; the moon, only a little past its full, throwing its midnight splendor upon the landscape, revealing field and forest and the stately mansion of Belle Grove and the fading camp-fires. The Union army is asleep; the sentinels and pickets alone are keeping watch. Along the turnpike the troops of Wharton and Kershaw are standing in solid ranks, waiting for the signal of musketry. Nearer Strasburg are the forty cannon of Early—the riders in their saddles, the horses champing their bits.

house. Colonel Thomas rides up the turnpike through the fog, and comes suddenly upon a body of Confederate cavalry.

"Surrender, you — Yankee!" is the shout which comes to him, accompanied by other words which do not read well on the printed page.

"It is too early in the morning; besides, your demand is not respectful," the reply. ("")

He wheels his horse. Bullets fly past him, and there is a clattering of hoofs behind him. It is half a mile to the creek. As he nears the bridge, with the Confederates close upon him, he hears a roll of musketry only a short distance away in the direction of the Eighth Corps, and wonders what is going on.

It was five o'clock. Gordon had crossed the Shenandoah, seized the Union pickets, formed his brigades by Mr. Bowman's house, and had crossed the fields to the breastwork thrown up by the men of Thoburn's division. They swarmed over it with exultant yells. The soldiers in the tents, thus suddenly awakened, found themselves prisoners; some, half dressed, seized their guns. Then came the rattle of musketry—welcome sound to Early, impatiently waiting on Hupp's Hill for the signal. At the instant Wharton and Kershaw advanced, and the artillery, with the horses upon the gallop, rumbled along the turnpike, wheeled into the fields and opened fire, the cannoneers firing at random towards the Union encampment.

The Eighth Corps, thus surprised, was in confusion—some of the soldiers running to escape capture, others hastily forming in line regardless of company organization, and firing at the advancing Confederates. Before the regiments of Thoburn's division could form the Confederates were upon them. A few came into line behind the breastwork in soldierly order, only to find themselves flanked and surrounded. The line of the division was instantly swept away. General Thoburn was killed, and five hundred of the men found themselves prisoners.

The Second Division of the Eighth Corps was in rear of the First, commanded by Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, who since then has been President of the United States. The officers of the regiments were shouting to the men to form, the drums were beating the long roll, and the men, springing from their tents, seizing their muskets, without coats, hats, or boots, were running to take their places; but, before they could form, the Confederates under Gordon were upon them, striking the left flank and breaking it in an instant. The fugitives from Thoburn's division were streaming through the half-formed lines. The men of the Eighth Corps might as well attempt to stay the tides of the ocean with sticks and

straws as to attempt to stop the onward sweep of the compact lines of the Confederates under such circumstances. The contest was brief—a rattling, desultory fire from some of the regiments, and then the lines broke, and the men sought safety in flight, while the Confederates rent the air with their triumphant shouts.

We have seen Colonel Thomas riding down the turnpike, with the Confederate cavalymen in pursuit, just as Gordon was falling upon the Eighth Corps. We now see him reaching his brigade, which is quickly in line. The fugitives from Crook's corps are streaming across the turnpike. General Emory, of the Nineteenth, is in his saddle. He sees the fugitives, hears the uproar on his right, comprehends that something must be done at once or all is lost. "Attack at once; send Thomas's brigade," is the order, and the troops move across the turnpike to meet the advancing Confederates. Thomas does not know that he, with a single brigade, is to attack three divisions of the Confederate army, and that the fourth, under Wharton, is advancing to strike him in flank. The soldiers do not know it. They hear the uproar; they know that disaster has come, and that it is for them to do what they can to retrieve what has been lost. The line moves across the turnpike into a thicket of scrub-oaks, the skirmishers in advance. A few rods brings them face to face with the enemy. They remain there till more than one-third have been killed or wounded—till the Confederates appear upon their flank. It is a terrific hand to hand contest—men stabbing each other with bayonets, Confederates beating out the brains of Union soldiers with the butt-end of their muskets. The Twelfth Connecticut, One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, and Eighth Vermont were struggling against Ramseur's and Kershaw's divisions.

"Surrender! Surrender!" shout the Confederates.

"Never!" the defiant answer. Then comes a deadly conflict. There is a struggle on the part of the enemy to capture the flags of the Eighth Vermont. How little do we know as to what a hand to hand conflict is! Men are no longer human beings, animated by the instincts of humanity; they seek only to kill those opposed to them. Tenderness and compassion no longer prompt them to action, but hatred, malice and revenge.

Corporal Petre is carrying the colors. "Surrender them!" the demand.

"I will not!" and the next moment Petre is rolling on the ground with a ghastly wound.

"Leave me, boys, but take care of the flag!" he shouts.



GEN. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

A soldier attempts to stab Corporal Warden, one of the color-guards, but Sergeant Brown's musket flashes and the Confederate falls dead. Corporal Perham has the colors; two of the enemy attempt to seize them. Perham falls, but one of the Confederates also goes down, shot by Sergeant Shores. Corporal Blanchard grasps the flag and saves it. The handful of

struggling men hear the voice of Lieutenant Cooper shouting, "Give it to them, boys!" They see his sword flashing in the dawning light, and then behold him lying upon the ground, the pallor of death upon his face. The Confederate who fired the ball also falls, shot by Sergeant Hill.⁽¹⁾

Union and Confederate are killed in the fight for the flag. And what is the flag? It is more than the stripes of crimson and white—more than the stars upon the field of blue. It is something worth dying for—the emblem of all that men hold dear—the Country, the Constitution, the Union, liberty, ideas, principles, and institutions of more value than life—and so men resolutely surrender their lives and lie down to die rather than give up the flag.

Thomas's brigade stood along the valley turnpike, vainly attempting to hold back the tide that was closing around its flank. More than one-half the soldiers in the ranks of the three regiments fell before they were withdrawn.

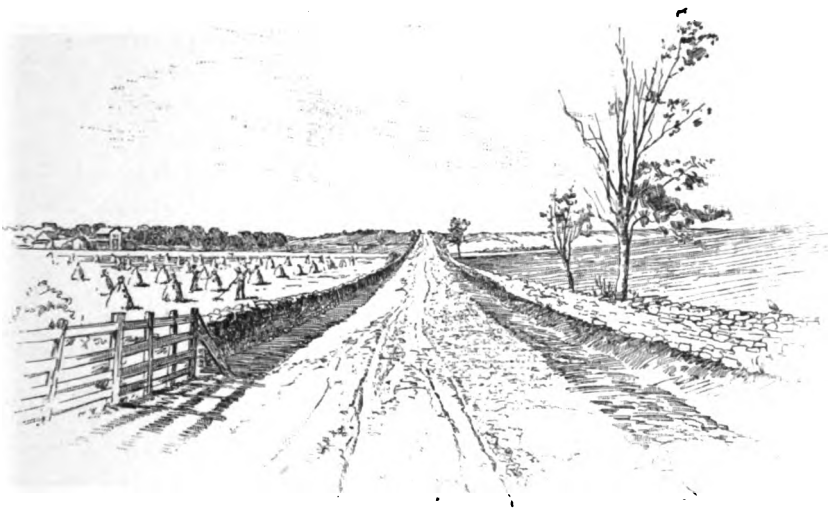
It was only a few minutes that that fierce struggle went on, but they were great moments to the Union army. The heroic resistance of this portion of the Nineteenth Corps enabled the drivers of the baggage trains to harness their horses and move away.

In the rush of Confederates under Kershaw seven guns were captured, the artillerymen not having time to fire one of them. Kershaw's men quickly wheeled them around and used them against the Union troops. At the moment when the Nineteenth Corps was forming the soldiers were surprised to see a long line of the enemy marching through the fields north of them. It was Gordon's and Pegram's divisions moving straight towards the headquarters of Crook and Sheridan at the Belle Grove mansion, thus flanking the Nineteenth Corps.

For more than an hour Hayes's and Kitching's divisions of the Eighth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps maintained the struggle as best they could. The Sixth Corps was two miles distant, but was moving towards the turnpike. Custer's division of cavalry, which had been holding the extreme right, went upon the gallop across fields and pastures towards Middletown, forming across the turnpike to stop the fugitives. Wounded men were permitted to pass through the lines, others were stopped. We need not wonder if some of the men were greatly frightened—officers, together with soldiers, had lost all heart. We are not to think that the Eighth Corps had fled without making any attempt to resist the sudden onset. General Hayes formed his line, and ordered his men to lie down and fire a volley. The fog was not so dense close to the ground, and they

could see the legs of the Confederates, though their bodies were invisible. It did not stop the advance; and Hayes, out-flanked and outnumbered, was forced to retreat. The Eighth Corps in their brief contest lost forty-six killed, two hundred and sixty-eight wounded, and five hundred who were taken prisoner.

The Sixth Corps was coming upon the scene, halting upon a wooded knoll west of the turnpike. It was the beginning of the concentration of the Union troops. A courier came from General Wright, directing General Emory of the Nineteenth to close up on the right of the Sixth.



WINCHESTER TURNPIKE.

Before the Nineteenth could come into the new position Gordon's and Kershaw's divisions fell upon the Sixth. General Ricketts, commanding the corps, was wounded; General Getty assumed command, and Gen. Lewis A. Grant, of the Vermont brigade, succeeded to the command of the division. The soldiers called him "Aunt Liddy." A private of one of the regiments of his brigade loved liquor, and upon being punished by General Grant for being intoxicated, said, "General, you remind me of my aunt Liddy." In what way General Grant reminded him of his aunt Lydia he did not say, but the soldiers took up the name. They had great admiration for him, he was so kind-hearted and brave, looking ever for

their welfare—and he had led them in the assault at the Bloody Angle, in the battle of Spottsylvania, and in a score of engagements. General Getty was equally brave; and when his division, under General Grant, reached the position on the wooded knoll, and poured their volleys upon the advancing Confederates, the period of panic in the battle of Cedar Creek was closed, and that of resolute resistance begun. A dense battle-cloud rose above the contending ranks. It was this stand, made by the Sixth Corps in conjunction with the Nineteenth, that, in the words of General Early, “arrested his progress.” (“)

General Getty could not hope to make a permanent stand where he was, for the Confederates were lapping both flanks. They rushed upon the batteries, shot down the horses, and captured some of the cannon. Slowly, but in order, Getty’s division and the Nineteenth Corps fell back beyond the village of Middletown. It was eight o’clock. Seven cannon of the Eighth, eleven belonging to the Nineteenth, and six belonging to the Sixth Corps—in all twenty-four guns—were in the hands of the Confederates, and more than thirteen hundred men who had been captured, but the Union army had made a stand at last.

Once more the Confederates moved on. If General Early expected to sweep all before him he was mistaken. The assault was upon the Second Division of the Sixth Corps under General Grant. The Confederates were received with a withering fire, which brought them to a halt.

Pegram’s division was ordered forward, but was driven back in confusion. The fog was lifting, enabling the two armies to see the situation of affairs. On the Union side the Sixth Corps stood in line across the turnpike. The Nineteenth, after its fierce but brief struggle, was west of it in the fields and pastures. General Crook had gathered up a few of his troops east of the turnpike, while down the pike were streaming a long line of wagons and hundreds of fugitives, intent only upon reaching Winchester.

General Early thus portrays the situation of the Confederates :

“The fog arose and we could see the enemy’s position on a ridge to the west of Middletown, and it was discovered to be a strong one. After driving back Wharton’s division he had not advanced, but opened on us with artillery, and orders were given for concentrating all our guns upon him. . . . Discovering that the Sixth Corps could not be attacked with advantage on its left flank, I directed Gordon to advance against the right flank and attack in conjunction with Kershaw. In a short time Colonel Carter concentrated eighteen or twenty guns on the enemy, and he was soon in retreat.” (“)



SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

The Union army retreated nearly two miles, but took position once more; General Torbert, leaving three regiments of cavalry on the right flank to hold the Confederate cavalry under Rosser in check, moved eastward across the turnpike, deployed in the open fields, and so became a threatening force against Early's right flank, compelling the Confederate commander to send a portion of his troops in that direction.

At nine o'clock the turmoil and uproar of the morning was dying out. The long and steady rolls of musketry had dwindled to a scattering fire, like the rain-drops of a passing shower. Only the cannonade went on—heavy on the part of the exultant Confederates, feeble on the part of the Union artillery after the loss of nearly one-half its guns.

Let us go down the straight and level way fifteen miles to Winchester. It was six o'clock when the officer on picket duty at Colonel Edwards's headquarters in that town knocked upon General Sheridan's door.

"I hear artillery firing at Cedar Creek," he said.

"Is it a continuous firing?"

"No, it is irregular and fitful."

"It is all right. Grover has gone out this morning to make a reconnaissance. He is merely feeling the enemy."

General Sheridan tried to go to sleep, but could not. He became restless and arose and dressed himself.

"The firing is still going on," said the officer, returning once more.

"Does it sound like a battle?"

"No."

"It probably is Grover banging away at the enemy to find out what he is up to." (")

An officer with a great responsibility resting upon him could not be indifferent to what was going on. He must know the exact meaning of that deep booming which came floating on the morning air.

"Hurry up breakfast! Let the horses be saddled," he said. It was half-past eight when he mounted his favorite horse Rienzi. He was a beautiful and powerful animal, which had been presented to him by Captain Campbell of the Second Michigan Cavalry. So nimble of foot was Rienzi that he could walk five miles in an hour. Sheridan loved him as a father loves his child, and Rienzi knew every wish of his master: he had borne him through nearly all the battles from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and had several times been wounded. (")

The women of Winchester, whose husbands and sons are in the Confederate army, are standing in the door-ways or leaning from the windows listening to the distant cannonade. Some of them rudely shake their

skirts at him as he rides by. They had already heard that Early had surprised the Union army, and were rejoicing over the news. Sheridan bows his head to catch the direction of the increasing tide of battle. A few moments later he is at Mill Creek. He reaches the top of a hill and beholds an appalling spectacle—hundreds of wounded men, throngs of panic-stricken fugitives, and the road filled as far as he can see with wagons, the drivers lashing their horses to a run.

"The army is defeated! It is retreating! All is lost!" the answer to his questions.

"Tell Colonel Edwards to put a line of soldiers across the turnpike and stop the fugitives," his order to an aide.

Rienzi is walking the while, and Sheridan is thinking. He recalls the despatch purporting to come from Longstreet: "Be ready when I join you, and we will crush Sheridan." What should he do? Would it not be best to stop the army at Winchester and fight a battle there when Early advanced? No, he would go to the front. He believed that the army would have confidence in him. He would see if he could not retrieve the misfortune of the morning. Colonel Wood, who has charge of the Commissary Department, comes galloping down the turnpike.

"What is the trouble?"

"Pretty much everything has been captured—your headquarters among other things. The troops are badly dispersed."

There are times in the lives of men when instant decisions must be made. Such a moment has come to Sheridan. Rienzi is no longer walking. The teams hinder, and the horse, obeying the rein, is flying across the fields. Sheridan comes upon groups of soldiers who are not panic-stricken, for they have stopped by the road-side, kindled their fires, and are cooking their coffee. They are disorganized, but not demoralized. They swing their hats, and give a joyful welcome.

"Turn about, boys. We are going to sleep in our own camp to-night. We'll lick them yet! Turn about." And the men, with determination kindling in their faces, shoulder their muskets, and march with quickening steps towards the battle-field. This is General Sheridan's account:

"When they saw me they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and as I passed along, turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and, with Forsythe and O'Keefe, rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men at a distance that I had come back. In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the

CHARGE OF UNION CAVALRY AT CEDAR CREEK.



road, when they too turned their faces to the front and marched towards the enemy, changing in a moment from the depths of depression to the extreme of enthusiasm. I already knew that in the ordinary condition of mind enthusiasm is a potent element with soldiers, but what I saw that day convinced me that if it can be exerted from a state of despondency its power is almost irresistible. I said nothing except to remark, as I rode along the road, 'If I had been here with you this morning this would not have happened. We must face the other way. We will go back and recover our camp.' (")

It was ten o'clock. Ricketts's and Wharton's divisions of the Sixth Corps, together with the Nineteenth Corps, had fallen back nearly to the little village of Newtown. Between Newtown and Middletown was Getty's division of the Sixth, and the cavalry in the fields east of the pike. Getty's troops had made a barricade of fence-rails under the direction of "Aunt Liddy."

"I am glad you have come," was General Torbert's salutation. Sheridan rode along the lines, and the troops swung their caps and welcomed him with lusty cheers. He established his headquarters in a cornfield west of the turnpike, and began the work of reorganizing his army.

No scales, even though the weight of a hair may tilt them, can ever weigh personal force. Futile all our efforts to measure or describe the mysterious power of mind over mind—over twenty thousand minds—to transform men from weaklings to giants—to lift them from the depths of despair to a determination to conquer or die. What was there in Philip Sheridan that made him at that moment one of the most conspicuous examples of the power of individual personality to be found in all history?

He had been commander of the army only for a few weeks. He had won only two victories, but now, under seemingly irretrievable disaster, the soldiers had confidence in him that he would accomplish what he said he would do—recover their lost camp. To inspire confidence was a great thing, but it was accomplished; and the while he was planning as to what he would do. He would bring up the other two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the Nineteenth, forming them west of the turnpike. He would let Lowell's cavalry remain where they were, send the main body of horsemen out upon the right, and when all were ready would swing the whole army against Early's left, using the cavalry east of the turnpike as a hinge to a door. General Sheridan rode through the fields, took a look at the Confederates, and saw that they were about to attack him.

"Would it not be well for you to ride along the lines, and let the men see you?" asked Major Forsythe.

Sheridan rode along the entire line. The men waved their hats and cheered him.

The Confederates advanced against the Nineteenth Corps, but were quickly repulsed. It was a feeble attack, for they had been on the march from midnight till daybreak, had fought the battle of the morning, and were weary. They were in possession of the Union camp, dividing the plunder, and were rejoicing over their success, little dreaming of what was about to happen.

General Sheridan supposed that Longstreet had joined Early, but from some prisoners which the cavalry under General Merritt had captured he learned that no troops had arrived except Kershaw's division. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before Sheridan was ready. We may think of the Union troops advancing at the word of command—those west of the turnpike moving towards the Belle Grove house, the cavalry under Custer striking the flank of the Confederates. McMillan's division of the Nineteenth Corps has a sharp struggle. For a few moments the Confederates maintain their ground, and then they break and run, followed by McMillan.

The Sixth Corps, and the cavalry east of the turnpike, advanced more deliberately, for Sheridan wished the Nineteenth Corps and Custer to gain the turnpike between Belle Grove and Cedar Creek, if possible, in order to cut off the retreat of Early, but the blood of the Union troops was at fever heat. With cheers they rushed upon the Confederates, who fled in confusion down the turnpike, crossing the creek upon the run—abandoning cannon, throwing away muskets—the cavalry capturing a great many prisoners.

All the cannon lost in the morning were recaptured; twenty-four of Early's were taken, with twelve hundred prisoners and a number of battle-flags. Through the night the Confederates were fleeing, not halting till they reached New Market. President Lincoln sent this despatch to General Sheridan:

"With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude, for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864."

It was the most dramatic battle of the war: lost in the morning to the Union army, regained in the evening; resulting disastrously to the Confederates.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

- (¹) "Vermont in the War," vol. i., p. 530.
- (²) George E. Pond, "Shenandoah Valley," p. 177.
- (³) Gen. Jubal Early's Report.
- (⁴) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 56.
- (⁵) Idem, vol. ii., p. 57.
- (⁶) Gen. John B. Gordon to Author.
- (⁷) Capt. Jed. Hotchkiss, quoted in "History of the Eighth Vermont Regiment," p. 208.
- (⁸) Gen. Stephen Thomas to Author.
- (⁹) Gen. Jubal Early, "Memoirs of the Last Years of the War for the Independence of the Confederate States of America."
- (¹⁰) "Vermont in the War," vol. i., p. 542.
- (¹¹) Gen. Jubal Early, "Memoirs of the Last Years of the War for the Independence of the Confederate States of America."
- (¹²) "History of the Eighth Vermont Regiment," p. 208.
- (¹³) Gen. Stephen Thomas to Author.
- (¹⁴) "History of the Eighth Vermont Regiment," p. 215.
- (¹⁵) Gen. Jubal Early's Report.
- (¹⁶) Idem.
- (¹⁷) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 177.
- (¹⁸) Idem.
- (¹⁹) Idem.

CHAPTER III.

ALLATOONA.

THE Confederate army under General Hood had evacuated Atlanta, and the Union troops under General Sherman had taken possession of the town. ("Redeeming the Republic," chap. xvi.) After its hard marching and continuous fighting the Union army needed rest. The soldiers were in want of shoes and clothing, and General Sherman desired time to think about future movements. He was far from his base of supplies, and the Confederate cavalry in his rear were dashing upon the railroad here and there, tearing up the track and thus delaying trains. He had expected co-operation from General Canby, commanding an army near Mobile. The fleet under Admiral Farragut was riding at anchor in Mobile Bay, but the city of Mobile was still held by the Confederates, and Canby could not advance towards Atlanta. Troops were needed in Missouri to repel an invasion of the enemy under General Sterling Price, and two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps were sent to that State. What next to do was the one absorbing question for General Sherman to consider. It did not take him long to decide upon one point, that Atlanta must be held till he could enter upon a new campaign. The three years for which several thousand soldiers had enlisted was expiring, and every train from Atlanta to Nashville bore veterans to their homes. The Government kept its faith with them. But the returning trains were carrying new recruits to Atlanta, together with veterans who had re-enlisted, and who, notwithstanding the hardships, the marching, and exposure to sickness and death, had such a love for the flag that they could not think of leaving their comrades till the final victory should be won. So through the month of September the army remained inactive at Atlanta.

There was a good deal of dissatisfaction in Georgia over the usurpations of Jefferson Davis and the enforcement of conscription. Governor Brown of that State would not allow the president of the Confederacy to control the militia. When Sherman was pushing General Johnston back



HON ROBERT TOOMBS.

towards Atlanta, Governor Brown called out ten thousand State troops; but when Atlanta fell into Sherman's hands, ending the summer campaign, the Governor sent them home to gather the harvests. Jefferson Davis saw that something must be done, and hastened west to confer with General Hood.

The citizens of Macon gave him a public reception. "It would have gladdened my heart," he said, "to have met you in prosperity instead of adversity. But friends are drawn together in adversity. Sept. 22, 1864. What though misfortune has befallen our armies from Decatur to Jonesborough, our cause is not lost. Sherman cannot keep up his long line of communication, and retreat, sooner or later, he must; and when that day comes the fate that befell the army of the French Empire in its retreat from Moscow will be repeated. Our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army, as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon; and the Yankee general, like him, will escape with only a body-guard. . . . I am going to the army to confer with our generals. The end must be the defeat of our enemy. When the war is over, and our independence won, who then will be our aristocracy?—I hope the limping soldiers. To the young ladies I would say, when choosing between the man who remained at home and grew rich, always take the empty sleeve. . . . If one-half the men now absent without leave will return to duty, we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front."(')

President Davis said much more than this. It was an incoherent address, and was not a pleasing one to the people of the South. A paper in Charleston said, "We cannot refrain from expressing our profound regret that such a speech should have been said to have been delivered by the Chief Magistrate of the Confederate States, for we cannot make up our minds that he delivered it."(*) Another Southern paper had this to say: "The less the President says about the late campaign in Georgia the better." Said another paper: "He has shocked the country and the army already enough by what has transpired under his direction to spare them a defence of his policy. . . . The periodical interferences of the President are fast bringing us to grief, sapping the confidence of the people and the army in his wisdom, encouraging our enemies, and paving the way for what we shudder to reflect upon. His visits are usually the prelude to disaster. His consultation with Bragg and Johnston in 1862, ending with his ordering twelve thousand men to Vicksburg against the protest of those generals, lost us the battle of Murfreesboro. His visit in 1863 divided Bragg's army in front of Grant at Chattanooga by sending Longstreet with twenty-five thousand men on a strategic errand to Knoxville, and precipitated the disaster at Missionary Ridge, where the Army of Tennessee came nigh being annihilated. The President is again on his travels to confer with his generals. May God deliver us from the dispensation which the past teaches us to anticipate!"(*)

President Davis reviewed the Confederate troops under General Hood.



GEN. JOHN NEWTON.

Some of the soldiers were rude enough to call out to him to send Gen. J. E. Johnston to take command of the army.(')

The President, accompanied by Hon. Robert Toombs, reached General Hood's headquarters at Palmetto, Ga., and addressed the army. Mr.

Toombs set the soldiers to laughing by telling them that they were to make a movement which would send General Sherman and the Union army back to the Ohio River. They would set them to running as a dog runs with a tin kettle tied to his tail. (*)

President Davis addressed the First Tennessee Regiment. He said: "Soon we commence our march to Kentucky and Tennessee. Be of good cheer, for within a short time your faces will be turned homeward, and your feet will press the soil of Tennessee. We will flank General Sherman out of Atlanta, tear up the railroad and cut off his supplies, and make Atlanta a perfect Moscow of defeat to the Federal army. Situated as he is in an enemy's country, with his communications all cut off, and an army in the rear, he will be powerless. This movement will be the grand crowning stroke for our independence, and the conclusion of the war." (*)

General Sherman had a spy in Hood's army who listened to Davis's speech, and who the next day was repeating it to the Union commander in Atlanta.

General Hood's army was already in motion. President Davis and Hood together had planned a campaign that Hood should not attempt to drive Sherman out of Atlanta, but leave him there and march for Tennessee. They thought that the railroad could be destroyed in his rear, and that he would be compelled to retreat to feed his army. On September 21st Hood moved west from Lovejoy's to Palmetto, as if he had no intention of opposing Sherman's progress farther south. Three days later General Forrest, with a large cavalry force, suddenly appeared at Athens, Alabama, nearly two hundred miles in Sherman's rear, capturing the garrison of twelve hundred men. General Wheeler, with another cavalry force, was also in his rear tearing up the railroad in several places.

General Sherman sent General Newton's division to Chattanooga to hold that place, and General Corse's division to Rome. He, as well as Hood, was planning a campaign. He was thinking of marching from Atlanta to the sea. "If I were sure," he telegraphed to General Grant, "that Savannah would soon be in our possession, I should be tempted to march for Milledgeville and Augusta." (*)

The appearance of Forrest at Athens led General Sherman to think that Hood possibly was intending to invade Tennessee, and he therefore sent General Thomas and another division of troops under
 Oct. 3, 1864. General Morgan to Chattanooga. General Sherman discovered that Hood was moving to gain his rear between Atlanta and Chattanooga, and so, leaving the Twentieth Corps to hold Atlanta, he marched back to Marietta. At Allatoona, where the railroad passes through a deep

excavation in the hills, General Sherman had erected a building in which were stored over a million rations of bread. Lieutenant-Colonel Tourtelotte, in command of a small brigade, guarded the pass. Two redoubts had been erected—one on the west side of the railroad, and the other east of it. A foot-bridge across the cut, sixty-five feet deep, enabled the soldiers to go and come from one to the other.

The army was at Marietta and Kenesaw. The telegraph operator suddenly found that his instrument would not work. General Sherman came

to the conclusion that the Confederate cavalry were in his rear and had cut the telegraph line. The signal-officer on

the summit of Kenesaw, north of Marietta, sweeping the horizon with his telescope, could see clouds of dust in the distance, and then large masses of men came into view—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—all marching north.

"Hurry to the assistance of the garrison at Allatoona," was the message signalled by flag from General Sherman's headquarters at Vining's Station to the top of Kenesaw, and from there over the heads of the advancing Confederates to Allatoona, and thence telegraphed to General Corse at Rome.

A few moments later the telegraph operator at Rome was sending a despatch to Kingston for a train of cars. The train started, but ten of the cars left the track, and the engineer tried a long time to get them back again. It was an hour after sunset when the engine, with twenty cars, reached Rome, and it was past 8 p.m. when Rowett's brigade of three regiments and a part of the Twelfth Illinois entered the cars. It was thirty-five miles to Allatoona. It was past one in the morning when the train reached that place. The troops left the cars and marched up the steep hill-side just as the Confederate pickets were making their way through the woods towards the fort. General Corse had, with his own troops and those under Colonel Tourtelotte, nineteen hundred and forty-four men and four cannon.

General French, with three Confederate brigades and twelve cannon—in all about five thousand men—left Big Shanty at half-past three in the afternoon, and marched to Ackworth, six miles. The troops rested several hours, but at 11 p.m. were once more on the march. At three o'clock, just as the Union troops were leaving the cars, the Confederates came in sight of Allatoona. The night was dark, but General French could see lights twinkling above the redoubt on both sides of the railroad cut. He placed the cannon in position three-fourths of a mile south of the hill, and when it was light enough for the gunners to take aim, the artillery opened fire. He sent Sears's brigade to attack the redoubt from

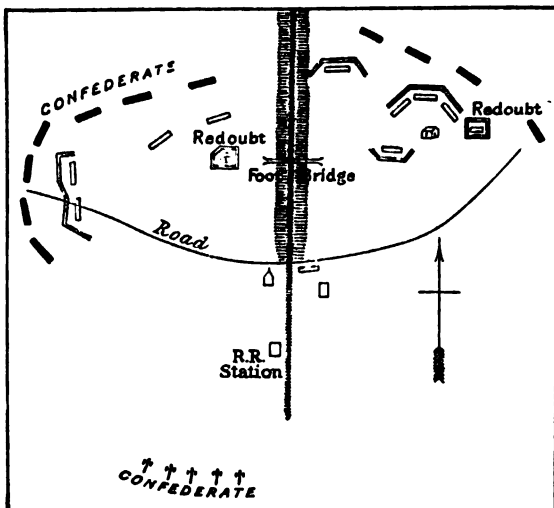
the north, and placed Cockrell's and Young's brigades, one behind the other, to advance up the western slope of the hill. General Sears was to begin the assault, and when Cockrell heard the rattle of the musketry he was to advance and sweep all before him. (*)

General French sent Major Sanders with a white flag and a letter to General Corse. This the message: "I have placed the forces under my command in such position that you are surrounded, and, to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this, you will be treated in the most honorable manner as

prisoner of war." General Corse sent this answer:

"Your communication, demanding surrender of my command, I acknowledge receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the 'needless effusion of blood' whenever it is agreeable to you."

General French waited twenty minutes for the return of Major Sanders, but before he came ordered the troops to advance. (*)



ALLATOONA.

Then came the rattling of the small-arms, Sears and Cockrell advancing at the same time from the north and west, and Anderson from the south.

General Corse placed Colonel Tourtelotte east of the railroad, and colonels Rowett and Redfield west of it. He called in his pickets on the north, and placed seventy-five of them in a ditch outside of the redoubt. He took fifty men from the eastern redoubt, and placed them at the foot of the hill towards the railroad station to protect the buildings containing the supplies. (")

The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. It was a startling picture which General Sherman gazed upon as he galloped to the top of Kenesaw at eight o'clock in the morning. Looking northward, he could see columns

of smoke curling above the forest-trees at Big Shanty and Ackworth, from the bridges and railroad ties set on fire by the Confederates. In the west,

Oct. 5, 1864. around New Hope, were the bivouac-fires of Hood's main

army. The hill of Allatoona, eighteen miles away, was smoking like a furnace. With his telescope he could see the Confederate cannon south of the intrenchments hurling shot and shell upon the hill.

Upon its western slope he could detect the Confederate brigades advancing to the attack. (")

The signal-officer, with his keen eye, caught the sight of a flag fluttering above the fort, and read these letters—"C, R, S, E, H, E, R"—and translated it to mean, "Corse is here." (") It was very gratifying to General Sherman, for he had great confidence in General Corse.

It was a very vigorous assault which the Confederates made, but every attempt to enter the redoubts ended in failure. Colonel Redfield was wounded by

four bullets, but an arm-chair was brought out from one of the houses and he sat in it, and continued to give orders and encourage his men till the pallor of death was upon him. Colonel Rowett, commanding the brigade, was wounded, but remained with his men, shouting to them to continue the fight. Colonel Tourtelotte was shot, the bullet passing through his thigh, but he continued to issue his orders. The troops on the west side were in want of ammunition, and though the Confederate sharpshooters with their rifles, and the artillerymen their cannon, aimed at the bridge, a brave soldier, amid a storm of bullets, ran across the bridge with a box of ammunition, which he distributed along the line. A bullet cut the cheek of General Corse, but he sent this message to Kenesaw:



GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.

"I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to whip them yet. My losses are very heavy. A force moving from Stilesborough to Kingston gives me some anxiety."

General Sherman could see that the battle-cloud was fading away; the reverberations of the cannonade were growing fainter. General French the while was getting anxious. He knew that Sherman's army was on the march. A message came informing him that the Union troops were at Big Shanty at nine o'clock; that at noon they would be at Ackworth; ("") that if he remained much longer his line of march to rejoin Hood at New Hope Church would be cut off. It was mortifying to be repulsed; it would be more mortifying to be captured. There was but one thing to be done: he must make all haste to join Hood. He could not take away his wounded men, but must leave them to become prisoners. His troops were weary. They had marched all night, had been in the thick of the battle through the forenoon. Cockrell's brigade had suffered fearful loss. The western slope of the hill was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. He desired to set the buildings containing the million rations on fire, but the Confederates who advanced with torches for that purpose were shot, and the buildings saved.

Two miles from Allatoona the railroad crosses a creek. The bridge was guarded by ninety men stationed in a block-house. It was an easy task to compel their surrender. With these and other prisoners—two hundred and ninety-five in all—General French hastily withdrew at 3 P.M., marching rapidly towards New Hope, having lost nearly one thousand men killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The Union loss was seven hundred. The Confederates had greatly damaged the railroad. They had torn up eight miles of the track, had heated the rails red-hot, and bent them so that they could not again be used. They had burned so many ties that General Sherman was obliged to obtain thirty-five thousand new ones. The Union soldiers knew how to chop wood, and thousands of men were soon at work felling trees and hewing ties. Colonel Wright, in charge of the railroad, came from Chattanooga with a train of new rails and spikes, and in seven days the roads and bridges were reconstructed, and the trains running again to Atlanta as if nothing had happened.

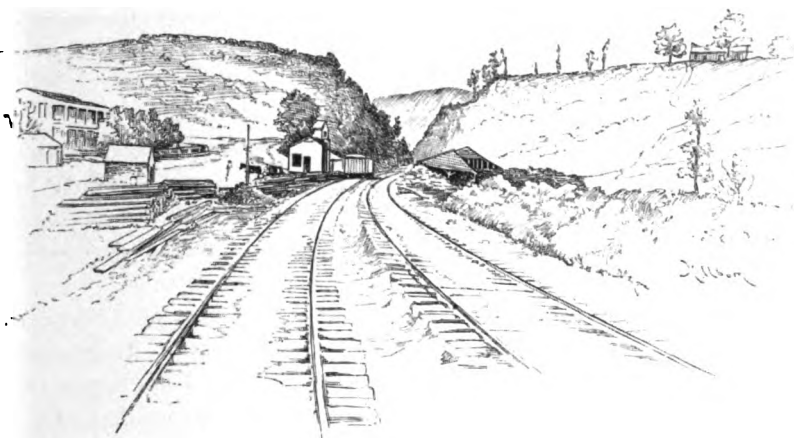
General Hood had failed in his movement to destroy Sherman's communications, but this did not turn him from entering upon an aggressive campaign, one which he believed would compel General Sherman to abandon Atlanta, and hasten northward with his whole army, just as Buell had been compelled in 1862 to fall back from Alabama across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River

General Sherman resolved to send Thomas a portion of his troops, but he would not attempt to remain in Georgia—would not try to keep the railroad open; he would abandon Atlanta, Chattanooga, and all the country between Nashville and Atlanta, and march to the sea-shore, living upon the country, tearing up and destroying the railroads, fighting his way if need be, cutting off all communication between Lee and Hood, and paralyzing the Confederacy.

General Sherman formed his plan, and communicated it by telegraph to General Grant at City Point, Virginia.

Oct. 9, 1864.

"It will be a physical impossibility," read the despatch, "to protect the roads, now that Hood, Forrest, and Wheeler are turned



ALLATOONA PASS.

loose. . . . I propose that we break up the railroad from Chattanooga forward, and that we strike out with our wagons for Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah. Until we can repopulate Georgia it is needless for us to occupy it; but the entire destruction of its roads, houses, or people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we should lose one thousand men each month, and will gain no results. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl! We have on hand eight thousand cattle, and three million rations of bread, but no corn. We can find plenty of forage in the interior of the State." (")

While Sherman was thinking out his plan the Confederates were on the march northward. Hood crossed the Coosa River twelve miles below Rome. General Corse hastened up to that town with the troops that had

so bravely defended Allatoona, but Hood was moving to gain Sherman's rear farther north. He had no intention of fighting a battle, but reached the railroad at Resaca with the intention of capturing Colonel Weaver, who, with a small force, was in the strong fort which the Confederates themselves had constructed.

Hood sent out a white flag by a messenger who bore a letter to the Union commander:

"I demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the fort and garrison under your command, and should this be acceded to, all white officers and soldiers will be paroled in a few days. If this place is carried by assault no prisoners will be taken."

Such was the demand. The only inference to be drawn is that the garrison would be massacred if the fort should be carried by assault. It is not pleasant to think that General Hood had any serious intention of putting the garrison to death in cold blood, but to believe, rather, that he thought to frighten Colonel Weaver into surrendering the fort. It is unfortunate for the reputation of Hood that he should have made the threat. He did not assault the fortification, but proceeded to destroy the railroad all the way northward to Tunnel Hill. He captured a regiment of colored troops, and then marched rapidly westward into Alabama.

A military commander, to be successful, must take long looks ahead when planning his campaigns. General Sherman, while forecasting his movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta, looked beyond the taking of that city, which was his immediate objective point; but the question what next to do presented itself to his mind, and he saw himself in imagination marching either towards Mobile or Savannah, and opening communication with the fleets blockading those ports.

General Sherman had, as stated, telegraphed to General Grant that he wished to march to the sea. The idea grew upon him, and the next day he telegraphed again:

"We cannot remain on the defensive. With twenty-five thousand infantry and the bold cavalry he has, Hood can constantly break any road. I would infinitely prefer to make a wreck of the road, and of the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city, send back all my wounded and unserviceable men, and with my effective army move through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea. Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive, I will be on the offensive. Instead of my guessing what he means to do, he will have to guess at my plans. The

difference will be fully twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee. Answer quick, as I know we will not long have the telegraph."

No reply came from General Grant. A week passed, and Sherman telegraphed to Halleck:

"I propose to send the Fourth Corps back to General Thomas (at Nashville), and leave with him that corps, the garrison, and new troops to defend the line of the Tennessee River, and with the rest I will push into the heart of Georgia, and come out at Savannah, destroying all the railroads of the State. We will find abundance of forage in the country."

Oct. 17, 1864.

This his despatch to his chief commissary, General Beckwith:

"On the first of November I want nothing in Atlanta but what is



BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

From a sketch made at the time.

necessary for war. Send all troops to the rear at once, and have on hand thirty days' food and but little forage. I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, to sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the sea-shore."

General Sherinan intended to concentrate a force at Nashville under General Thomas sufficiently large to prevent Hood's advance into Kentucky. General Thomas did not favor the march to the sea. The movement was so audacious that President Lincoln was fearful it might not be successful.

"Do you not think it advisable," General Grant telegraphed, "now that Hood has gone so far north, to entirely ruin him before starting on your proposed campaign? With Hood's army

Nov. 1, 1864.

destroyed, you can go where you please with impunity. If you can see

a chance to destroy Hood's army, attend to that first, and make your other move secondary."

"No single army can catch Hood. I regard it useless to pursue him," was Sherman's reply.

The next day the telegraph clicked the desired authority from Grant, "Go on as you propose."

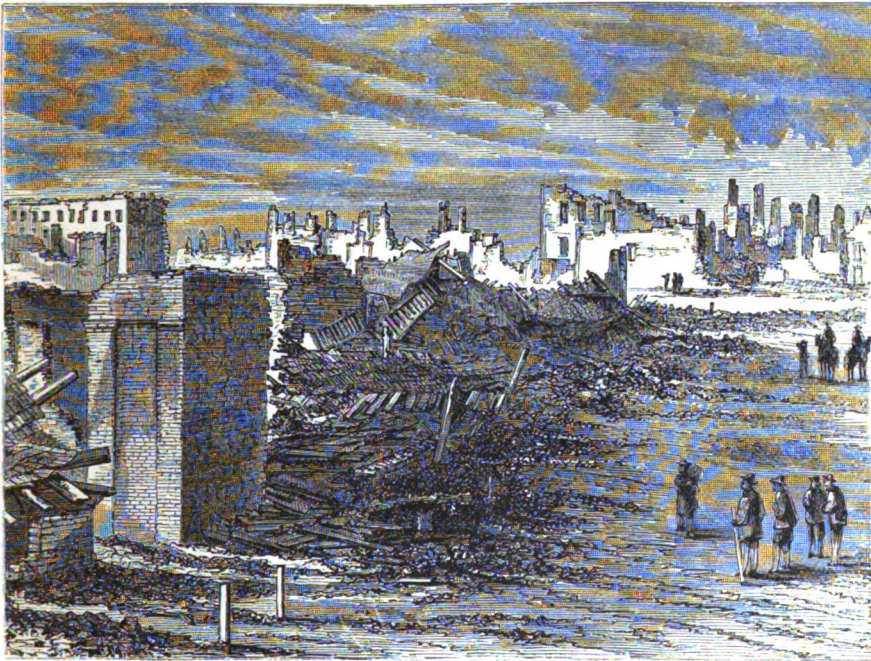
The Union army on that day was strung along the railroad all the way from Rome to Atlanta. General Sherman had already sent the sick and wounded northward, together with all superfluous baggage. Some of the officers thought it a hardship to send back their extra clothing, but Sherman would have no trunks to load down his baggage wagons. It was three hundred miles from Atlanta to Savannah. He would start with provisions for thirty days. The corn was ripening in the fields; there were herds of swine fattening upon the acorns dropping from the trees in the woods. Upon the plantations he would find no end of chickens. There was no Confederate army to confront him. Even if there were, the men who had forced the Confederates step by step from Dalton to Atlanta, who had won that city, would be able to make their way triumphantly to the Atlantic coast, where supplies from the Union fleet would await their arrival. General Sherman had all confidence in his men, they in him, and he in himself. The speeches made by Jefferson Davis in his visit to General Hood's army, which had been published in the newspapers of Macon, enabled General Sherman to forecast the probable intentions of General Hood, and to make his preparations accordingly.

It is difficult to account for the motives which animated Jefferson Davis when he informed the Southern soldiers that they were about to march northward into Tennessee and Kentucky. If he thought that such an utterance would induce Sherman to abandon Atlanta and fall back to Chattanooga, and thence to Nashville, he little understood the character and temper of the commander who had compelled these troops to retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, and to evacuate that city.

"If Hood will march northward I will supply him with rations," said Sherman.

In many things President Davis was far-sighted, but there was no wisdom in the plan that contemplated the movement of a defeated army into Tennessee, from which the Confederates had been driven. He did not have a suspicion that Sherman would abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, send a portion of his army to Tennessee, and march with the main body to Savannah, with the Confederates powerless to oppose him. He saw, instead, Sherman abandoning Atlanta, and march-

ing back into Tennessee to hold that section against Hood. There was great dissatisfaction with General Hood on the part of his subordinate officers. They were not in accord with him in his management of affairs at Atlanta. On the other hand, Hood was angry with General Hardee for not accomplishing all that was expected of him in the battles around Atlanta. (See "Redeeming the Republic," chapter xvi.) He asked the President to transfer Hardee to some other department. The request was granted, and Hardee was sent to Savannah. Possibly the Confeder-



ATLANTA, OCT., 1864.

From a sketch made at the time.

ate President was not wholly pleased with Hood's management of affairs, for he appointed Beauregard to command the Department of the West, but left Hood in command of the troops in the field.

General Beauregard had an interview with General Hood, and the two commanders discussed the plans for the campaign. The Confederate cavalry was to destroy the railroads, while the army was to cross the Tennessee River, march to Nashville, and capture that city and the immense amount of supplies collected at that point for the army under General Sherman. General Beauregard thought that such a move-

Oct. 20, 1864.

ment would compel Sherman to return at once to Middle Tennessee to defend his line of communication.⁽¹⁾ General Hood agreed with him, and said that he could make a successful campaign.

Florence, on the Tennessee River, was chosen as the place where the Confederates should cross. A pontoon bridge was laid, but three weeks went by before Hood could obtain supplies of food for his army sufficient to enable him to advance. During that time trains were running night and day between Nashville and Atlanta—those going south carrying supplies of food, clothing, and shoes to Atlanta, while those going north were loaded with sick and wounded soldiers, and material for which General Sherman had no further use. Neither General Beauregard, General Hood, nor the Confederate War Department had any suspicion of the movement which Sherman had planned. Quite likely the removal of the sick and wounded and of heavy material North confirmed them in the belief that the Union army was preparing for a retrograde movement. Not till he was ready to leave Atlanta did the Confederates learn his inten-

Nov. 14, 1864.

tions; then scouts came to General Taylor at Selma, and informed him that they had captured Union prisoners who said that Sherman was going to abandon Atlanta, and march either to Savannah or Mobile.

Not till the bridge across the Chattahoochee was burned, not till the railroad had been torn up by Union soldiers, not till the Union army was ready to move, did the Confederate commander comprehend what Sherman was about to do.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III.

(¹) *Richmond Examiner*, Oct. 1, 1864.

(²) *Charleston Mercury*, Sept. 29, 1864.

(³) *Montgomery Mail*, Sept. 28, 1864.

(⁴) Letter in the *Macon Confederate*, Sept. 29, 1864.

(⁵) S. B. Watkins's "History First Confederate Tennessee Regiment," p. 202.

(⁶) *Idem*, p. 204.

(⁷) Sherman to Grant, Sept. 25, 1864.

(⁸) "Annals of the Army of Tennessee"—Confederate account—General French, p. 318.

(⁹) *Idem*, p. 320.

(¹⁰) General Corse to Author.

(¹¹) General Sherman to Author.

(¹²) General Sherman's "Memoirs."

(¹³) "Annals of the Army of the Tennessee," p. 320.

(¹⁴) Sherman to Grant, Oct. 9, 1864.

(¹⁵) "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii., p. 294.

(¹⁶) *Ibid*, p. 300.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

GENERAL SHERMAN was at Nashville, and wrote these words to General Grant: "From the west, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic." General Grant at the time was in Washington, whither

March, 1864. he had gone to receive his appointment as lieutenant-general.

Sherman was anticipating the crushing out of the Confederate army then at Dalton, commanded by General Johnston. He was looking forward to the day when the soldiers of the Western States would march triumphantly eastward to capture the chief Confederate cities of the Atlantic coast. It was not the formation of a well-defined plan, but an idea as to what might be accomplished. He was at the time commanding the Army of the Tennessee, but was subsequently made commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi and of the army in the field at Chattanooga.

General Grant had in like manner been looking into the future. Two months before this he said to General Halleck: "I look for the next line for me to secure to be that from Chattanooga to Mobile.

Jan. 15, 1864. Montgomery and Atlanta being the important intermediate points, Mobile would be a second base." (') This was before his appointment as lieutenant-general.

He was planning to capture Mobile by united action on the part of Admiral Farragut, commanding the fleet of war ships, and an army to be sent from New Orleans. With that city for his base, an army could march northward to co-operate with the one marching southward from Chattanooga, and the two would grind the Confederate army under Johnston as corn is ground in a mill. During the summer the army under Sherman had made its way from Dalton to Atlanta, but Mobile was still held by the Confederates. The plan of General Grant in relation to that city had not been accomplished, but in August came the news that Farragut had steamed past the forts at the entrance of the Bay of Mobile ("Redeem-

ing the Republic," chap. xv.), and that, in conjunction with the army, the fortifications had been captured, but the city was still held by the Confederates.

September came. General Sherman was in Atlanta. He had one hundred thousand men. To feed them he must keep the railroad running night and day between Atlanta and Nashville, a distance of two hundred and ninety miles. What next should he do? He must move somewhere, strike another blow—one that would be most effective. He was



SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.

turning it over, and so was General Grant, who sent Col. Horace Porter to Atlanta to present his views instead of writing them.

We hear General Sherman saying: "Now that Mobile is shut out of the commerce of the enemy, it calls for no further effort on our part. . . .

Sept. 20, 1864.

But Savannah once in our possession, and the river open to us, I will not hesitate to cross the State of Georgia with sixty thousand men, having some stores and depending on the country for the balance. Where a million people find subsistence my army will not starve."

General Hood could not have taken a course of action more acceptable to the Union commander than that of moving northward to gain Sherman's rear. He telegraphed this to General Bragg at Richmond:
 Sept. 22, 1864.

"I shall, unless Sherman moves south, as soon as I can collect supplies, cross the Chattahoochee River, and form a line of battle near Powder Springs. This will prevent him from using the Dalton railroad, and force him to drive me off, or move south, when I shall fall upon his rear."(*)

Jefferson Davis, the next day, addressed the Confederate army. The newspapers published his speech, which a few hours later General Sherman was reading.

This is what the Confederate president said to a division of Tennessee troops: "Be of good cheer, for in a short time your faces will be turned homeward and your feet pressing Tennessee soil."(*)

Sept. 27, 1864. Very well. If Hood was going to march north into Tennessee, Sherman would send a portion of his army to Nashville, gather in reinforcements to support him, and then march to Savannah with the main body of his army, living upon the country, destroying the railroads, and open communication with the fleet blockading that port.

This from Sherman to Grant: "Why would it not do for me to leave Tennessee to the forces which Thomas has, and the reinforcements soon to come to Nashville, destroy Atlanta, and then march across to Savannah or Charleston, breaking the railroad, and doing irreparable damage?"(*) The proposition at first did not strike General Grant favorably. "If there is any way of getting at Hood's army, I should prefer that," he wrote. (*)

General Hood was moving north to gain Sherman's rear, confidently expecting to see the Union army abandoning Atlanta and hastening back to Tennessee. General Sherman thought that, if he were to start for Savannah, Hood would be compelled to turn back from Tennessee and follow him. This his despatch: "Hood may turn into Tennessee, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of my being on the defensive I would be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means to do, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is fully twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee. Answer quick, as I know we shall not have the telegraph long."

At midnight the telegraph operator at City Point, on the bank of the James, was sending this message to Atlanta:

"If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroad south of Dalton or Chattanooga, as you think best."

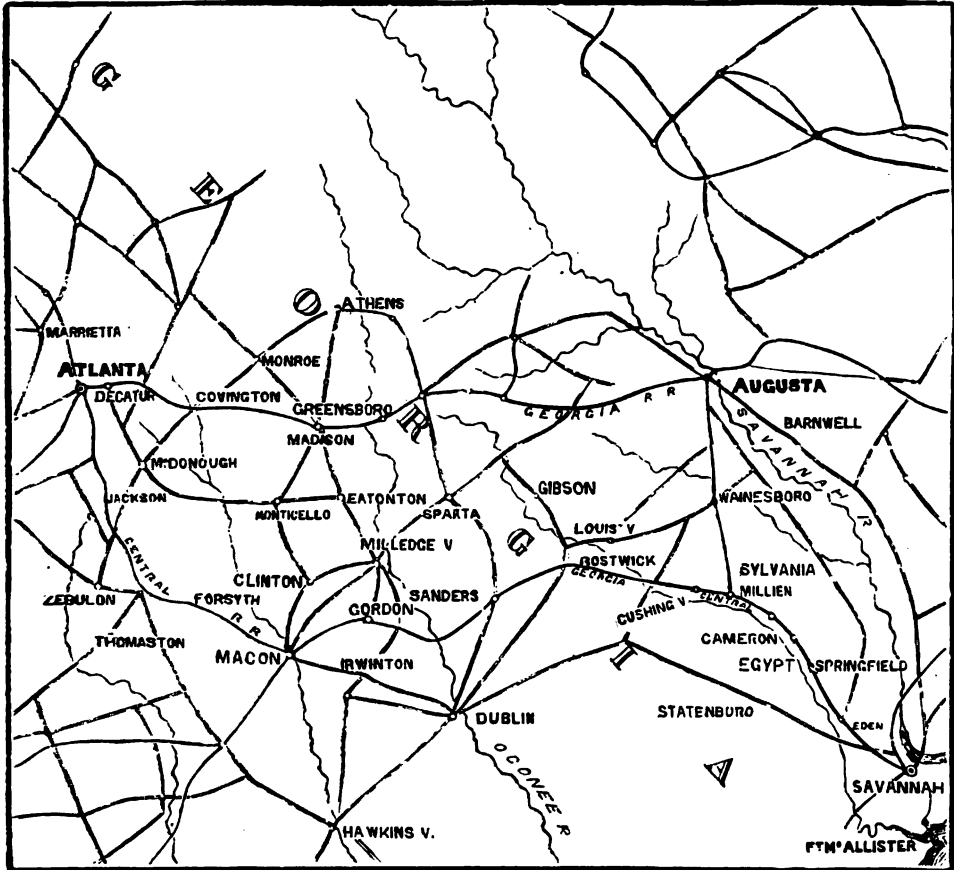
So unfolded the plan for the next movement on the part of Sherman. He proposed to send General Thomas to Nashville with a portion of the troops, and then with sixty thousand men march through Georgia from the mountains to the sea, receive supplies from the fleet when he should reach the coast, and then turn north through South and North Carolina, and, in conjunction with the Army of the Potomac, overwhelm the army under General Lee. With that destroyed, the Confederacy would have no power to prolong the contest. Preparations were made to abandon the railroad south of Dalton. General Sherman issued orders for the sick and wounded to be sent North, together with all the machinery, extra baggage, boats, wagons, artillery, and ammunition stores not needed in the proposed movement. He was in consultation with his generals, with a map before him, pointing out the route which he would take. It is three hundred and twenty-five miles from Atlanta to Savannah. The tributaries of the Savannah and Altamaha rivers have their rise in the mountains of north Georgia. These two great streams flow south-east to the Atlantic. By marching along the highlands between them he would have no great river to cross. The Oconee, a branch of the Altamaha, was the largest, but he would have no difficulty in crossing it at Milledgeville. His finger moves on the map to Columbia. "If we can cross the Salkahatchie we can capture Columbia," he says to General Howard, "and from Columbia we can go to Goldsborough, North Carolina. When I can plant this army there Lee must leave Virginia, or he will be defeated beyond hope of recovery. Grant assures me that Lee cannot get away from Richmond without his knowledge, nor without serious loss to his army."

There was no large Confederate army to oppose Sherman. "If there is any hard fighting you will have to do it," he said to one of his officers who was to remain in Tennessee. He knew that no great army could be gathered to oppose him, and that there was little chance that Lee could get away from Petersburg. With entire confidence in his ability to make the proposed movement he prepared for its execution. The soldiers were wild with delight when they learned that they were going to march through Georgia. They had the utmost confidence in the general who had led them triumphantly from Dalton to Atlanta.

There were three conditions in the plan: one, that a sufficient force should be concentrated in Tennessee to confront Hood; the second, that

Grant should prevent Lee from leaving Petersburg; and, third, that there should be supplies at Savannah upon Sherman's arrival.

The plan was completed; the last train went north from Atlanta, the



THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

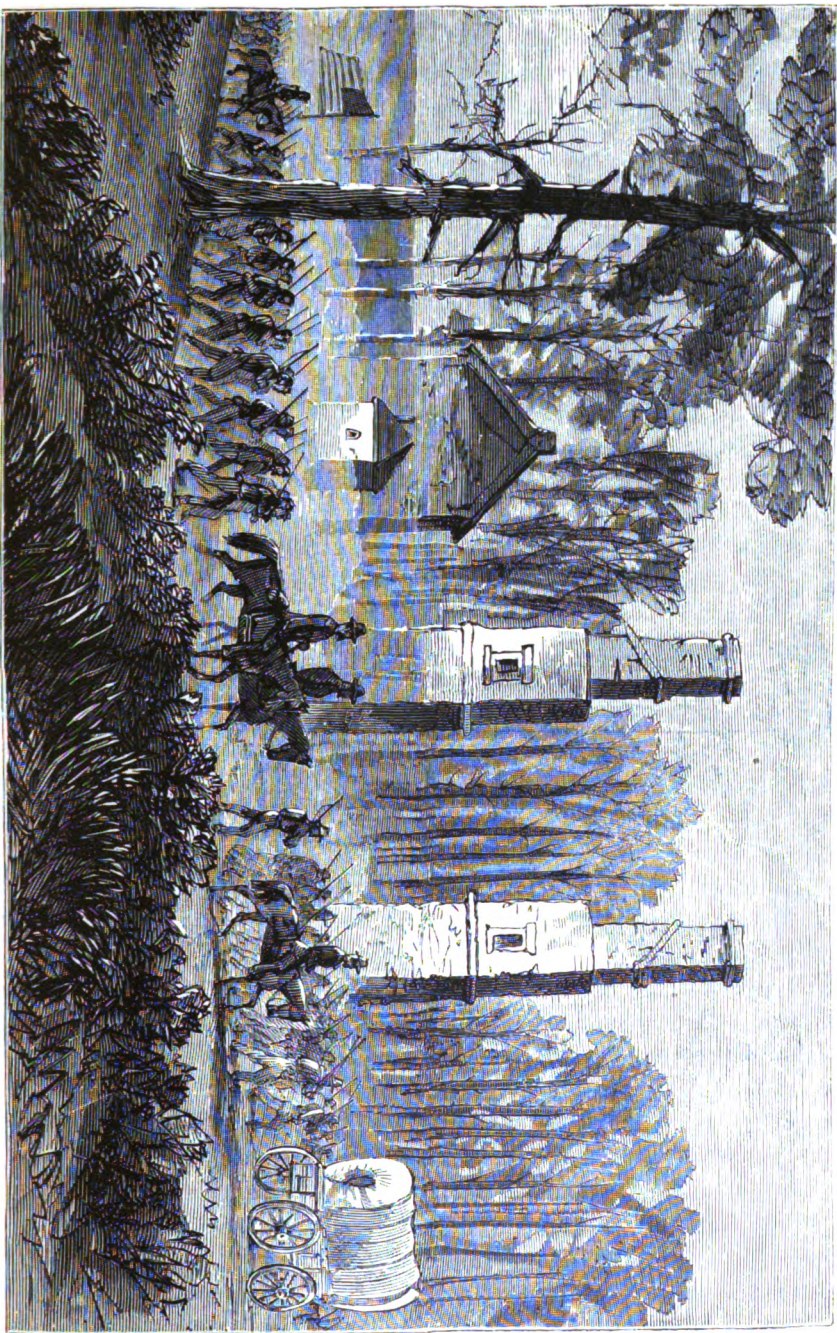
bridges across the Etowa were taken down and carried to Chattanooga, together with all the heavy cannon, the rails torn up, and the machine shops at Rome burned, that the Confederates might not use them after the departure of the army.

The troops which were to make the march to the sea were the Army of the Tennessee, forming the right wing, commanded by General Howard, and the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Slocum.

General Howard had two corps: the Fifteenth, under General Osterhaus; the Seventeenth, commanded by General Blair. The left wing consisted of the Army of the Cumberland, the Fourteenth Corps under General Davis, and the Twentieth under General Williams. General Sherman decided to take only one division of cavalry, which was commanded by General Kilpatrick. The whole number of troops was sixty-two thousand, with sixty-five cannon. General Sherman did not care to have a large train of artillery to impede his progress. He decided to take rations for only twenty days. He did not doubt that he would find provisions in abundance. The lovely October days had ripened the corn in the fields. The Governor of Georgia, in September, after the fall of Atlanta, had disbanded the troops called out by him, sending them home to their farms that they might gather the sorghum. Upon the plantations the rude mills were pressing out the sweet juices of the plant, which the housewives and negroes were boiling into syrup. The country through which Sherman proposed to march had not been desolated, and he was confident that there would be supplies of corn and poultry; but that the soldiers might not want for meat, a herd of cattle was to follow the army.

He would leave nothing in Atlanta that would be of use after his departure. The inhabitants had already been sent southward or northward, just as they desired. (See "Redeeming the Republic," chap. xvi., p. 422.) Machine shops, mills, and foundries were destroyed.

In such a movement the commander-in-chief must have a well-defined plan, and the two wings must move so that neither would be impeded by the other. They must be sufficiently near to each other, so that if assistance was needed it could be quickly given. The troops were to take up the line of march each morning at seven o'clock, and make fifteen miles before going into bivouac. Behind each regiment there was to be one baggage wagon and one ambulance. Each brigade commander was directed to organize a band of men to collect forage and provisions. They were to obtain wheat, flour, corn, and vegetables, but no soldier was to enter the houses of the people or to commit any outrage. Corps commanders alone had the right to destroy mills, houses, and cotton-gins. If the army was not molested, no property was to be destroyed; but if attacked by guerrillas, they were to take such measures as they might deem best. They were to seize horses and mules from the wealthy planter, but were forbidden to take any animal from a poor man. In all there were twenty-five hundred wagons. Each soldier carried forty cartridges, and besides these there were in the wagons one hundred and sixty additional cartridges for each man.



MOVING OUT OF ATLANTA.

Not till General Sherman was ready to begin the march did the Confederates comprehend his plan. General Beauregard, who was at Corinth, in Mississippi, issued a proclamation to the people of Georgia. Nov. 18, 1864. Thus it read:

"Arm for the defence of your native soil! Rally around your patriotic Governor and gallant soldiers. Obstruct and destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank, and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident, be resolute. Trust in an overruling Providence, and success will soon crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defence of your homes and firesides."(*)

Mr. B. H. Hill, Senator in the Confederate Congress at Richmond, did what he could to arouse the people by sending this telegram: "Put everything at the disposal of your generals; remove all provisions from the path of the invader, and put all obstructions in his path. Every citizen with his gun, and every negro with his spade and axe, can do the work of a soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Georgians, be firm. Act promptly, and fear not."

The Secretary of War, Mr. Seddon, sent his approval of the telegram. The member of Congress from Georgia also sent a despatch. After consulting with President Davis, they said: "Let every man fly to arms! Remove your negroes, horses, cattle, and provisions from your way, and burn what you cannot carry. Burn all bridges, and block up all the roads. Assail the invader in front, flank, and rear, by night and day. Let him have no rest."

It was a small matter to write a telegram and send it over the wires, but proclamations and telegrams had little effect upon the people of Georgia. Every planter in the line of march taken by Sherman was planning how to save his horses, mules, negroes, corn, and bacon. There was no uprising of the people, no organization for blocking roads or assailing the invader. General Hardee hastened westward from Savannah to gather an army, but his efforts resulted in failure. The people of the State beheld the advance of the sixty thousand men as they had often looked upon a cyclone sweeping along the western horizon, without power to arrest its progress.

The Legislature passed an act ordering out every man able to bear arms, and exhorted the people to "die freemen rather than live as slaves."

The newspapers said that Sherman was making a movement which would insure the destruction of his army. "Sherman's march looks more like a retreat than an advance," said a Richmond newspaper.(') It was asserted that his movement would strengthen the Confederate cause.

"Far from carrying Georgia back into the Union, he is only making unbelieving Georgians firm in the Confederate faith," said another editor.

All was ready. The last message had been sent north, and the telegraph destroyed. The left wing, under General Slocum, left the city, the

Twentieth Corps leading, marching eastward towards Stone
Nov. 15, 1864.

Mountain, as if intending to move on to Augusta. General Sherman waited till the next day before leaving. He has given us this picture of the scene:

"About 7 A.M. of Nov. 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps, and reaching the hill just outside of the old Rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scene of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of 'John Brown's soul goes marching on'; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' given with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

"Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me, as I worked my way past them, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!' Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast that had to be gathered by the way."(*)

The last brigade to leave was commanded by Colonel Cogswell—the Second and Thirty-third Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments.

The Engineers' Department distributed tools to the several brigades, by which they could quickly tear up a railroad track, and parties were organized whose duty it was to destroy the roads.

General Slocum's troops moved east on the Decatur road, as if Au-



GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

gusta, the one important town on the Savannah River, one hundred and fifty miles due east from Atlanta, was his objective point.

General Howard, with the right wing, moved south-east, as if Macon, eighty miles from Atlanta, was the point which he intended to reach. Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, is ninety miles from Atlanta, and thirty miles north-east of Macon. The Fifteenth Corps of Howard's wing went south to Jonesborough, and then turned east towards the Ocmulgee River. The Seventeenth Corps took a shorter route to the same point. The cavalry under Kilpatrick came upon the Confederate cavalry under General Wheeler at Lovejoy's Station. The Confederates had two cannon.

Kilpatrick dismounted part of his men, which charged as infantry, while those who remained in the saddle dashed upon the Confederate flank, capturing the guns. Having done this, Kilpatrick joined the infantry.

Each corps had its pontoon train—not wooden boats, but canvas stretched on frames, which could be easily disjoined. They were very light, and could be quickly placed in position.

It took two days for the right wing to cross the Ocmulgee, but the head of the column was pushing on, and was thirty miles away before the

Nov. 22, 1864. last wagon with the boats on board left the eastern bank of the stream.

As soon as the cavalry were over, Kilpatrick made a rapid movement towards Macon, came upon the railroad east of the town, and captured a train of cars. The soldiers leaped from their saddles and tore up the track.

There was consternation everywhere as the telegraph flashed the news. At Milledgeville the Governor of Georgia, Joseph E. Brown, was eating his dinner when the telegram was placed in his hands. The Legislature had been in session during the morning, and had left bills and papers upon the desks; but, instead of returning to the State-house, each member seized his carpet-bag and made all haste to leave the city. There was alarm in every town in the interior of the State, for the Union army, like a farmer swinging his scythe in a field of grass, was cutting a swath fifty miles wide from the mountains to the sea. This the account by a Confederate of the scene in Milledgeville:

“As soon as this information was spread through the town the people became greatly excited, and the members of the Legislature, who had adjourned for dinner at the time, participated in the excitement, and began making preparation for a rapid transit from the capital, as it was not known how soon the cavalry, who were supposed to be a good way in advance of the army, might reach Milledgeville. The bills and other matters before the General Assembly at the time it adjourned for dinner were left lying on their desks, and no one returned to look after them. Fabulous prices were paid for conveyances of different sorts, and the members during that afternoon had nearly all left the capital on their way home with the best means of conveyance at their command, taking such routes as in their opinion could not be interfered with by the invading army. Some took the railroad trains, others got carriages, buggies, wagons, or whatever else came in their way. This left the city almost destitute of vehicles for transportation.”(’)

Governor Brown must decide upon the instant what he should do. He thought perhaps he could save the books and papers of the State, and the



THE FORAGE TRAIL.

furniture in the Executive mansion, by taking the property to the asylum for the insane. He did not think that Sherman would burn such a building, and the property, if placed there, would be secure; but so many members of the Legislature had secured horses for their own flight that teams could not be obtained to transport the property to the building. A portion was drawn to the railroad station, put upon the cars, and taken away. The convicts in the State-prison had been employed in manufacturing guns for the Confederate army. Governor Brown thought that General Sherman would be likely to set the building on fire, and he determined to offer pardon to the criminals if they would enlist as soldiers. The prisoners were drawn up in line before him. "If you will enlist in defence of the Confederacy, you shall be pardoned," he said. Enlist? Of course they would. "They responded unanimously," (") writes a Confederate historian. A few who had committed murder, and who were sentenced for life, were not included; but the others were quickly uniformed, armed, and placed under Captain Roberts, who himself was a notorious character. Some of the convict soldiers quickly disappeared, never again to be seen. It was mid-afternoon when the Governor of the State with his family left Milledgeville. All the members of the Legislature had fled, together with a large number of citizens. An engine and cars were at the station. The signal was given, and the engineer, having received instructions to go as fast as he could, pulled the throttle, and the train went rushing down the road towards Macon. When the engine dashed past Griswold the Union cavalry, under Kilpatrick, were but a short distance from the track. A few minutes later the Union soldiers were leaping from their saddles and tearing up the rails. The train reached Macon just before dark, and immediately after its arrival came the telegram that the cavalry were destroying the road. The Governor and his family spent the night in the cars, and the following morning went south fifty miles to Montezuma.

The Confederate troops opposing Sherman consisted of three divisions of cavalry under General Wheeler and three thousand militia, a company of cadets from the Georgia Military Institute, and the convicts, all under Gen. G. W. Smith. Four brigades of militia, under General Phillips, were marching from Savannah to Macon. At Griswold they came upon Wolcott's brigade of Wood's division, which was making a reconnoissance towards Macon. The collision was on Mr. Duncan's farm—a short distance east of the village. General Wolcott quickly placed his brigade in line of battle on the crest of a hill looking across an open field. A swamp protected his flank. The Confederates greatly outnumbered the Union troops, and had several cannon, while Wolcott had only two.

The Confederates attacked with great vigor and fought with bravery, but were repulsed with a loss of more than six hundred, while the Union loss was less than one hundred. Their commander did not act with much wisdom in attacking the Union troops, for in a short time General Wood could have had two corps to aid him had he needed assistance.

General Hardee ordered General Wheeler to get in front of Sherman, and so the Confederate cavalry moved rapidly east, avoiding Kilpatrick, reached the Oconee River, and swam their horses across the stream, to be in position to retard Sherman's advance.

The people of Milledgeville were looking for the appearance of the troops under Howard, and were much surprised when Slocum, whom they supposed was marching to Augusta, suddenly entered the town. The soldiers raised the Stars and Stripes over the State-house. General Sherman arrived and took possession of the Executive mansion, from which Governor Brown had but a few hours before taken his hasty departure.

The soldiers of Slocum's command entered the Representatives' Chamber and organized themselves into a legislature, elected a speaker and other officers, made loyal and patriotic speeches, and passed a law repealing the Ordinance of Secession—voting Georgia back into the Union. They clapped their hands and gave a hurrah for Lincoln, and also for General Sherman, who was much pleased by the joke.

The Confederate troops gathered on the east bank of the Oconee River disputed for a short time the passage of Sherman, but were soon scattered by the artillery. The pontoons were laid and the army moved on.

The Fourteenth and Twentieth corps marched in the direction of Sandersville, thirty miles east of Milledgeville. General Wheeler gathered

his cavalry at that town. General Sherman saw the Confederates setting stacks of fodder on fire that the Union troops

might not obtain possession of it; whereupon he informed the citizens that if they allowed the Confederate troops thus to destroy provisions, he should issue orders to his troops to complete the work of destruction and leave nothing behind them. This stopped the burning. Eighty miles east of Milledgeville is the town of Millen, where a large number of Union prisoners were confined. Waynesborough is twenty-five miles north of that place, in the direction of Augusta. General Sherman directed Kilpatrick to move to Waynesborough with the cavalry and tear up the railroad track, and especially to burn the railroad bridge at Brier Creek. Having done this, he was to turn south and make all possible haste to Millen.

The Confederate cavalry was at Waynesborough, and prevented Kilpatrick from burning the bridge. They comprehended the meaning of



PRISON AT MILLEN.

the movement, and removed the prisoners before any of the troops reached Millen. There was constant skirmishing between the Union and Confederate cavalry, but no pitched battle. The Union troops came to the

Dec. 3, 1864. place where the prisoners had been confined, and saw where thousands had been exposed to the burning heat of the summer sun and the chill nights of autumn without shelter or protection.

Throughout the entire distance from Atlanta the railroads had been destroyed. A corps consisting of several hundred men in each wing of the army was organized and detailed to carry on the destruction. They stood in line along the track. "Take hold!" shouted the commander. "Lift—all together!" and the track rose breast-high. "Drop!" The track fell with a heavy thud, loosening the ties, which were laid in piles, the rails placed upon them, and the ties set on fire. When the rails were at a white heat the men twisted them around the trees and bent them double. With no rolling-mills to turn out more rails, the Confederate Government would be powerless to reconstruct the roads. Sherman began the destruction at the Etowah River, between Atlanta and Chattanooga. From that point to Lovejoy's, south of Atlanta a distance of more than one hundred miles, the track was completely destroyed. From Fairburn, west of Atlanta, eastward to the Oconee River, one hundred miles, scarcely a rail was left in place. From the town of Gordon, on the Savannah Railroad, to the sea, one hundred and sixty miles, a very large portion of the track was torn up, and all the bridges and stations burned.

That the army might not want for food a corps of foragers was organized. Each regiment sent out men commanded by an officer. They were so many that if attacked by the Confederate cavalry they could quickly concentrate for defence. They knew in the morning where the bivouac for the night would be. It was a strange spectacle at sundown, when the foragers returned with mules and horses drawing rickety carts, wagons, and old-fashioned family carriages taken from the planters' carriage-houses, the wagons piled with chickens and turkeys; with bacon and hams from the smoke-houses, cabbages, onions, and tomatoes from the gardens, bottles filled with milk from the spring-houses, and droves of calves and pigs. Through the evening the air was laden with the odor of chickens roasting by the bivouac fires. They seized mules and horses to take the places of those broken down on the march. They became so expert and daring that they were even a match for the Confederate cavalry, and were the flankers of the army. Many of the planters, thinking to save the most valuable articles, buried them in their gardens. The foragers were quick to detect the places by the new earth thrown to the surface. Besides the

foragers there was a corps of plunderers—men who dropped purposely out of the ranks that they might help themselves to whatever they could find. Some of them committed outrages upon the people demanding the severest punishment. They stole watches and jewellery, and insulted women, but in this respect they were no worse than the Confederate cavalry and the released convicts. The troops under General Wheeler had become greatly demoralized. There was little discipline. The people said that they were worse than the plunderers of Sherman's army. A citizen writing to one of the Charleston papers, said: "I cannot forbear appealing to you, in behalf of the producing population of the States of Georgia and South Carolina, for protection against the destructive lawlessness of members of General Wheeler's command. From Augusta to Hardeeville the road is now strewn with corn left on the ground unconsumed. Bees have been shot down in the fields, one quarter taken off, and the balance left for buzzards. Horses are stolen out of wagons on the road, and by wholesale out of stables at night. . . . Within a few miles of this neighborhood Wheeler's men tried to rob a young lady of a horse while she was on a visit to a neighbor's, and would have succeeded but for the timely arrival of a citizen, who prevented the outrage being perpetrated. It is no unusual sight to see these men ride into camp with all sorts of plunder. Private houses are visited, and carpets, blankets, and any other furniture they can lay their hands on are taken by force in the presence of the owners."(")

Another citizen wrote: "It is notorious that our own army, while falling back from Dalton, was even more dreaded by the inhabitants than was the army of Sherman. The soldiers, and even the officers, took everything that came in their way, giving the excuse that if they did not the enemy would. Subsequently stragglers from our own army almost sacked the stores in Atlanta. Now complaints, loud and deep, come up from that portion of Georgia in the neighborhood of our army, telling of outrages committed by straggling squads of cavalry, and of insults offered to the families of the best and most patriotic citizens."(")

The slaves upon the plantations knew that the Union soldiers were their friends. General Sherman did not want them to leave their homes and follow the army, but they came from all the surrounding country in wagons, carriages, on foot, old and young men, women, and children. Freedom, the blessed boon for which they had prayed, was passing by. Why should they remain with their masters? The drum-beat, to them, was the sweetest music they had ever heard. The long lines of men with gleaming bayonets, and the flag with its crimson stripes, and field of blue stud-



BURNING A RAILROAD STATION.

ded with stars, was the most beautiful sight and grandest pageant they had ever seen. It was the Army of Freedom. We need not wonder that they left master and mistress and their cabin homes to become refugees on their march to secure their hearts' desire—Liberty.

With abundance of provisions, with no enemy confronting them, the



BURIED TREASURE.

soldiers made the welkin ring with their songs. We are not to think, however, that it was altogether a holiday march, for the army moved on from fifteen to twenty miles each day, the pioneers bridging rivers, cutting down trees, corduroying swamps, lifting cannon and baggage wagons out of mud-holes, tramping through sunshine and storm, not going into bivouac when darkness came on, but going on till they reached the spot selected by their corps commander for the halt. The movement was methodical, the several corps within supporting distance. The soldiers made the nights picturesque by setting the pine-trees on fire, which, being full of resin, became huge flaming torches, lighting their path through the deep and sombre forests.

The Confederates soon saw that Sherman was evidently marching

towards Savannah. Not till he was well over the Ogeechee River were they quite sure of his intention, for they thought he might possibly suddenly turn north-east, cross the Savannah River, and then march towards Charleston.(") Quite likely he might open communication with the Union war-ships at Port Royal. The Savannah and Ogeechee rivers one hundred miles from the sea are fifty miles apart, but fifty miles from the ocean the tongue of land between them is but ten miles wide. The country is low and sandy, the soil very thin and poor. Rice swamps border the streams—the home of bobolinks and a great variety of birds which in summer build their nests in the woods and fields and apple-orchards of the Northern States. The sea-coast in the vicinity of Savannah has nu-



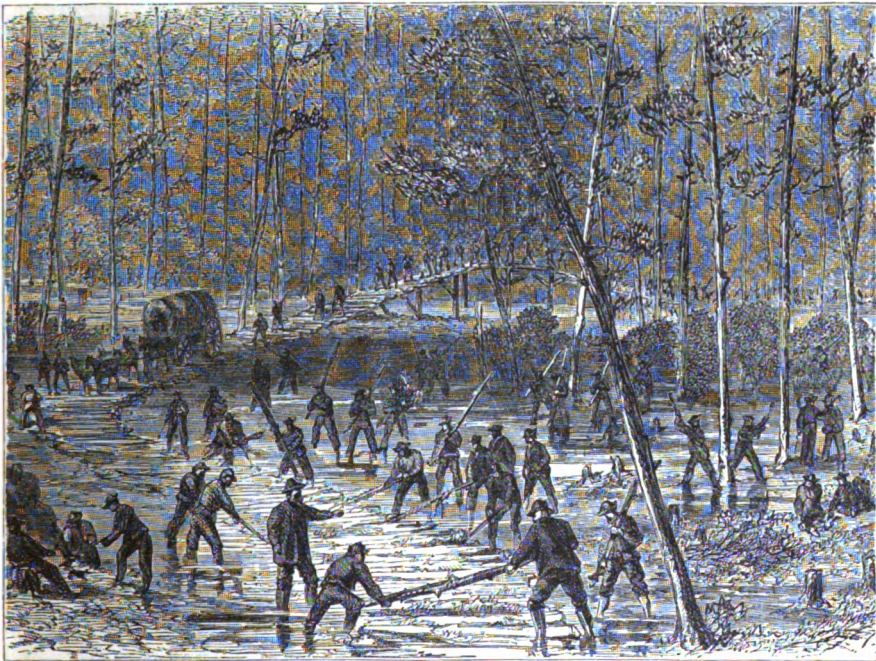
ON THE MARCH TO FREEDOM.

merous bays, inlets, creeks, and sounds—so many that the region is like scroll-work. Ten miles south of the outlet of Savannah River is Warsaw Sound, and ten miles farther south is Ossabaw and the outlet of Ogeechee River. From Warsaw Sound a deep creek leads northward to Savannah River near the city.

The Confederates had erected two batteries of heavy guns to prevent

the monitors of the Union fleet from making their way up the creek. One at Thunderbolt, and the other at the end of a beautifully shaded avenue called Bonaventura.

They erected a fortification at the mouth of the Ogeechee early in the war, and named it Fort McAllister, which had been bombarded by the monitors in the winter of 1863. The Little Ogeechee River, a small stream between the Great Ogeechee and Savannah, empties into the northern half of Ossabaw Sound. The numerous streams and rice swamps were natural defences, but there were plantations between the swamps upon which breastworks were erected, all the work being done by slaves.



BUILDING A CORDUROY ROAD.

The roads leading into the city were narrow corduroys. To cultivate rice the lands must be overflowed at times, and so canals and sluice-ways had been cut through the swamps, and draws and gates erected. The Confederates could make good use of them, flooding the lands, and so rendering the defences more complete.

There were three railroads entering the city—the Atlantic and Gulf, from the south-west, Georgia Central, from the west, and the road to



THUNDER-BOLT BATTERY, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

From a sketch made December, 1864.

Charleston, which runs north-west and crosses the Savannah River twenty miles from the city. A corduroy had been built through the rice plantations on the South Carolina side from Savannah to Bluffton, twenty miles distant. These, with the country roads on the Georgia side, were the only avenues by which the people could receive supplies.

General Hardee was in command of the Confederate troops defending the place. When General Sherman began his march from Atlanta, Gen. Richard Taylor was directed by General Lee to visit Macon and Savannah and inspect the situation. He reached the latter city and had a conference with Hardee, who had too few troops to attempt to hold it against Sherman. He advised that the troops scattered throughout Georgia and South Carolina should be assembled somewhere in South Carolina and

made into a formidable army, sufficiently strong to resist the Union army in a northward march. (")

Governor Brown, of Georgia, had called out several thousand of the State militia — which could not, according to law, be taken out of the State without their consent. Word came to Hardee that a body of Union troops was advancing from the sea-coast to seize the railroads between Charleston and Savannah. It was startling news; for if the Union soldiers were to hold that line, all communication would be cut off towards



THUNDER-BOLT BATTERY, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

From a sketch made December, 1864.

the north. The Confederate commander cared little for law, and the Georgia militia, in a railroad train under Gen. G. W. Smith, by the direction of General Toombs, Adjutant-General of the State, were whirled across the River into South Carolina. (") General Foster, commanding the Union troops at Port Royal, sent nine regiments, half of them colored troops, to seize the railroad. The Confederates selected their ground at

Nov. 30, 1864. Honey Hill, which could be approached only by a causeway, and which was swept by their cannon. The Union troops were repulsed with a loss of several hundred, while the Confederate loss

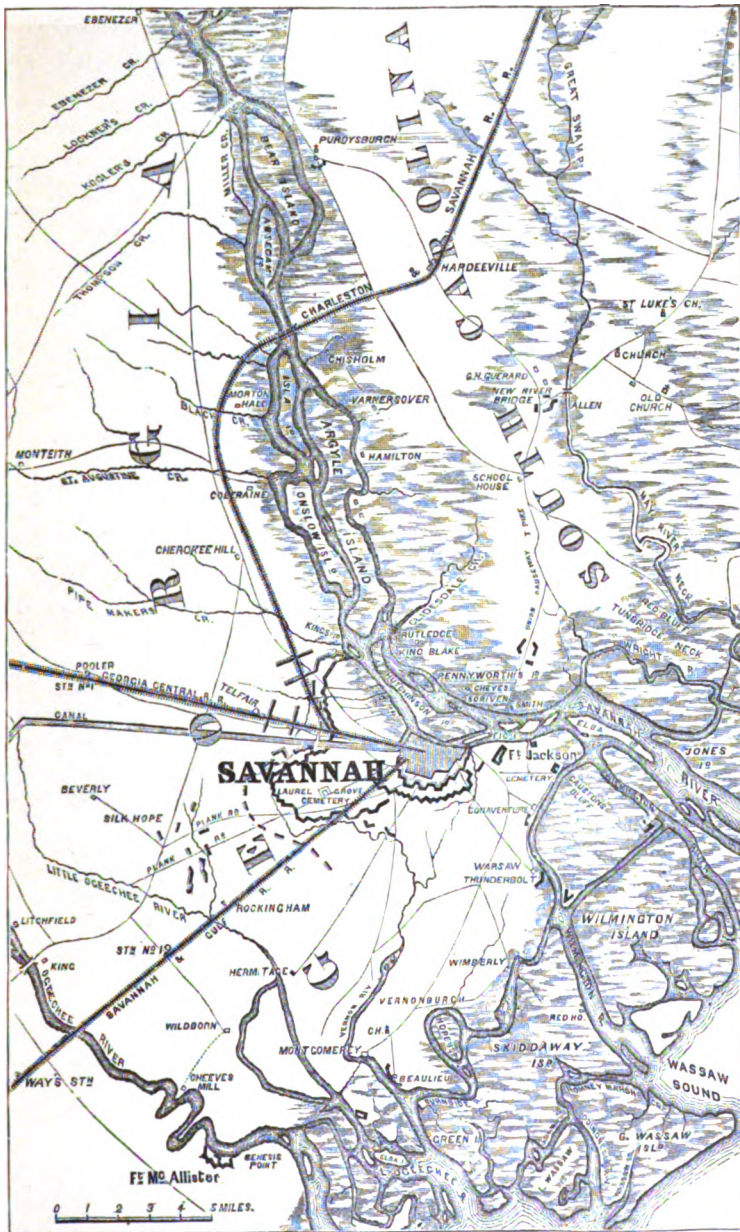
was only fifty. Having prevented General Foster from seizing the railroad, the Georgia militia were hurried to Savannah. General Hardee posted his soldiers for the defence of the city. From the Savannah River southward to the Central Railroad he had twenty cannon and the Georgia militia; then came Georgia and South Carolina regiments under General McLaws, with twenty-nine cannon. General Wright commanded the left wing, reaching to the Ogeechee River, with thirty-two cannon. These were all heavy guns; besides which he had forty-eight pieces of field artillery. In addition was Fort McAllister, with thick banks of sand, mounting seven great guns and eight smaller cannon. General Hardee had about eighteen thousand men. Governor Brown had issued a proclamation levying every man into the service. He could issue such a document, but it was an entirely different matter to put it into execution. The people of the State, in the middle and western counties, did not hasten to place themselves in advance of Sherman to defend the city, but remained at home to look after their own affairs.

The Union army was marching along the main road towards Savannah when a torpedo exploded, killing a horse and wounding an officer, which made General Sherman very angry. He learned that the
 Dec. 8, 1864. Confederates had planted the road with torpedoes, which would explode at the slightest pressure. He had taken a large number of prisoners, and so, furnishing them with picks and spades, compelled them to remove the torpedoes in advance of the troops.

The army came upon the fortifications eight miles from the city. General Sherman rode forward to reconnoitre, dismounted from his horse, and walked with several of his officers along the railroad
 Dec. 10, 1864. track. He could see the Confederates loading cannon. There came a puff of smoke. He saw the ball coming through the air, and stepped one side. A negro was crossing the track at the moment and the ball carried away his head.

The right wing, under General Howard, extended to the Ogeechee River. At night Captain Duncan and two men drifted silently past Fort McAllister, and reached the fleet of war ships in Ossabaw Sound, informing Admiral Dahlgren of Sherman's arrival. Fort McAllister stood on the south bank of the Ogeechee, and General Hazen's division was selected to carry it by assault. It was Sherman's old division, which he had commanded at Shiloh and Vicksburg.

The troops rebuilt the bridge across the Ogeechee, and Hazen's division crossed. General Sherman was at the plantation of Mr.
 Dec. 13, 1864. Cheever, on the northern side. He could see the fort three



VICINITY OF SAVANNAH.



GEN. W. B. HAZEN.

miles away, and the Confederate flag waving above it. His signal-officer was on the ridge-pole of a rice-mill, Sherman upon the roof of a shed. It was two o'clock. With their glasses they could see men running to and fro in the fort. Then came the white smoke of a cannon fired westward. General Sherman thus tells the story:

"This betokened the approach of Hazen's division, which had been

anxiously expected, and soon thereafter the signal-officer discovered, about three miles above the fort, a signal-flag, with which he conversed, and found it to belong to General Hazen, who was preparing to assault the fort, and wanted to know if I were there. On being assured of this fact, and that I expected the fort to be carried before night, I received by signal the assurance of General Hazen that he was making his preparations, and would soon attempt the assault. The sun was rapidly declining, and I was dreadfully impatient. At that very moment some one discovered a faint cloud of smoke, and an object gliding, as it were, along the horizon above the tops of the sedge towards the sea, which little by little grew till it was pronounced to be the smoke-stack of a steamer coming up the river. It must be one of our squadron. Soon the flag of the United States was plainly visible, and our attention was divided between this approaching steamer and the expected assault. When the sun was about an hour high another signal-message came from General Hazen that he was all ready, and I replied to go ahead, as a friendly steamer was approaching from below. Soon we made out a group of officers on the deck of this vessel, signalling with a flag, 'Who are you?' The answer went back promptly, 'General Sherman.' Then followed the question, 'Is Fort McAllister taken?' 'Not yet, but it will be in a minute.' Almost at that instant of time we saw Hazen's troops come out of the dark fringe of woods that encompassed the fort, the lines dressed as on parade, with colors flying, and moving forward with a quick, steady pace. Fort McAllister was then all alive, its big guns belching forth dense clouds of smoke, which soon enveloped our assaulting lines. One color went down, but was up in a moment. On the lines advanced, faintly seen in the white sulphurous smoke; there was a pause, a cessation of fire; the smoke cleared away, and the parapets were blue with our men, who fired their muskets in the air, and shouted so that we actually heard them, or felt that we did. Fort McAllister was taken, and the good news was instantly sent by the signal-officer to our navy friends on the approaching gunboat, for a point of timber had shut out Fort McAllister from their view, and they had not seen the action at all, but must have heard the cannonading." (")

The Confederates had cut down trees and placed them around the fort, and had planted a line of torpedoes. General Hazen directed the troops to attack in a thin line, each man to make his way through the tangled brush as best he could. The bugle sounded and they rushed forward, made their way through the abatis, and tore down the palisades which the Confederates had erected. Torpedoes exploded beneath them. The tide was out, and there was a wide strip of sandy beach where there was no

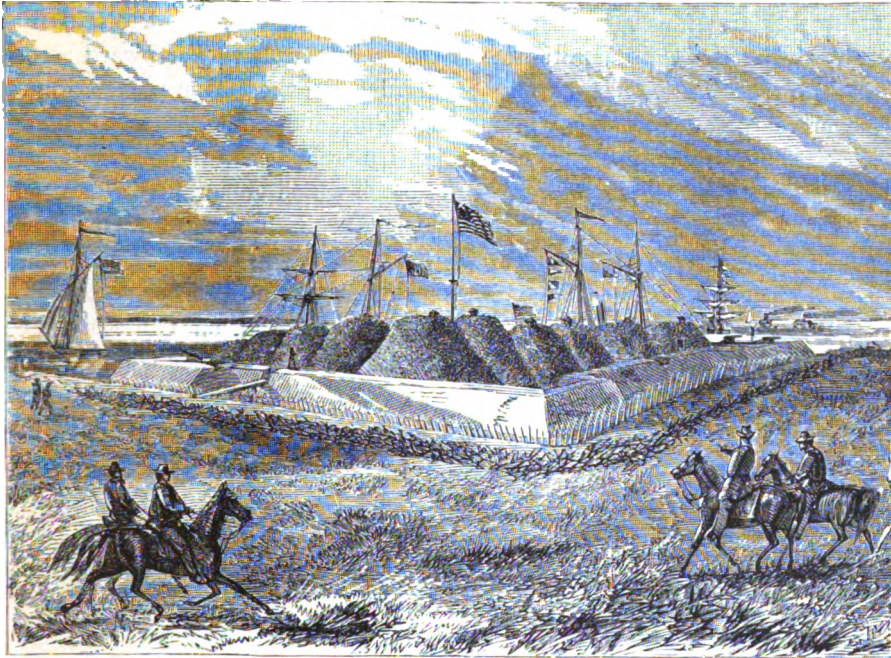


ASSAULT OF HAZEN'S DIVISION UPON FORT McALLISTER.

From a sketch made in 1864.

obstruction. The troops took advantage of it, and rushed along the beach and into the fort. It was but the work of a few minutes, and then the Stars and Stripes were waving above the heap of yellow sand, and the army in communication with the fleet.

By flooding the rice swamps General Hardee had made it difficult for



FORT McALLISTER AFTER THE SURRENDER.

From a sketch made in 1864.

the Union army to enter Savannah. All the avenues leading to the city were swept by the great guns of the Confederates. Sherman had only field-pieces, but heavy guns were brought from Port Royal up the Ogeechee and placed in position. General Grant was waiting the while for the army to embark on steamers and hasten to Petersburg. Sherman thought that it would be better to take Savannah, and then march through South Carolina. The Confederates had several gunboats in the river, so that he could not lay his pontoons to cross the army to the South Carolina shore until he had captured the city; but a brigade was ferried across from Argyle Island, and placed in a strong position. He

Dec. 19, 1864.

summoned Hardee to surrender, but the Confederate commander refused, for he had a bridge of boats reaching to the South Car-

olina shore giving him an avenue by which he could escape. He saw that it would not do for him to remain any longer, for the Union troops had

Dec. 21, 1864. dug ditches, and the water was gradually drawing off from the rice-fields. More than this, the troops of General Foster's

command at Hilton Head had gained a position, and planted a battery within one mile of the Charleston Railroad, so that trains could run only at night. General Sherman went to Hilton Head to direct the movement to seize the railroad, but the Confederates the while were marching northward across the bridge of boats. When the morning dawned the Union pickets found the breast-works deserted. With flying colors, and bands playing, General Geary's division of the Twentieth Corps marched into the city. It was

Dec. 23, 1864. a brief but a felicitous despatch which General Sherman sent to President Lincoln. "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

There was joy in the White House, Washington, on Christmas-eve when the despatch reached President Lincoln, and unbounded joy on Christmas morning when the people read the thrilling news in the papers; for, as the dawn betokens the day, the capture of Savannah heralded approaching peace.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV.

- (¹) Gen. U. S. Grant's despatch to Gen. H. W. Halleck.
- (²) Gen. J. B. Hood to Gen. Braxton Bragg and J. A. Seddon, October 9, 1864. "Advance and Retreat," Gen. J. B. Hood, p. 259.
- (³) J. R. Watkins, "First Tennessee Regiment," p. 204.
- (⁴) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 153.
- (⁵) Grant to Sherman. "Military History of General Grant," vol. iii., p. 61.
- (⁶) Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard's proclamation, quoted in "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 100.
- (⁷) *Richmond Whig*, November 24, 1864.
- (⁸) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 178.
- (⁹) J. W. Avery, "History of Georgia," p. 307.
- (¹⁰) *Idem*, p. 309.
- (¹¹) *Charleston Courier*, January 10, 1865.
- (¹²) *Savannah Republican*, October 1, 1864.
- (¹³) Gen. Richard Taylor, "Destruction and Reconstruction," p. 214.
- (¹⁴) *Idem*.
- (¹⁵) *Idem*.
- (¹⁶) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 197.

CHAPTER V.

CONFEDERATE INVASION OF TENNESSEE.

WHILE General Sherman was planning his march to the sea, General Hood, as we have seen, was getting ready to make his movement into Tennessee. Sherman expected that the moment he abandoned Atlanta Hood would turn south and make haste to overtake him. Hood, on the other hand, expected that when he began his advance Sherman would be compelled to abandon Atlanta, and hasten, with his entire army, northward, to save Tennessee from invasion. Instead of this, there was the spectacle of the two armies marching in opposite directions, as if by mutual agreement.

October, 1864.

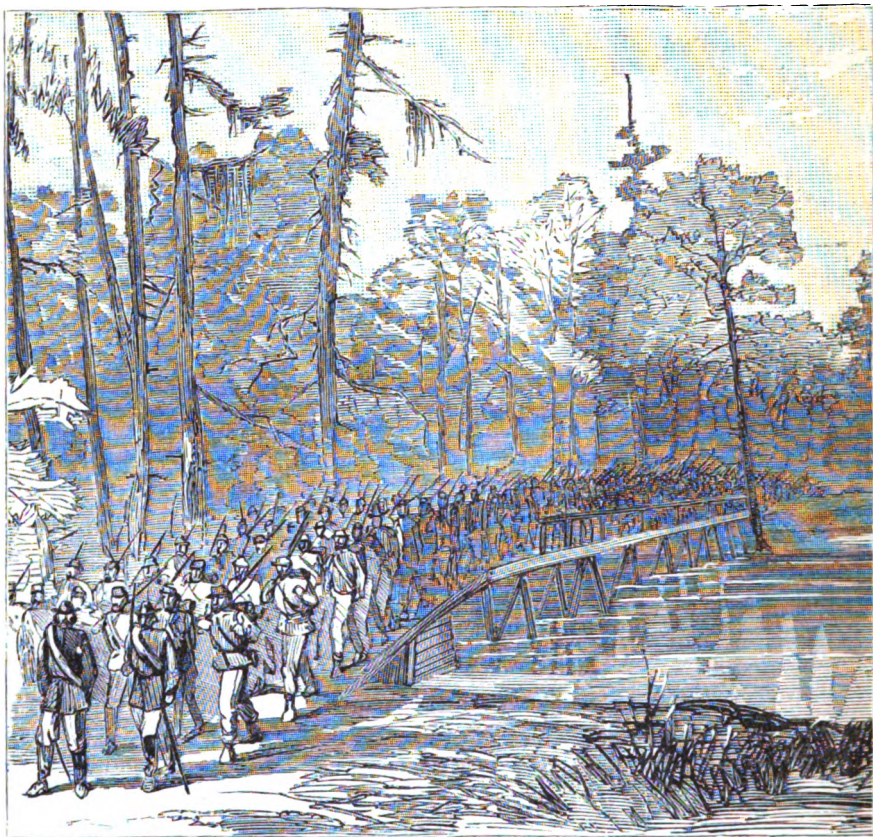
The Tennessee River rises in the mountains of East Tennessee, runs south-west, enters Alabama at the north-eastern corner of the State, reaching its most southern point at Guntersville, where it turns north-west. General Hood at first contemplated crossing the river at that point, but, to facilitate the collecting of supplies, marched west forty-five miles to Decatur, but as the railroad was torn up he continued on forty miles farther to Tuscumbia. Several weeks passed before he could obtain sufficient food to warrant his advance. General Beauregard, in command of the department, issued this order: "You will take the offensive at the earliest practicable moment, and deal the enemy rapid and vigorous blows, striking him while thus dispersed, and by this means distract Sherman's advance into Georgia."⁽¹⁾

Nov. 17, 1864.

General Hood's army numbered nearly fifty-four thousand, of whom thirteen thousand were cavalry—a large number of them Tennesseans—who knew all the roads. They were returning to their friends, who would gladly furnish them with all needful supplies. Discipline in the Confederate Army of the West had become lax, and the soldiers began to plunder the people, which caused so much complaint that General Beauregard was obliged to issue a strict order against all marauders.⁽²⁾

Nov. 21, 1864.

While Hood was waiting for supplies, General Forrest, with his cavalry,



HOOD'S INVASION OF TENNESSEE.

was moving north along the west bank of the Tennessee River. Planting his artillery, he waited for the appearance of steamboats, and captured three transport steamers and the gunboat *Undine*. It was called a "tin-clad," because it had a thin plating of iron, sufficiently thick to turn a bullet fired from a musket, but which was not thick enough to stop a cannon-ball. Forrest burned two of the transports, but a body of Union troops suddenly appeared and recaptured the other. The *Undine* was run aground and burned. At Johnsonville, eighty miles west of Nashville, Forrest secretly placed his artillery on the west bank of the river. He could look across the stream and see eight transports and three gunboats moored to the landing. At a signal all his twelve cannon opened fire, riddling the vessels. (') The shot passed through the boilers or disabled the engines, so that the crews set them on fire, together with the

buildings, in which a large amount of stores had been collected. The troops of the garrison, thinking that the Confederates were about to cross the river, hastily retreated to Nashville. Forrest attempted to construct a raft, that he might ferry his wagons to the eastern shore; but the river was high, the current strong, and he was compelled to march back to Florence to join General Hood.

A large force of Union troops arrived at Johnsonville two days later, but Forrest had done his work and was miles away.

When General Sherman decided to march to the sea he selected General Thomas as the commander best fitted to hold Tennessee against General Hood, who asked that his own corps, the Fourteenth, should be sent him. He had organized its first brigade, and had been placed in charge of one of its divisions, and then had been advanced to the command of the whole corps. The troops loved him. They knew how good, kind, and considerate he was, and called him "Papa." Under him they had rolled back the advancing Confederates at Chickamauga, and saved the army from disastrous rout. With his old soldiers he would be able to hold Tennessee against any force that Hood might bring, but General Sherman declined to grant his request. "It is too compact and reliable a corps for me to leave behind," he said. General Sherman evidently did not comprehend the greatness and importance of the work which he was laying upon Thomas.

"I can spare you the Fourth Corps, and about five thousand men not fit for my purpose, but which will be well enough for garrison duty in Chattanooga, Murfreesboro, and Nashville. What you need is a few points fortified and stocked with provisions, and a good movable column of twenty-five thousand men that can strike a blow in any direction."(')

It is plain that General Sherman, absorbed as he was with the work which he had mapped out for himself, did not see the disproportion which he was making in the assignment of troops. He would himself move with an army of sixty thousand men, with no Confederates to oppose him till he reached the sea-coast, whereas he was going to leave Thomas only a movable force of twenty-five thousand to hold the field against Hood with more than fifty thousand. General Thomas had a large number of troops in his department, but they were garrisoning important points, and must be concentrated to be of use against the enemy.

He had twelve thousand cavalrymen, but was greatly in need of horses. Two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith, were in Missouri, which were ordered to return to Tennessee. New troops were arriving, to take the place of those whose term of service had

expired. With all his forces concentrated, Thomas's army would not greatly outnumber Hood's. Sherman believed that Hood, instead of marching into Tennessee, would turn eastward, and follow him to the seacoast. (*)

The Confederate Government contemplated the bringing of thirty thousand troops from Arkansas, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, across the Mississippi River to join Hood, but through the vigilance of General Canby, in command of the Mississippi, by concentrating the gunboats at various points, the plan was frustrated. The Confederates could not hope to cross in large force at any one point.

General Hood reached Florence, in Alabama, on the north bank of the Tennessee River. General Beauregard was with him, and together they discussed the plan of the campaign. General Forrest came with the cavalry, and the Confederate army was thus concentrated. Provisions were arriving, and the spirits of the troops rising at the thought of moving northward and regaining what had been lost during the summer.

The Union brigades at the moment were widely dispersed. General Thomas was at Nashville, using his efforts to obtain troops from the North. The two divisions expected from Missouri had not arrived. General Schofield was in command of eighteen thousand men, the troops immediately opposed to Hood.

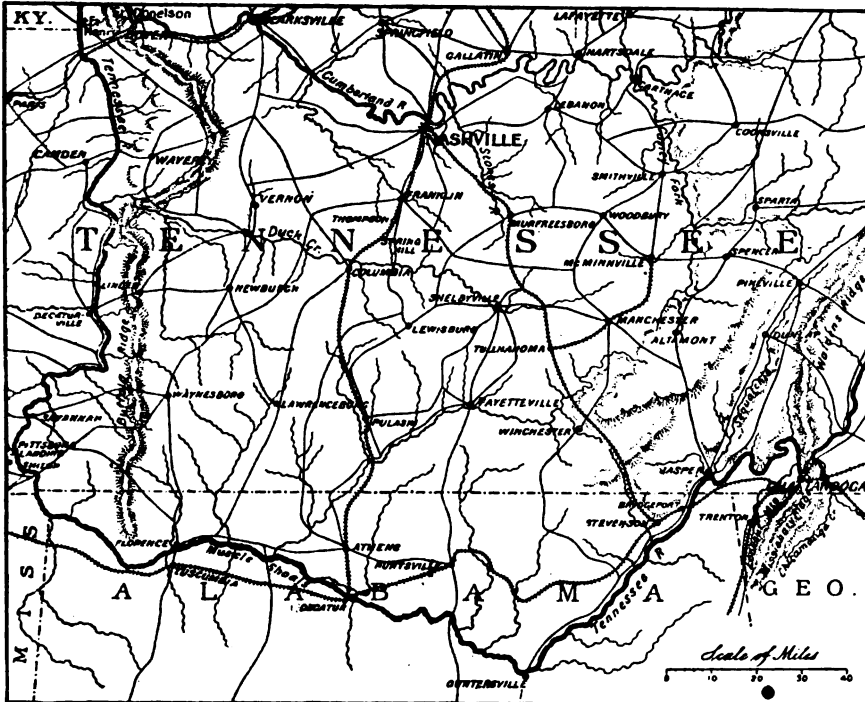
It is between sixty and seventy miles from Florence to Columbia, on Duck River. When General Hood saw the position of the troops under General Schofield he planned a movement by which he hoped to gain his rear and defeat him before Thomas could render assistance. General Schofield was at Pulaski, forty-five miles north-east of Florence, connected with Nashville by railroad, and thirty miles south of Columbia, situated on the south bank of Duck River. A turnpike leads south-west from Columbia to Lawrenceburg, and thence to Florence. General Hood thought that by a rapid march to Lawrenceburg, and thence to Columbia, he could get past the flank of Schofield, reach Columbia, and so cut him off from communication with Thomas at Nashville.

Nov. 20, 1864. General Hood issued his order, and Gen. S. D. Lee's corps led the advance.

"The Confederates are moving towards Lawrenceburg," was the message sent to Schofield by General Hatch, commanding a division of cavalry. General Schofield comprehended Hood's intention, and sent his surplus stores to Columbia. He telegraphed to Colonel Strickland to erect fortifications to protect the pontoon-bridge and the railroad across Duck River.

General Thomas wanted Schofield to retreat slowly, and to retard Hood's advance as much as possible, to gain time.

Rain was falling, which changed to sleet. The mud was so deep that Hood could not make a rapid march. His troops were thinly clad. Many



MAP ILLUSTRATING HOOD'S INVASION OF TENNESSEE.

were barefoot, but their spirits were kept up by the expectation of gaining possession of the Union supplies of clothing, boots, and shoes. General Schofield abandoned Pulaski and fell back towards Columbia, thus thwarting Hood. General Cox's division was the first to reach the town. As the soldiers marched through the streets they heard the rattle of musketry in the west, and hastened on just in season to assist General Capron, commanding a brigade of cavalry, who was being hard pressed by Forrest. The Confederates were thus prevented from gaining possession of Columbia. It was evening when Cox arrived. During the night the other divisions of Schofield came, also a brigade of the Twenty-third Corps under General Ruger, which had been sent by General Thomas, who also sent forward a brigade under General Cooper to a position thirty miles west of

Columbia, for he thought it possible that Forrest might attempt to cross Duck River in that direction.

General Schofield assembled his army behind the breastworks, but soon saw that he must give up the town.

"My information, though not very satisfactory, leads me to believe that Hood intends to cross Duck River above Columbia. I shall withdraw

Nov. 27, 1864. to the north bank to-night and advance, to prevent him from crossing," telegraphed Schofield to Thomas.(')

During the night the Union troops filed across the pontoon to the north bank of the river.

General Hood had established his headquarters at Mrs. Warfield's house, three miles south of Columbia. His troops had all arrived, but he had no intention of attacking Schofield, and permitted the Union army to cross to the north bank without molestation. He had another and better plan: "I determined not to attack them," he says, "in their breastworks if I could avoid it, but to permit them to cross undisturbed to the north bank of Duck River that night, as I supposed they would do; to hasten preparations and advance to place the main body of the Confederate army at Spring Hill, twelve miles directly in the enemy's rear, and about midway upon the only pike leading to Franklin; to attack as the devils retreated, and to put to rout and capture, if possible, their army, which was the sole obstacle between our army and Nashville—in truth, the only barrier to the success of the campaign. I was confident that after Schofield had crossed the river, and placed that obstruction between our respective armies, he would feel himself secure, and would remain in position long enough to allow me to throw pontoons across the river about three miles above his left flank, and by a bold and rapid march, together with heavy demonstrations in his front, gain his rear before he was fully apprised of my object."(')

We come to one of the most remarkable episodes of the war. General Thomas, at Nashville, waiting for the arrival of the troops of Gen. A. J. Smith, and wishing to gain time that he might concentrate his forces, scattered at various points in Tennessee and Kentucky, desired Schofield, as we have seen, to delay the advance of Hood. Schofield, carrying out the instructions, had remained south of Duck River as long as he thought it prudent. He saw that Hood would be likely to cross farther up-stream. He could not remove his pontoons to Nashville, having no means of transportation, and was obliged to destroy them. By retiring to the north bank he would be in position to resist the crossing of the Confederates, and so delay Hood's advance.

The Union cavalry under General Wilson was watching all the crossings up-stream to Shelbyville, thirty-five miles. The turnpike from Lewisburg northward to Franklin crosses Duck River ten miles east of Columbia. Two miles west of the turnpike the river bends south and makes a long detour to Huey's Mill, where it turns to the north-west. General Hood, studying the map, saw that Spring Hill, on the turnpike from Columbia to Franklin, was just twelve miles from Columbia, and the same distance from the bridge on the turnpike from Lewisburg to Franklin. He saw that if he could cross his army on the Lewisburg pike before Schofield could discover what he was intending to do, he would have a fair chance of crushing the Union army at a blow, as he had by far the most



MARCHING IN THE RAIN.

troops. He would make a feint of crossing at Columbia, would order Forrest to cross at Huey's Mill and march north-west, and under the screen thus afforded by Forrest would place the main body of his troops upon the Lewisburg turnpike, and make a forced march to Spring Hill. It was an admirable plan. Wilson, commanding the Union cavalry, had fewer troops than Forrest; besides, the Union cavalymen were distributed all the way up-stream to Shelbyville, while Forrest had his men in a compact body. The Confederate cavalry commander sent a portion of

his regiments to Davis's Ford, three miles above Columbia, and a portion to Huey's Mill.

"I think that I can now stop Hood's advance by any line near this, and meet in time any distant movement to turn my position," (") was the despatch sent by Schofield fifteen minutes before nine in the morning. A few minutes later a messenger came to Schofield with the information that the Confederates were crossing. At six in

Nov. 28, 1864.



LIEUT.-GEN. J. B. HOOD.

From a photograph taken in Richmond in 1863.

the evening this message came to Thomas: "The enemy's cavalry, in force, has crossed the river on the Lewisburg pike. Wilson is trying to get on the Franklin pike ahead of them."

At eight o'clock in the evening General Thomas sent this despatch: "If you are confident you can hold your present position, I wish you to do so until I can get General Smith here. After his arrival we can withdraw gradually, and invite Hood across Duck River, and fall upon him with our whole force, or wait until Wilson can organize his cavalry force, and then

withdraw from your present position. Should Hood then cross the river we can ruin him. . . . I am not sure but it would be a good plan to invite Hood across Duck River, if we can get him to move towards Johnsonville." (")

General Hood was crossing without waiting for an invitation. General Thomas had not forecast Hood's probable movement; and General Schofield, with the river between himself and Hood, anxious to carry out Thomas's instructions, did not comprehend what was being done.

The information which reached General Thomas that the Confederates had crossed the river on the Lewisburg pike enabled him to comprehend what Hood was intending to do, and at 3.30 in the morning he directed Schofield to fall back to Franklin. It

Nov. 29, 1864. was eight o'clock in the morning when General Stanley, commanding Kimball's and Wagner's divisions, started from his position opposite Columbia with the teams and ambulances. General Cox's division was left, with a large portion of the artillery, to prevent the Confederates which Hood had left at Columbia from crossing. They had no intention of

doing so, but were simply making a demonstration. General Stanley reached Ruthersford's Creek, five miles distant from Columbia, and discovered that Hood was rapidly advancing towards Spring Hill. To guard against a flank attack, Kimball's division was halted on the south bank of the creek, while Wagner's went on. It was half-past eleven in the forenoon when Stanley, with Wagner, approached Spring Hill. He saw Forrest rapidly advancing to seize the turnpike. Wilson with the cavalry had been try-



MAJOR-GEN. D. S. STANLEY.

ing to retard the Confederates. Stanley formed Opdyke's and Lane's brigades east of the turnpike, stringing them out in a long line to cover the wagon train, and sent Bradley's brigade three-quarters of a mile farther east to a wooded knoll to hold the advancing Confederates in check.

The Union army at this moment was in a most critical position. Its divisions were widely scattered. Cox's troops were still in position on Duck River, opposite Columbia, Kimball's and Wood's divisions were out

towards Huey's Mill, facing east. One half of Ruger's division was west of Columbia, the other half on the turnpike at Rutherford's Creek. Wilson was on the Lewisburg turnpike, separated from the main body by Forrest. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Schofield issued his orders for the withdrawal of the army, but Cox's troops were to remain where they were till after dark. He started with General Ruger's troops.

The Confederate cavalry at that moment had swept past Spring Hill, and taken position north of it. Three divisions of infantry under General Cheatham were directly east of it, confronted by Wagner's division. Cheatham had received his order to advance and seize the train. Cleburne, with four divisions of infantry, was close at hand to support Cheatham—seven divisions of infantry and two of cavalry were thus in position to rush upon Wagner's one division. Early in the morning Hood's artillery opened fire from the southern bank of Duck River and the Union artillery replied. Hood had left two divisions of infantry at Columbia, with orders to force the passage of the river in the afternoon. The Confederate artillery fire was calculated to deceive Schofield. At intervals through the day the cannon sent their shot and shells across the river upon the Union lines. Hood could hear the thundering at Columbia. In the west, only two miles away, he could hear Stanley's guns opening against Forrest. From the north he could hear the rattle of musketry, where a portion of Forrest's command was pushing Croxton's and Capron's cavalry up the Franklin pike, at Hurt's Corner. Hood has gained the position which he wished, and is ready to make an onslaught which will annihilate the Union army, not half as large as his own. He has Cheatham's divisions in position a little east of Spring Hill. While sitting on his horse at the hour of 3 p.m. he can see the Union wagon trains going in haste northward towards Spring Hill, and the troops of Stanley upon the double-quick. This the account of the Confederate commander :

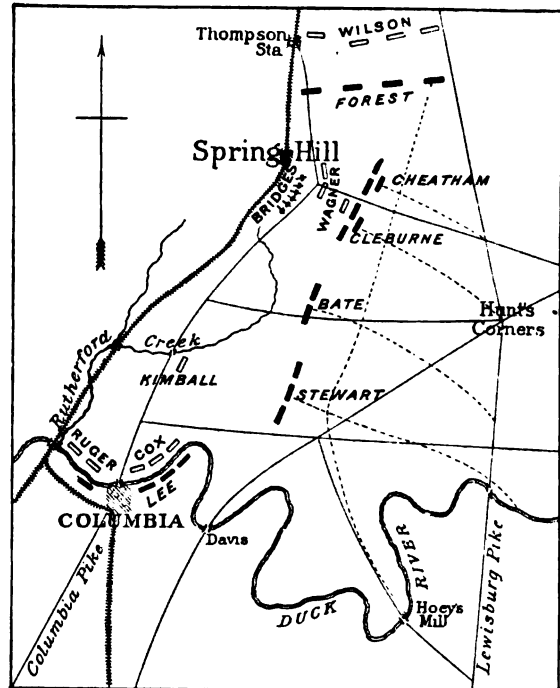
"I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin pike. As these officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fatal day: 'General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?' He answered in the affirmative. 'Go,' I continued, 'with your corps take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house.' Then addressing Cleburne, I said: 'General, you have heard the orders just

given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, assist him in every way you can, and do as he directs.' Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: 'Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front.'

"They immediately sent staff-officers to hurry the men forward, and moved off with their troops at a quick pace in the direction of the enemy. I despatched several of my staff to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste. Meantime I rode to one side, and looked on at Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of Cheatham's corps, as it marched by seemingly ready for battle.

"Within about one-half hour from the time Cheatham left me skirmishing began with the enemy, when I rode forward to a point nearer the pike, and again sent a staff-officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward. At the same time I despatched a messenger to General Cheatham to lose no time in gaining possession of the pike at Spring Hill. It was reported back that he was about to do so.

"Listening attentively to the fire of the skirmishers in that direction, I discovered there was no continued roar of musketry, and being aware of the quick approach of darkness after four o'clock at that season of the year, I became somewhat uneasy, and again ordered an officer to go to General Cheatham, inform him that his supports were very near at hand, that he must attack at once, if he had not already so done, and take and hold possession of the pike. Shortly afterwards I intrusted another officer with the same message, and, if my memory is not treacherous, finally



SPRING HILL.

requested the Governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, to hasten forward and impress upon Cheatham the importance of action without delay. I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike north of the town, and intrenched without coming in serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, to ascertain the truth, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank that evening or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the last messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham, and place his corps across the pike north of Spring Hill.

"By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when General Cheatham rode up in person. I at once directed Stewart to halt, and, turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed, with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me, 'General, why have you not attacked the enemy, and taken possession of that pike?' He replied that the line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right. I could hardly believe it possible that this brave old soldier, who had given proof of such courage and ability upon so many hard-fought fields, would even make such a report. After leading him within full view of the enemy, and pointing out to him the Federals retreating in great haste and confusion along the pike, and then giving explicit orders to attack, I would as soon have expected mid-day to turn into darkness as for him to have disobeyed my orders. I then asked General Cheatham whether or not Stewart's corps, if formed on the right, would extend across the pike. He answered in the affirmative. Guides were at once furnished to point out Cheatham's right to General Stewart, who was ordered to form thereon, with his right extending across the pike. Darkness, however, which was increased by large shade-trees in that vicinity, soon closed upon us, and Stewart's corps, after much annoyance, went into bivouac for the night, near but not across the pike, at about eleven or twelve o'clock.

"It was reported to me after this hour that the enemy was marching along the road, almost under the light of the camp-fires of the main body of the army. I sent anew to General Cheatham to know if at least a line

of skirmishers could not be advanced in order to throw the Federals in confusion, to delay their march, and allow us a chance to attack in the morning. Nothing was done. The Federals, with immense wagon trains, were permitted to march by us the remainder of the night, within gunshot of our lines. I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. One good division, I reassert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill; have taken possession of and formed line across the road, and thus have made it an easy matter to Stewart's corps, Johnson's division, and Lee's two divisions from Columbia to have enveloped, routed, and captured Schofield's army that afternoon and the ensuing day. General Forrest gallantly opposed the enemy farther down to our right to the full extent of his power; beyond this effort, nothing whatever was done, although never was a grander opportunity offered to utterly rout and destroy the Federal army."⁽¹⁰⁾



MAJOR-GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM, C. S. A.

From a photograph.

General Cheatham has given a very different account. He says: "It so happened that the direction of Cleburne's advance had exposed his right flank to the enemy's line. . . . General Bate, whom I had placed in position on the left of Cleburne's line of march, continued to move forward in the same direction until he had reached the farm of Mr. N. F. Reaves, one and a half miles south of Spring Hill.

"After Brown had formed his line of battle he sent word to me that it would be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy extended beyond

him several hundred yards. I sent word to him to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after General Bate to bring him back and join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of the line I found generals Brown and Cleburne, and the latter reported that he had reformed his line. I then gave orders that as soon as they could connect their lines they were to attack the enemy, who were then in sight, informing them that General Hood had just told me that Stewart's column was close at hand, and that Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike.

"During all this time I had met and talked with General Hood repeatedly, our field headquarters being not over one hundred yards apart. After Cleburne's repulse I had been along my line, and had seen Brown's right out-flanked by several hundred yards. I had urged General Hood to hurry up Stewart and place him on my right, and had received assurances from him that it would be done, and this assurance I had communicated to Cleburne and Brown. When I returned from my left, where I had been to get Bate into position, it was dark. On reaching the road where General Hood's headquarters had been, I found a courier with a message from Hood requesting me to come to Captain Thompson's house, about one-fourth of a mile back on the road to Rutherford's Creek. I found General Stewart with General Hood. The commanding general then informed me that he had concluded to wait until morning, and directed me to hold my command in readiness to attack at daylight. I never was more astonished." (")

Going now to the Union troops as the evening shadows settle over the scene, we behold Lane's and Opdyke's brigades in line facing east, with Bradley's beyond them. Captain Bridges, chief of artillery of the Fourth Corps, had been hastening towards Spring Hill with five batteries, and had placed his cannon in position on a knoll west of the turnpike. The trains were at the village; they could go no farther, for Forrest had possession of the turnpike beyond, towards Franklin.

It was nearly dark when Cleburne's division advanced upon Bradley's brigade. Bradley had posted his men in an advantageous position, and repulsed two spirited assaults, but Cleburne enveloped his flank, and he fell back to the line held by Lane and Opdyke. Cleburne followed, but suddenly the knoll west of the turnpike was a sheet of flame as Bridges' batteries opened, sending shells and canister into the Confederate lines. Cleburne was quickly repulsed, losing five hundred men. The Union loss was about one hundred and fifty. Stewart's division came up to join Cleburne, but the attack was not renewed.

At Columbia, during the afternoon, the Confederates had attempted to cross the river, but had been repulsed by the Union artillery and a regiment deployed in the willows fringing the northern bank. Night came on, and Cox silently withdrew his troops, which hastened with the artillery up the turnpike. There was only one bridge across Rutherford's Creek, but the trains were kept in rapid motion across it. The Union troops, looking eastward, could see the Confederate bivouac-fires not half a mile away. Hood and all his men could hear the Union soldiers tramping past them, but no serious attempt was made to molest them after the repulse of Cleburne by Stanley and the artillery of Bridges. Not till

one o'clock in the morning could the last of Schofield's eight
 Nov. 30, 1864.

hundred wagons start from Duck River. It was five o'clock when the last team crossed the bridge at Rutherford's Creek, and day was breaking when Opdyke's brigade, forming the rear-guard, left Spring Hill. Forrest had attempted to block the way at Thompson's Station, between Spring Hill and Franklin, but had been quickly swept aside. When the sun rose the army, with all its trains, excepting a few wagons which the frightened teamsters had abandoned, was beyond the reach of Hood, who, as we have seen, blamed General Cheatham for not attacking Stanley; but General Cheatham, on the other hand, affirms that he issued the order to advance, and that Hood himself postponed the attack till morning. How shall we account for this escape of the Union army when it might have been annihilated? Schofield had only three divisions and part of a fourth, strung out in a line twelve miles long, with more than one thousand wagons. Hood had ten divisions, including Forrest's cavalry. Through the afternoon he had heard the Union cannon thundering at Columbia. He knew that a large part of Schofield's force was still there. He knew that his own force greatly outnumbered the Union troops. He had accompanied Cheatham, that there might be no failure; and yet, when Cheatham, Bate, and Stewart were in line, and ready to advance, he himself, according to Cheatham, postponed the attack! In all the transactions of the four years of the war the inaction of the Confederates, whether due to the failure of Cheatham to execute orders, or to a sudden hesitation on the part of Hood, is without a parallel. There can be little doubt that if Hood had vigorously renewed the attack upon Stanley at Spring Hill the army under Schofield would have been scattered to the winds, and that Hood, quite likely, could have made his way to the banks of the Ohio. But He who notices even the fluttering of a sparrow from its nest had other writing to be recorded upon the pages of our country's history; and so, in the gloaming of that November night, either through the failure of

General Cheatham to execute his orders, or through the sudden change of mind on the part of Hood, the history of the invasion of Tennessee is as it is.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

- (¹) "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii., p. 103.
- (²) Idem.
- (³) "Campaigns of Lieutenant-General Forrest," p. 599.
- (⁴) Gen. W. T. Sherman to Gen. G. H. Thomas. "Life of Thomas," by Van Horne, p. 261.
- (⁵) Idem, p. 265.
- (⁶) "History of the Army of the Cumberland," vol. ii., p. 214.
- (⁷) Gen. J. B. Hood, "Advance and Retreat," p. 282.
- (⁸) "History of the Army of the Cumberland," vol. ii., p. 215.
- (⁹) Idem.
- (¹⁰) Gen. J. B. Hood, "Advance and Retreat," p. 284.
- (¹¹) Gen. B. F. Cheatham, *Southern Bivouac*, April, 1865.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

IT is twelve miles from Spring Hill to Franklin, towards which, during the night, the Union troops were making their way. The Confederate cavalry made a dash upon the trains, but were quickly repulsed. A few of the Union teamsters abandoned their wagons and fled, and the teams

Nov. 29, 1864. fell into the hands

of the Confederates. General Opdyke's brigade was the last to leave Spring Hill. It had rendered valuable service, with Lane and Bradley, in holding Spring Hill, and, upon the retreat, successfully covering the trains.

General Schofield waited at Spring Hill till all the troops were in motion, and then galloped to Franklin. Harpeth River, a branch of the Cumberland, runs past the town, which stands upon its southern bank. There was but one bridge over the stream,

and that on the turnpike leading to Nashville. General Schofield had telegraphed to Nashville for pontoons, but, upon reaching Franklin, at four



BRIGADIER GEN. EMERSON OPDYKE.

o'clock in the morning, found that they had not arrived. He knew that Hood would be on the march to strike him, and rode back a mile to the farm of Mr. Carter, where General Cox had halted his troops for a little rest.

"We must throw up intrenchments here," he said. General Cox was placed in command of the Twenty-third Corps, to hold the position until the trains and the other troops were across Harpeth River.

The chief engineer, Major Twining, saw that the bending of the river northward, then west, then south-west, would prevent the Confederates from turning either flank. The intrenchments were constructed from the curve of the river south-east of the town to the bend south-west of it,



MR. CARTER'S HOUSE.

From a photograph taken in 1886.

a little more than one mile. There were hills and knolls along a little creek which trickles into the Harpeth west of the town. The ground north of that river is much higher than that south of it; and one earth-work, named Fort Granger, had been erected in 1863 upon a hill on the north bank, and the cannon in the works had full sweep of the railroad,

the town, and the ground on both sides of the river. Two turnpikes enter Franklin from the south—the Lewisburg, up which the army was marching, and Carter's Creek pike, west of it.

The weary soldiers, who had marched twenty-four miles from Columbia, as soon as day dawned began to build the intrenchments. They tore down some buildings near Mr. Carter's cotton-gin and used the timbers, brought fence-rails or whatever they could find, and worked so diligently that by noon they had a line of intrenchments extending from the railroad south-east of the town to the Harpeth, south-west of it.

Through the forenoon the wagons, loaded with supplies and ammunition, were rumbling across the bridge to the north bank. The soldiers

tore down other old buildings, obtained planks, and laid them upon the railroad bridge for the use of the troops. There was an old bridge on the country or "dirt" road, as the people called it, which was also repaired and used. The artillery of the Twenty-third Corps crossed, and the cannon were placed in position. General Cox did not have enough troops to man



MAJOR-GEN. G. D. COX.

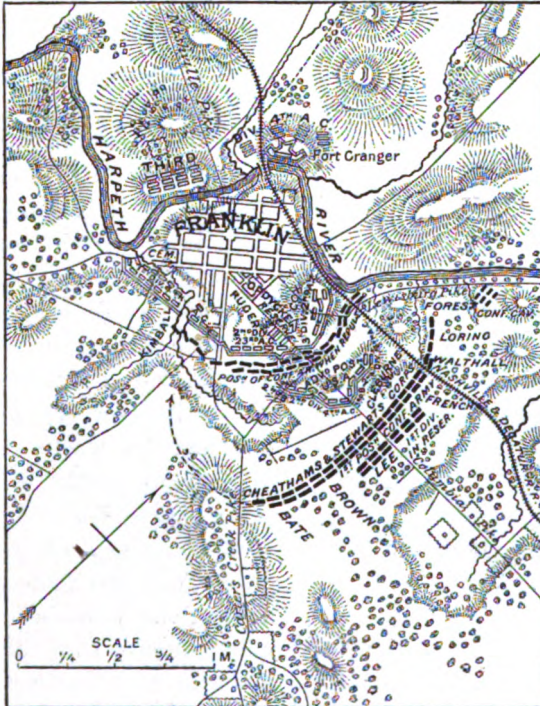
the intrenchments, and General Kimball's division of the Fourth Corps was placed under his command. Wood's division crossed to the north bank with the trains. General Schofield had no desire to fight a battle against Hood's whole army, but he had not time to get the army across the Harpeth River, and so prepared for whatever the enemy might offer. (') The Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps was placed east of the Lewisburg pike, occupying the ground to the river.

Then came Ruger's

division, between the two turnpikes, on the farm of Mr. Carter, with Kimball's division completing the line to the river south-west of Franklin. The ground sloped southward from the intrenchments. There were groves of locust-trees and apple-orchards here and there, and hedges of thorn. The axes of the soldiers soon levelled the trees, which made in part an abatis.

Before the work was completed the Confederate cavalry appeared, which, instead of coming towards the town, crossed the river three miles east of it. Soon after noon Opdyke's brigade, the last of the Union troops, arrived. They had found it difficult to drive the foot-sore and weary stragglers before them. Many of the men were new recruits, with heavy knapsacks. They were not accustomed to make long marches,

and the general was obliged to tear the knapsacks from their shoulders and toss them into the bushes to get the men on.⁽¹⁾ The Confederates were so close upon him that just before reaching the line of intrenchments he was obliged to bring his cannon into position and open fire to hold them in check. General Cox halted Lane's and Bradley's



BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

brigades half a mile in front of the main line, till all arrangements were complete, or until Hood should form for battle, then they were to be withdrawn and placed, with Opdyke's brigade, in reserve, between Mr. Carter's house and the town. The wagons the while were rumbling across the bridges, and by mid-afternoon were on the northern bank.

"If Hood does not attack, you are to withdraw as soon as it is dark," was the message from Schofield.

But Hood was hot for a battle. Both of his flanking movements had miscarried. He was very angry with General

Cheatham, and there had been sharp words between them. Hood had sent a message to General Bragg at Richmond, a few days before, asking that Cheatham might be made a lieutenant-general, but being very much chagrined over the failure at Spring Hill, he sent a telegram revoking the request.⁽²⁾ When men are angry they usually lose their self-possession and make grievous mistakes. General Hood was a brave man, but not a prudent commander. Seeing the Union troops drawn up in line of battle he instantly determined to attack them. His subordinate officers, Cheatham and Cleburne, were smarting under the censure which they had received, and were determined to let him know that they were ready for

battle. They were brave, had been in many engagements, and to be rebuked by their commander made them in turn angry and resolute. With hot temper and fiery determination they had made their way towards Franklin, and now that they could see the gleaming bayonets of the Union troops, were eager to begin the attack.

Let us go out two and a half miles from the Union breastworks. Hood has established his headquarters by Mr. Winstead's house, on the east side of the Columbia pike. The railroad winds along the base of the hill half a mile farther east. From his position Hood can see the Union breastworks and the soldiers behind them, and the white spires of the churches in Franklin

rising above the shade-trees and apple-orchards. A small creek trickles from the hill on which he is standing and winds through the intervening meadows to Harpeth River. Looking across the river he can see cannon in position to sweep the fields in front of the Union breastworks with an enflading fire. The tactics of the Confederate commander, the movements by which he will crush Schofield and prevent his escape, are quickly planned: he will send Forrest with two divisions of cavalry across

the Harpeth, east of the town, to gain the Nashville pike and cut off the retreat of the Union army, while he will throw himself with all his force squarely upon the troops in front of him. He has two full corps, Cheatham's and Stewarts, with Lee near at hand. He sends Stewart to the right of the pike, Cheatham forms across it, with Cleburne's division on the east side and Brown's on the west. It is a beautiful afternoon, the sun



MAJOR-GEN. A. P. STEWART, C. S. A.

From a photograph.

shining from a cloudless sky, the russet of autumn tingeing the foliage of the oaks and maples. The apples had been gathered from the orchards, but the ripened corn is standing in the fields. The air is so still that the rumbling of the army wagons can be heard far away. Hood is sitting upon his horse, giving directions to his subordinates:

"I should like to form in two if not three lines," is the request of Cleburne. "You may do so, and I want you to drive the enemy into the river."

"I am ready," said General Stewart.

"I desire you to drive the enemy from his position into the river at all hazards," said Hood.

Cleburne rode to his troops, gave orders for the formation, and returned.

"I am ready, and have more hope of success than I have had at any time since the first gun was fired," he said.

"God grant it!"(')

It was four o'clock, and the sun on that November day but a little above the horizon, when the Confederate army advanced.

The Union troops from their breastworks beheld the solid column of armed men descending the gentle slope from the Winstead Hills, extending from near the Harpeth, on the east, across the Columbia pike. General Schofield and General Stanley, from Fort Granger, north of the Harpeth, beheld them. Lane's and Bradley's brigades had been halted, as we have seen, on a knoll one-fourth of a mile in advance of the works. Wagner, it seems, forgot that he had been ordered to fall back. His two cannon were the first to open fire in reply to the Confederate artillery, but after a few discharges the gunners limbered up their pieces, leaped upon their seats, and trotted back to the main line, in compliance with an order from the officer commanding the artillery.

The two brigades stood firmly in their places to offer what resistance they could to the advancing Confederates. There was a rattle and then a roll of musketry in front of Cleburne's and Brown's divisions. Cleburne had formed his line in column of brigades to carry out Hood's plan of attack. It was to be a rush, a concentrated blow, with all the force that could be wielded by resolute veterans, in column, to overwhelm the thin Union line and sweep it into the Harpeth, as a housewife sweeps shavings or other litter from the room.

The fire of Wagner checked for a moment the advance of Cleburne, but had no effect on Stewart. In an instant this outlying body of troops was fleeing, each man by himself, across the fields, with the triumphant

shouts of the Confederates rising above the uproar of the artillery. Nearly seven hundred of the men of Lane's and Bradley's brigades, the last now commanded by Conrad, were taken prisoner. The Union troops behind the breastworks could not fire upon the enemy without shooting their own comrades.

"Go in with them!" shouted the Confederates, and they followed with a whoop as wild and fierce as that of the Indians upon the plains of Dakota. Strickland's brigade of four regiments, two in the front lines and two in reserve, stood a little west of the Columbia pike. Two of the regiments belonged to the division of A. J. Smith, and had arrived at Nashville the day before, after their long absence in Missouri. They had been whirled down to Franklin, and stood in the path of the approaching tornado. The Fiftieth Ohio was Colonel Strickland's regiment. It had been in many engagements, beginning with that of Perryville in 1862. It had been at Dalton, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Kenesaw, At-

lanta, and Jonesborough. It numbered only two hundred and twenty-five men, who had marched through the night, and who had been at work during the forenoon upon their intrenchments. The left flank of the regiment rested upon the turnpike. In its rear stood the One Hundred and Eighty-third Ohio, a new regiment of more than seven hundred men, and which had joined the army only two days before at Columbia. The other regiments of the brigade were the Ninety-first and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio, connecting with Moore's brigade on the right.



MAJOR-GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE, C. S. A.

From a photograph.

Four cannon were placed along Strickland's line. East of the turnpike was General Reilly's brigade, five regiments—two from Ohio, two from Kentucky, and one of Tennesseans who were loyal to the Stars and Stripes. Six cannon were in position along Reilly's front. Immediately behind these two brigades was that of General Opdyke, which had formed the rear-guard on the march from Spring Hill. The soldiers had filed down the turnpike, turned into the field between Mr. Carter's house and his cotton-gin, and were resting after the weary march.

"Be ready for whatever may happen," was the order which came to General Opdyke as the Confederates began the advance. The men rose from the ground and stood in line. Twenty-six cannon had been placed in position by the chief of artillery, and twelve more were in reserve behind the house of Mr. Carter.

We have seen the two outlying brigades running, every man for himself, to gain the works, followed by the exultant Confederates. The cyclone strikes the newly enlisted seven hundred men from Ohio. A few weeks before they were at home at work upon the farms. They knew nothing of war. They had heard of battles, of volleys of musketry and the cannonade. What a battle is has existed only in their imaginations, but here they are in the vortex of a tornado more terrible than that which sweeps away a building—a tempest which whirls human beings by the hundred out of existence. Need we wonder that this section of the Union line melted away in a twinkling? that when the soldiers of the outlying brigades came tumbling breathless over the breastworks, and the Confederates with them, the men became panic-stricken and fled towards the town? What an education is that which men receive from military discipline, from obedience to orders, from experience in battle—an education which accepts death rather than defeat! The guns by the turnpike are left defenceless. The enemy can be seen wheeling them round to open fire upon the Union lines, but suddenly they are confronted by Opdyke and by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky regiments of Reilly's brigade, standing east of the turnpike. The men of Lane's and Conrad's brigades, though breathless with running, are not panic-stricken, but, having reached the lines, turn about and join in the *mêlée*—the hand-to-hand conflict.(*) General Stanley had been too unwell during the day to take any part in preparing for the battle. He was at Fort Granger, north of the Harpeth, but in an instant he was galloping to the scene of conflict. General Opdyke's horse was shot, but he led his men on foot, his voice heard above the din of battle. With a final rush of the Union troops the enemy was driven out, and the Stars and Stripes triumphantly waved once

more above the breastworks, and the cannon opened their lips upon the Confederates.

General Stewart, in the formation of his line of battle, probably did not see that as it advanced its right flank, by the bend of the Harpeth River, would be crowded out of position. But when Loring's division, on the right, crossed the little creek which flows down from the Winstead Hills, it was obliged to oblique to the left, which crowded Wal-



BATTLE-FIELD OF FRANKLIN.

From a photograph.

Stewart's corps advanced at the right of the Columbia pike, marked by the telegraph-poles. The two trees at the right of the pike mark the Union line, and the position of Stiles's and Casement's Union brigades. Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps advanced on the turnpike and across the ploughed field in the direction of the church-spire in the centre of the town. Kimball's division stood behind the fence in the direction of the church at the left hand.

thall, next in line, upon French, and that division in turn upon Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps; and, in consequence of this, the Confederate troops, advancing in column of brigades, found themselves huddled in a mass.

East of the turnpike, and near Mr. Carter's cotton-gin, the breastworks, manned by Casement's and Stiles's brigades, were a sheet of flame. It was a terribly destructive fire which was poured upon the Confederates, but through it they advanced with resolute energy. The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Indiana was in Casement's brigade, the next to Reilly's. Its commander, Colonel Packard, had seen that there were two hedges of Osage orange-thorn enclosing a field in front of his line, and had cut down the nearest one, and piled the thorny shrubs along that farthest from the breastworks, a distance of about two hundred and fifty feet, thus protecting

a part of his line. The Lewisburg turnpike, which runs along the south bank of the Harpeth, bends west as it nears the town. Casement's line crossed it, and the abatis had been piled across the pike. When the men of Loring's division reached the hedge they came to a stand-still. It was impossible for them to creep through it, but they quickly threw aside what had been piled across the road, made their way around the hedge, and rushed upon the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Indiana Regiment. Two cannon loaded with canister cut them down, but on came the survivors. A color-bearer leaped up the embankment only to fall dead upon it. A Confederate attempted to enter an embrasure, but went down from a stroke of a hatchet upon his breast. Another gained the top of the embankment to give up his life by the thrust of a sword. All the while muskets are flashing and cannon flaming and yells rend the air, mingled with the groaning of the wounded. The fire of Stiles's and Casement's brigades is terrific, which, coupled with the swift discharges of canister from the batteries, make fearful havoc in the enemy's ranks, thickly massed in the open field. The air is so still that the withered leaves upon the surrounding trees are stirred only by the rush of air when the cannon are fired. A thick cloud settles over the struggling combatants. The sun goes down, but the contest rages in the gloaming. Upon no battle-field of the War of the Rebellion have the Confederates exhibited a bravery surpassing this long-continued and desperate assault along the Columbia pike. General Adams, of Stewart's corps, nerved with fiercest energy, rides his horse up to the breastworks, when horse and rider fall. General Cleburne, who has led his division in a score or more battles, is killed, also generals Granbury, Strahl, and Gist. Generals Brown, Cockrell, Quarles, and Manigault are all wounded, and Gen. G. W. Gordon taken prisoner by the Union troops. Cleburne advanced a little east of the Columbia pike, and was one of the first officers to fall. He had formed his troops in three lines, believing that they would carry all before them: as an avalanche descending a mountain carries houses, trees, and bowlders before it to the valley, so would he clear all before him from Mr. Carter's house to Harpeth River. He reached the ditch outside the Union breastworks, reeled from his horse, never more to cheer his men in battle!

Bate's division, farther west, beyond the Carter Creek road, came against Ruger's and Kimball's divisions, but was easily repulsed. Night settled over the scene, illumined by the incessant flashes of cannon and musketry. Hood sent forward Johnson's division of Lee's corps, thus bringing all but two divisions of his army into the battle. Ineffectual

were all the attempts of the Confederates to break through the Union army after the first rush near the house of Mr. Carter. There were few orders issued on the Union side; little moving of troops after Opdyke's brigade had restored the line at the turnpike. By the dogged obstinacy and determination of the Union soldiers, rather than by any tactics of those in command, the line was kept unbroken till nearly ten o'clock, when the last volley of musketry died upon the air, the enemy repulsed at every point. It was eleven o'clock when General Schofield issued the order for the army to fall back across Harpeth River and take up its line of march for Nashville. The troops started; but just then a fire broke out in the town, and fearing that the Confederates would see by its light the marching of the troops, they were halted until the building had burned. At midnight the divisions left their breastworks and filed across the bridge for an all-night march to Nashville. General Schofield could not remove his wounded. He directed that the surgeons should stay to care for them, but no surgeon remained. The people of Franklin were very kind to the wounded, and did what they could in caring for them.

General Hood, in planning the battle, intended that a division of cavalry should perform an important part in winning a victory. Chalmers was to cross the Harpeth east of the town, make a dash westward, seize the turnpike leading to Nashville, and so cut off Schofield's retreat. General Wilson, commanding the Union cavalry, comprehended the Confederate plans, and as soon as Chalmers crossed the river Croxton's and Hatch's divisions confronted him. The Union men leaped from their horses and fought as infantry, and compelled him to make a hasty retreat. Hood had made a mistake in sending Forrest with the main body of cavalry upon a raid westward.

No battle of the war was waged with a desperation surpassing this. In the brief struggle Hood lost nearly seven thousand men, Schofield two thousand three hundred and twenty-six. More than one-half of the Union loss was from the two brigades which General Schofield had halted so far in advance of the main line, where more than seven hundred were taken prisoners.

It was a terrible night for the people of Franklin. The battle had burst upon them as suddenly as the coming of a cyclone on a summer afternoon. Little did Mr. Carter and his wife and children imagine that their house would be the centre of the maelstrom. When the struggle began they took refuge in the cellar, hearing the uproar, the yelling and cursing, the groans of the wounded and dying! and then when the conflict died away, and they came up from their shelter to look out into

the darkness, illumined by the light of the stars, they saw the ground thickly strewn with prostrate forms—fifty-seven in the door-yard. They heard the pleading cry for water. It is at such a moment that womanhood becomes glorified into angelhood, ministering to the wounded. Mr. Carter's brother, a Southern captain, was brought into the house mortally wounded.

This the account of a young lady living near the scene:

"It was about half-past three o'clock when I heard the roar of the cannon. I came into the yard, then I heard a yell. The bullets were falling around me. Men, women, and children were running, also unmanageable teams. My position was no longer safe, and I hastened to the cellar with the rest of the family and neighbors, who sought protection with us. The smoke was so dense that darkness came on very soon. . . . When the firing ceased I could hear the groaning of wounded men. I went out into the yard and found a wounded soldier. I sent one of his comrades for water, for which he was calling, but he soon died. Three wounded Union soldiers came, and said that they could go no farther. One had been struck in the arm, the bullet severing the main artery, and he was bleeding profusely. One of the neighbors ran, at the risk of his life, and brought a bucket of water. Mother had some cotton, and we bound up the wound and stopped the flow of blood. He complained of being cold; I took off my skirt and wrapped it around him, and his comrades took him to an ambulance."(") Through the night, for days and weeks, this woman and all the women of Franklin ministered to the wounded. The town was a vast hospital.

In looking over the arrangement of the Union army at Franklin, it is not clear why Wagner's two brigades were halted in advance of the Union line. It appears, however, that Schofield issued orders for Wagner to fall back upon the advance of the Confederates, but that officer, in the excitement of the moment, forgot that he had received such an order, and so remained in a position which it was not possible for him to hold. When the Confederates lapped around both flanks the men were compelled to run for their lives. By this mistake one thousand were lost, and the main line broken through, which endangered the safety of the whole army. Had Wagner fallen back at the right moment, it seems probable that Hood's discomfiture would have been greater than it was.

When the last musket-shot at Franklin died on the evening air, it signalled the final failure of the campaign to the Confederates. The Union commander had been compelled to accept battle in order to reach Nashville. Though he had repulsed Hood he could not remain at Franklin.

The place was of no value from a military point of view. The Confederates could pass around him by either flank, and so at midnight the army took up its line of march for Nashville.

The battle lasted less than two hours, but during that time General Hood lost between six and seven thousand men. Considering the numbers engaged, it was the most sanguinary battle of the war, the loss to the Confederates being nearly as great as that to the Army of the Potomac at Cold Harbor, Va., in June of the same year. ("Redeeming the Republic," chap. vii.) The attack on the part of Hood was an indiscretion, and doubtless was due to his chagrin over the failure at Spring Hill and Columbia. He could have flanked Schofield at Franklin, and moved on to Nashville during the night. He would have had no difficulty in crossing the Harpeth, a small fordable stream. Had he pushed on, he would have had a fair chance of striking Schofield on his retreat, and upon reaching Nashville would have found Thomas not prepared for an encounter. Hood's army was concentrated, while Thomas's troops were widely scattered. The movement from the Tennessee River to Franklin had been marked by excellent strategy, but his rushing upon Schofield's defences at Franklin was an error in judgment. When the uproar of the conflict died away on that November evening it is quite possible that the conviction came to General Hood, as he beheld the heap of slain, and counted the roll of officers who never again would appear in battle, that his campaign was destined to end in failure. Be that as it may, the historian will point to Spring Hill as the place where the great opportunity of General Hood was allowed to go by, and to Franklin as the field where, by indiscretion and error of judgment and hot temper the final outcome of the movement was virtually decided.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI.

- (¹) General Schofield's Report.
- (²) Gen. J. D. Cox, "Franklin and Nashville," p. 86.
- (³) Gen. J. B. Hood, "Advance and Retreat," p. 289.
- (⁴) *Idem*.
- (⁵) Gen. J. D. Cox, "Franklin and Nashville," p. 89.
- (⁶) Mrs. Fanny Courtney Carrington to Author.

CHAPTER VII.

NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE is the capital of Tennessee. It had been in the hands of the Union army from February, 1862, when General Grant won the first victory of the war at Donelson ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. vii., p. 158), except for the brief time that the Confederate army under General Bragg invaded Kentucky. Through all the operations of the Union armies under Rosecrans, Grant, and Sherman it had been the base for supplies. Fortifications had been erected on the hills surrounding the city. It is twenty miles from Franklin.

Through the night the Union troops made their weary way along the turnpike leading to Franklin, preceded by a line of wagons. We have already seen two regiments of the long-looked-for troops of Gen. A. J. Smith's corps in the battle of Franklin. While the thunder of the cannonade during the last battle was echoing over the hills other regiments were arriving at Nashville, in all nine thousand men from Missouri and fifty-two hundred from Chattanooga, under General Steedman, who, in obedience to a telegram from Thomas, had hurried the men northward upon the cars. A portion of Steedman's troops were veteran soldiers of Sherman's army; two of the brigades, however, were colored troops. General Thomas was concentrating his forces, not all at Nashville, for a division of eight thousand was left at Murfreesboro under General Rousseau. Though every train was bringing troops from the North, General Thomas could only stand on the defensive. He must have horses and wagons to take the place of those lost in the campaign. Many of the men were newly enlisted, undisciplined, and inexperienced. The army, with the exception of the divisions under Schofield, was not organized. What he most needed was time. Were he to be attacked he could offer successful resistance, but he must endeavor to do more—he must strike a blow which would put an end to their military operations in the West.

With the dawning of the day the Confederate pickets on the battle-



REINFORCEMENTS.

field at Franklin discovered that the Union army had disappeared. It was a depressing sight which General Hood beheld as he rode over the field—seven thousand of his bravest and best men killed or wounded, and among them ten of his ablest officers.(1) He had still an army of forty-four thousand, but he could not hope to strike a heavier blow than had already been given. He was getting farther from his base of supplies, and must depend in a great measure upon the surrounding country for food; but he was in Tennessee. Governor Harris was with him, and it was hoped that through his influence there would be an uprising of the people to aid in driving the Union forces out of the State. He hoped that General Van Dorn, west of the Mississippi, in Arkansas, would join him with several thousand troops. There was not much ground, however, for such an expectation, for the Union gunboats patrolled the Mississippi. Buoyed by these hopes he ordered the army to move on. His plans had failed at Columbia and Spring Hill; he had been repulsed at Franklin; he would select his ground at Nashville and throw up intrenchments, but would not attempt an assault until Van Dorn should arrive, or until his ranks were filled by recruits, brought in under the influence of Governor Harris, or by enforcing the Confederate conscription act.

He came into position south of the city, and sent men to repair the railroad to Decatur. He had two locomotives only, but they were of great benefit. He sent General Bate with his division in the direction of Murfreesboro.

Dec. 2, 1864.

Ten miles to the north of that town the railroad crosses Overall's Creek, where there was a block-house and a garrison. General Bate opened upon it with his cannon, but in a short time was compelled to retreat. Forrest arrived with the cavalry to assist Bate. Two other brigades—Sears's and Palmer's—joined, and the united force proceeded to Murfreesboro. General Rousseau sent Milroy with seven regiments against the left flank of Bate, which attacked vigorously, and captured two cannon. The Confederate loss was nearly five hundred, the Union only two hundred.

General Hood telegraphed to Richmond, asking that General Breckinridge's command in West Virginia be sent to him, or else directed to advance into Kentucky, to create a diversion in his favor; but General Lee wanted Breckinridge's troops at Richmond, for Sherman was rapidly approaching Savannah, and troops were urgently needed in that direction.(*)

General Beauregard sent a message to Smith, who was in Central

Arkansas, to hasten to the Mississippi River, build floating booms, which were to be forty feet long and twenty feet wide, and be anchored forty feet apart across the river, with torpedoes placed between them. He was to have a second line one hundred feet down-stream, breaking joints with those in the first. He was to plant his artillery on the bank, to prevent the gunboats from passing.(') With the river thus barricaded Smith was to cross his troops. Possibly General Beauregard thought that this could be done so secretly that General Steele, commanding the Union forces at Memphis, would be kept in ignorance of the proceeding while the booms were being constructed and placed in position.

It hardly seems possible that General Beauregard and Secretary Seddon at Richmond could have forgotten the exploits of Admiral Farragut with the Union war ships below New Orleans in 1862, or at Vicksburg and Port Hudson (see "Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. x., p. 222), who had passed and repassed the Confederate batteries mounting heavy cannon, who had easily broken the great boom which had been deliberately placed in position to obstruct the Union ships. General Smith knew that they were directing him to undertake impossibilities. His troops were more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi. The river was high, all the swamps and bayous flooded. The country north of the Red River had been devastated by the troops of both armies, and it would not be possible to obtain food, neither to do what Beauregard desired.(')

It is hardly probable that General Hood seriously expected Smith to join him. No telegram reached him, no courier came with the information that Smith was on his way. After his experience at Franklin, he had no desire to attack the Union troops in their intrenchments. With gunboats patrolling the Cumberland, it would not be an easy matter to cross that river and so gain the rear of the Union army. He had no well-defined plan, and could only wait for some movement on the part of the Union general. His troops were in great need of boots and shoes. Many of them were without any covering for the feet.

General Thomas was awaiting the arrival of horses. For forty days and nights the cavalry had been on the march or in battle. Many men had been dismounted, others were returning from furloughs.(') He did not think that Wilson was in condition to cope successfully with Forrest.

General Grant, at City Point, in Virginia, was very solicitous about affairs in Tennessee. He was fearful that Hood would break up the railroad all the way from Nashville to Chattanooga. "Attack him before he

fortifies," read Grant's despatch. General Thomas replied that he would attack just as soon as he could.

"Is there not danger of Forrest moving down the Cumberland to where he can cross it? It seems to me, while you should be getting up your cavalry as rapidly as possible to look after Forrest, Hood should be attacked where he is. Time strengthens him, in all possibility, as much as it does you," was Grant's message.

"Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount of cavalry," was the peremptory order. General Thomas hoped to be ready the next day, and sent this reply:

Dec. 6, 1864. "I will make necessary dispositions and attack at once, agreeably to your order, though I believe it will be hazardous with the small force of cavalry at my service." But he found that he could not get ready.

General Grant, not truly comprehending the situation, telegraphed to General Halleck: "If Thomas has not yet struck, he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield. There is no better man than Thomas to repel an attack, but I fear he is too cautious to take the initiative."

Dec. 8, 1864. "If you wish General Thomas relieved, give the order. No one here will interfere. The responsibility, however, will be yours, as no one here, so far as I am informed, wishes General Thomas removed," was the reply telegraphed by Halleck to Grant.

"Why not attack at once?" again the message.

It was a calm reply which went over the wires from Nashville to City Point: "I can only say why I have not attacked Hood, that I could not concentrate my troops and get their transportation in order in shorter time than it has been done, and am satisfied that I have made every effort possible to complete the task."

General Grant was greatly dissatisfied, and just before noon sent this to Halleck: "Thomas's despatch of last evening shows the enemy scattered more than seventy miles down the river, and no attack yet made by Thomas. Please telegraph orders relieving him at once, and placing Schofield in command."

Dec. 9, 1864. The order was made out by the Adjutant-General, but before telegraphing it to Nashville Halleck asked Grant if he still wished it to be forwarded.

"You will suspend the order until it is seen whether he will do anything," was the reply of Grant, after thinking the matter over. (")

Again it was a self-contained message that went over the wires from

Thomas to Halleck. "I feel conscious that I have done everything in my power to perform, and that the troops could not have been gotten ready before this; and if General Grant should order me to be relieved, I will submit without a murmur."

The sun had been shining from an unclouded sky during the opening days of December, but while the messages were going and coming a cold storm set in, the rain changed to sleet and ice, making it impossible for an army to move.

"I am compelled to wait till the storm subsides, and will attack immediately after," was the despatch sent to City Point.

General Grant was impatient. He wanted to see Hood crushed. He was afraid that the Confederates would cross the Cumberland and march for the State of Kentucky. At no other time during the war had the commander-in-chief been so urgent.

"If you delay attacking longer, the mortifying spectacle will be witnessed of a rebel army moving for the Ohio, and you will be forced to accept such weather as you find. . . . Delay no longer for weather and reinforcements."

Dec. 11, 1864.

No one knew the contents of the telegrams that came in cipher to Thomas. No word fell from his lips, but people who called upon him discovered that beneath the calm and unruffled temper there was a chafing of spirit.

He looked out upon the hills white with snow and gleaming with ice, and saw the army wagons sinking hub-deep in the mire. He knew that he was powerless to move, that General Grant, one thousand miles distant, did not comprehend the situation of affairs, and was irritated because he had not advanced. The army was all ready, but motionless on account of the storm.

Had we been in Nashville we should have seen General Thomas in consultation with his corps commanders, directing them to make every effort to move. When night came he telegraphed to Grant that it had taken the entire day to put the cavalry in position, and that many horses had fallen.

Dec. 12, 1864.

The next day passed with no change in the weather. He did not know that while the cavalry were floundering through the mud to take position, and the troops on the alert to move at the first possible moment, General Logan was on his way from Washington with an order relieving him of the command. It was eight o'clock in the evening, when General Thomas issued his order for the army to give battle to Hood the next morning. At that hour General Logan was speeding west through

Pennsylvania in the cars, and General Grant was thinking that, after all, perhaps he had better himself visit Nashville, and was stepping on board a steamer at City Point to go down the James and up the Potomac to Washington, from there hasten by express train to Nashville. The eyes of the country at the moment were not upon the Army of the Potomac at Richmond, not upon Sherman on his way to the sea, but upon Nashville.

"Be ready at five o'clock in the morning," said General Thomas to his staff-officers, and then, with a cheerfulness such as those nearest him had not seen for many days, he went to bed.

Nashville is situated on the south bank of the Cumberland River,



CAPITAL OF TENNESSEE.

From a photograph taken during the war.

which, opposite the city, runs north-west, then west, and then bends nearly south. Two lines of fortifications had been constructed from the river a short distance above the city to the bend below it, the outer line of works being nearly four miles in length. Numerous turnpikes radiate from the city, east, south, and south-east—the Murfreesboro pike towards the south-east, the railroad to Nashville, the Nolensville pike, and next the Franklin pike running south along the eastern base of the Brentwood Hills. Going a mile and a half west of the Franklin pike, across the hills, we come to the house of Granny White. I do not know how it came about, but the road that runs from Nashville past her house bears the name of the Granny White turnpike. It is about six miles from her house to the State-house. The Hillsborough and the Richland pikes run south-west. General Hood had taken position four miles

distant from the State-house, the Franklin turnpike being near the centre of his line, held by Gen. S. D. Lee, with Cheatham on the east and Stewart on the west, the left flank of Stewart reaching to the Hillsborough pike. Just what General Hood intended to do in taking such a position is not known. It was far from being an investing of the city. He could not hope, after his repulse at Franklin, to carry the Union line of fortifications against an army larger than his own. It is evident that he was at a loss to determine what next to do. Prisoners said that he was planning to make a detour, leave Nashville, and march into Kentucky; but General Hood has left no record of any such intention.

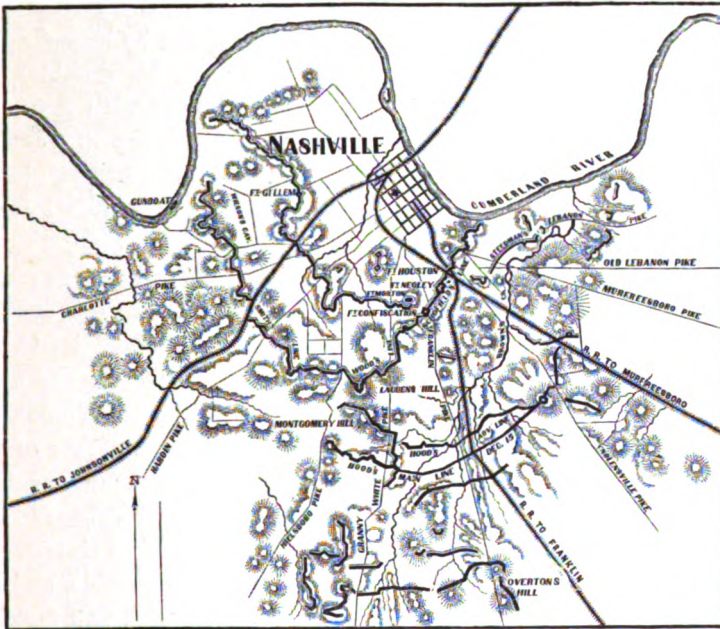
Two small streams rise in the Brentwood Hills—Brown's Creek, running north-east and emptying into the Cumberland above the city, and Sugar-tree Creek, running west to the river several miles below the city. Hood's line, for the most part, was a short distance south of, and parallel to, Brown's Creek. The country is a series of hills and ravines, with advantageous positions for artillery. The Confederate cavalry held the ground south-west of the city along Sugar-tree Creek. General Thomas placed General Steedman with two brigades near the river above the city, to make a demonstration as if to turn Cheatham's right flank. The teamsters in the Quartermaster's Department had been organized and armed, and were to hold the intrenchments. The Twenty-third Corps, under Schofield, was to be in reserve. The Fourth Corps, under General Wood, and the troops of the Sixteenth Corps (A. J. Smith) holding the right, were to make the grand turning movement against Hood's left flank. General Wilson, with three divisions of cavalry, was to brush away the division of Confederate cavalry under General Chalmers. The movement was to be like the swinging of a door—Steedman's troops the hinge, and Wood, Smith, and Wilson the door.

Day was hardly dawning when the Union soldiers stood in line. A dense fog had settled over the valley of the Cumberland. Before six

Dec. 15, 1864.

o'clock Steedman was in motion along the Murfreesboro pike. He was nearer to the Confederates than either of the other corps. It was nearly eight o'clock when the skirmishers became engaged. A few minutes later the artillery opened, and then the musketry, so vigorously that Hood thought it was in reality an attempt to turn his right flank. General Smith, on the right, began his movement at six o'clock, but he had much farther to go, the fields were deep with mire, and it was ten o'clock before McArthur's division was far enough advanced for the cavalry to begin their movement. Had we been there when the sun burned away the fog we should have seen through

the haze Johnson's division of cavalry on the Charlotte turnpike, nearest the river; Croxton's brigade on the Hillsborough pike, and Hatch's division moving in line of battle through the fields east of the Richland pike, in connection with McArthur's division of infantry, forming the right of the line; then Garrard's division, extending eastward and connecting with Wood's. Knipe's division of cavalry and Moore's division of infantry were in reserve. The troops stationed by Hood to hold his left were Chalmers's division of cavalry and Ector's brigade of French's division.



BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

Half a mile east of the Richland pike (sometimes called the Hardin pike) was a redoubt with four cannon, which opened upon the advancing troops. The Union batteries vigorously replied, and then the cavalrymen of Coon's brigade leaped from their horses, formed as infantry, and, together with McMillan's and Hubbard's brigades of McArthur's division, went with a rush up the hill, leaped over the breastworks of the enemy, and captured the guns.

The main Confederate line, a half-mile beyond, turned a right angle a short distance east of the Hillsborough pike.

McArthur's men descended the slope into the intervening valley; the

Confederate cannon the while sent shells upon them, but the men reached a sheltered position and threw themselves on the ground. They could see the bayonets of Walthall's division gleaming behind a stone wall bordering the Hillsborough turnpike. Chalmers was farther south, forming on Walthall's left. The Union troops had advanced so fast that Chalmers had not been able to save his headquarters from capture, and the soldiers were overhauling his papers.

Once more the Union artillery opened fire, and once more the lines moved on. There was a soldier in the Tenth Minnesota whom his comrades nicknamed "Basswood." Just as the order to charge was given a shot carried away one of his arms, but in his enthusiasm he leaped upon the stump of a tree, and lifting the bleeding arm above his shoulder, gave a cheer.(') With a hurrah that rang sharp and clear above the cannonade and volleys of musketry McArthur's men and the cavalymen went up the hill, leaping over the breastworks, capturing the cannon, and turning them upon the Confederates. "Glory, hallelujah!" shouted Colonel Jennison, commanding the Tenth Minnesota. (*)

It was past one o'clock in the afternoon before Wood's corps came into action, with Wagner's division on the right, Kimball's in the centre, and Beatty's on the left, in conjunction with Smith's, against the Confederates behind the stone wall and at the angle of the works. Couch's division of the Twenty-third Corps took part in the movement, which compelled the enemy to flee, with the loss of a large number of prisoners. Through the day Steedman, on the left, had been making such a vigorous demonstration that Hood was obliged to keep Cheatham's corps in position against him. Night closed with a loss to Hood of sixteen cannon and two thousand men. His position was no longer tenable, and he fell back to the Brentwood Hills. He had sent Forrest with two divisions of cavalry and Cockrell's division of infantry westward to blockade the Cumberland against the gunboats, and now saw the mistake he had made. Messengers went to call them back, but they were too far away to return in season to be of any use.

The Confederate commander saw that he must establish a new line, and took a much stronger position than that he had occupied during the day. It was not half so long; it ran west to the Granny
 Dec. 16, 1864. White turnpike. The soldiers went to work with axes and shovels, and when morning dawned they had a formidable line of breastworks. The relative positions of the divisions were changed. Cheatham, who had held the right the day before, marched south-west to hold the left wing. The right wing was on Overton's Hill, a rounded knoll crowned



BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.
From a sketch made at the time.

with a formidable breastwork bristling with cannon. The hills were so steep that it was difficult to climb them. Hood not only had thrown up breastworks, but had cut down trees and built a formidable abatis, and planted his cannon to sweep the ravines and slopes.

The Union line was formed with the cavalry still on the right, with orders to curl around the enemy's left and seize the Granny White pike. Schofield was to come in next, then Smith, Wood, and Steedman, in turn.

The morning opened with clouds hanging low, indicating a coming storm. The Confederate line had been changed so much that the forenoon wore away before the Union commander could decide where to attack. It turned a right angle on a rounded hill half a mile west of the Granny White turnpike. A redoubt had been thrown up on the summit, where Stewart's and Cheatham's lines joined, Cheatham facing west and confronting Schofield, Stewart north, facing Smith.

Forrest being away, there was no force except Chalmers's division to put against the Union cavalry, and so it came about that Wilson's troops made their way eastward around the left flank of the enemy and gained the turnpike. Hood saw the movement of Schofield and sent Govan's brigade from Cheatham's line down the road to stop it, the Union artillery the while was making it very uncomfortable for the Confederates under General Bate on the rounded hill. General McArthur's division was near Mr. Bradford's house, one mile north of Granny White's. Couch's artillery, together with McArthur's, were sending so many shells through the air that Bate's men were obliged to lie down behind their breastworks for safety.

General Thomas was with Schofield on the Hillsborough pike. Post's brigade of Beatty's division was selected to assault Overton's Hill. At the same time Steedman was to send in one of his brigades of colored troops. It was four o'clock, the day nearly spent, and nothing of importance accomplished. Skirmishers ran up the hill, followed by Beatty and Steedman, but suddenly a sheet of flame ran along the intrenchments, and after a brief struggle the lines went back, leaving the hill-side thickly strewn with the dead and wounded—the assault a failure.

Going now over to Schofield, we see McMillan's brigade and Wilson's dismounted cavalry advancing against Govan and Chalmers on the extreme Confederate left. Cox's division starts, the men breaking into a run, gaining the hill, turning the Confederate flank, crushing Cheatham's line, seizing cannon and a large number of prisoners.

Darkness is settling over the scene, rain falling, the day closing, the

battle lost to Hood, the invasion of Tennessee ended. In the gathering gloom the Confederates are disorganized, routed, each man running for himself, making his way across fields and pastures or through the woods, to gain the Franklin pike. All of the wounded were left behind. Forty-five hundred prisoners were captured, among them four generals—Johnson, Smith, Jackson, and Buckner, together with fifty-three cannon and thousands of muskets. The Union loss was three thousand and thirty-seven.

In the Tenth Minnesota regiment was a quiet and well-behaved soldier, Jesse Ferguson, who was always prompt to do his duty. He was weak and exhausted by the hard marches and sleepless nights, and the surgeon had taken him in hand, directing him to leave the ranks, but he could not be persuaded to go to the hospital. "I would rather die than be out of my place to-day," he said.

He was in the charge, but a ball passed through his brain; and there upon the hill-side, almost up to the Confederate works, as night came on, he lay, with the rain-drops falling upon his upturned face, (*) his last battle fought, the victory won.

What a scene it was on the Franklin pike—on that night so fateful to the defeated Confederates! The Union cavalry dashed upon a wagon train, shot the horses, and set the wagons on fire. Some of them were filled with ammunition, and then came the terrific explosions, the plunging of horses, the cries of the frightened teamsters.

With the early dawn the Union cavalry was moving along the Franklin pike, finding it strewn with wrecks of wagons. The demoralized Confederates had broken their muskets over wagon wheels and
 Dec. 17, 1864. cast them into the ditch. Ammunition had been dumped by the road-side, boxes smashed open, to be spoiled by the falling rain.

The Union cavalry came upon the Confederates at Harpeth River. Forrest had joined Hood, and placed his artillery in position to sweep the turnpike. There was a sharp combat—a charge of the Union troops, hand-to-hand fights—ending by the Confederates abandoning the cannon and fleeing in the darkness towards Franklin.

They crossed Rutherford Creek and destroyed the bridge. The stream was a foaming torrent. Wilson's pontoons were far in the rear. The horses were breaking down; the country had been stripped of all forage, the ground white with snow, and there was a halt for supplies.

The Union cavalry started once more on the track of the Confederates, but Hood was across Duck River, hurrying to Pulaski.
 Dec. 21, 1864. Christmas, to the fleeing Confederates, was a day of inexpress-



MAJOR-GEN. N. B. FORREST.

sible gloom. It was a pitiable sight : thousands of them reeling along the roads, weak, exhausted, barefooted, without food other than corn gathered with from the fields and parched by their bivouac fires—dejected, routed, the consciousness that the cause for which they were enduring such hardships was destined to end in failure. Thousands fell out of the ranks from utter inability to move on ; other thousands deliberately deserted, and made their way as best they could to their distant homes. Hood saw his army melting away without power to prevent it. He reached Tupelo, Mississippi, with about eighteen thousand

men, and then, conscious that his military career was ended, telegraphed to Richmond asking to be relieved of the command.

There was joy throughout the Northern States over the victory at Nashville. General Logan, on his way to relieve Thomas, heard the news at Louisville, and went no farther. General Grant sent a despatch to Thomas from Washington, congratulating him upon the victory, and then returned to the Army of the Potomac. President Lincoln and the Secretary of War sent despatches, and the whole country rejoiced over the welcome tidings.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII.

- (¹) Gen. J. B. Hood, "Advance and Retreat," p. 297.
- (²) *Idem*, p. 301.
- (³) Alfred Roman, "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii., p. 310.
- (⁴) Lieutenant-General Buckner to Col. J. F. Belton, Appendix to "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii., p. 624.
- (⁵) General Wilson, in "Conduct of the War," Part I., Supplement, p. 409.
- (⁶) "Memoirs of General Grant," vol. ii., p. 382.
- (⁷) Sergeant A. E. Glenville's statement, Tenth Minnesota Regiment.
- (⁸) *Idem*.
- (⁹) *Idem*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WELDON RAILROAD.

THE Army of the Potomac had made its way from Culpeper, on the Rapidan, in Virginia, to Petersburg, on the banks of the Appomattox. (See "Redeeming the Republic," chap. iv.) In nearly all the engagements after the first great battle in the Wilderness the Confederates had stood behind intrenchments, and the Union troops in the open field, and they in consequence suffered terrible loss. By a series of movements against General Lee's right flank the theatre of war was transferred from the Rapidan to the James, and long and weary marches had been succeeded by siege operations, and efforts to break through the Confederate defences.

In "Redeeming the Republic" I have given an account of the preparation of the mine excavated by the soldiers of the Ninth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, the explosion, and the assault, and the failure of the Union troops to hold the position. General Grant never had much faith that anything would be gained by such means. He had seen that he could not expect to break through the Confederate line by any direct assault. He must extend his line of intrenchments west, and seize the railroad leading from Petersburg to Weldon. If he could take and hold that line of communication it would trouble General Lee, by making it more difficult for him to supply his army. General Grant, as we have seen, had

Aug. 18, 1864. sent Sheridan to take command in the Shenandoah Valley, and he thought that by seizing the Weldon railroad two objects would be gained—that already stated, and also that Lee might possibly order a portion of Early's troops to hasten to Petersburg, which would enable Sheridan to win a victory. (')

The Weldon railroad, six miles below Petersburg, passed through the farm of Mr. Gurley, the point which General Grant desired to reach. General Warren, with the Fifth Corps, was selected for the movement, with a brigade of cavalry commanded by Colonel Spear. They started early in the morning. The troops reached the railroad, and finding it

defended by a small force of Confederate cavalry under General Dearing. Griffin's division formed along the railroad, facing west. The soldiers stacked their guns, ranged themselves along the track, took hold all at the same time, lifted several hundred feet of rails and ties, and tipped them into the ditch. General Ayres's division moved north about a mile from Griffin. Crawford's division moved at the same time on Ayres's right, on the east side of the road, to a cornfield, with the right flank in a piece of woods. General Cutler's division was held in reserve. General Griffin placed Colonel Dushene's Maryland brigade west of the railroad, and Hayes's east of it.

A Confederate courier rode in hot haste into Petersburg with the news that the Union troops were in possession of the road near the Globe Tavern, a mile north of Mr. Gurley's. The day was hot and sultry; lightning was flashing, thunder rumbling, and rain falling in torrents, but that did not prevent General Heth, with Davis's and Walker's brigades, from marching to the Globe Tavern. They came through the woods, struck Dushene's brigade a sudden blow, and drove it across the railroad. General Ayres rearranged his line and quickly repulsed Heth. It was a short but vigorous battle, the loss being nearly one thousand on each side. Heth retreated, leaving his wounded to fall into the hands of Warren.

It was nearly two miles from the right flank of Crawford's division to the pickets of the Ninth Corps, which, before the movement of Warren,

formed the extreme left of Grant's line. Warren was in a dense forest, traversed by cart-paths, but no Union scouts had travelled them. He was aware that, in all probability, the Confederates would make another attempt to dislodge him, and so Bragg's brigade of Cutler's division was brought in on the right of Crawford to connect with the Ninth Corps.

General Lee was quick to see that he must strike a vigorous blow or things would work greatly to his disadvantage. The Confederate scouts reported the formation of Warren's troops—that there was only a thin picket-line between Crawford's division and the Ninth Corps. Gen. A. P. Hill started with Heth's two brigades and General Mahone's troops (three brigades), Pegram's batteries, and Lee's cavalry. Heth was to attack Ayres; while Mahone, whose home was at Petersburg, and who was familiar with all the forest paths, was to break through the thin line and cut off Warren from the rest of the army. Mahone formed his troops in column of fours, which dashed through Bragg's thin line, and marching south, gained the rear, faced suddenly west, and struck Crawford. At the same moment Heth fell upon Ayres by the railroad. Crawford was



SIEGE OPERATIONS AT PETERSBURG.

obliged to change his line; so, instead of facing north, the men stood looking to the east.

But Generals Wilcox and White, with two divisions of the Ninth Corps, arrived, fell upon Mahone, taking him in flank, and compelling him to make a quick retreat. Ayres again repulsed Heth, and the sun went down with Warren holding the road and his troops throwing up intrenchments.

While Warren was executing this movement, the Second Corps, under General Hancock, was north of the James River for the purpose of making such a demonstration that Lee could send no troops to the valley of the Shenandoah to aid Early. That object had been gained, and also, what was more important, the Weldon Railroad. But the time had come for Hancock to return, and so through the night the Second Corps was moving southward across the James.



MAJOR-GENERAL AYRES

General Warren took a new position in rear of his first line, and erected strong intrenchments.

Once more the Confederates advanced under Hill, who had his own corps and part of Hoke's division and Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry. Warren had thirty cannon, which made great havoc in the enemy's ranks, and, together with the musketry fire, was so destructive that they were everywhere repulsed. In the battle Hagood's South Carolina brigade came clear up to the intrenchments. The Confederates ceased firing, and the Union soldiers, thinking they had surrendered, also stopped, and sprang over the breastwork, capturing five hundred and seventeen prisoners, with six flags; but in the confusion a large part of the South Carolinians escaped.

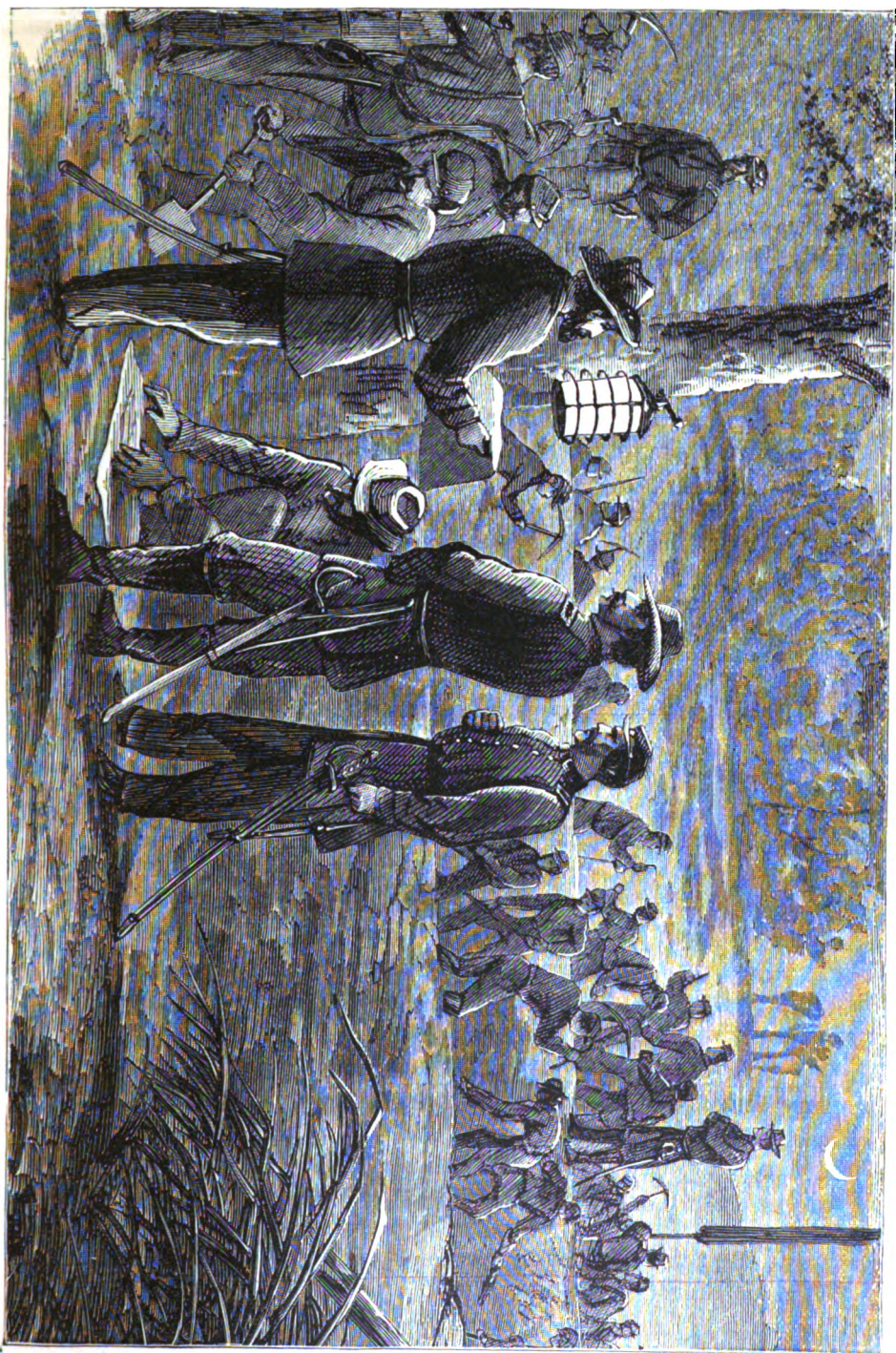
Aug. 21, 1864.

The day was hot and sultry, and hundreds of soldiers, Union and Confederate alike, fell out of the ranks, broken down by the heat. It was a heart-sickening scene—the ground strewn with killed, and men dying for want of water.

The newspapers in Richmond published glowing accounts of victories won by the Confederate troops on the Weldon Railroad, but it was not a cheerful letter which General Lee sent to Mr. Seddon: "The enemy's superiority in numbers," it said, "has enabled him to effect a lodgement on the Weldon Railroad. . . . If driven from the place he now occupies, he could not be prevented from striking the road at some other point. . . . Our supply of corn is exhausted to-day, and I am informed that the small reserve in Richmond is consumed." (*) A clerk in the War Department at Richmond made these entries in his diary:

"We have details of the battle yesterday. Our loss was one thousand; the enemy's, it is said, from five to eight thousand. To-day we had a distribution of meats, etc. Custis [his son] and I invested two
 Aug. 19, 1864. hundred dollars. We have received twenty-six pounds of bacon and twenty-four smoked herring—worth here about two hundred dollars. Half the money remains in the agent's hands, for which we expect to get three hundred pounds of flour, if the enemy will let the railroads alone. . . . The meat we had to-day will supply two ounces for each member of my family daily for two months. This is war—terrible war." (*)

The effect of cutting off General Lee's supplies was soon felt by the soldiers behind the defences of Richmond and Petersburg. Those who had enlisted through loyalty to the Confederate flag, who believed that they were fighting for a great principle, bore the privation with heroic fortitude. Though they were reduced at times to half rations they did not grumble. But there were soldiers in General Lee's army who had been forced into the army by the conscription law, who had no heart in the war, and who, with a clearer vision than their comrades, saw that the power of the Confederate Government was weakening. They knew that the railroads of the South were being destroyed; that it was beyond the power of the Government to repair them. They saw that Grant had forced Lee from northern Virginia to Petersburg; that Sheridan was sweeping Early from the Shenandoah; that Sherman had made his way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and that all the seaports were closed except Charleston and Wilmington. Need we wonder that, under such circumstances, the Union pickets often saw Confederate soldiers coming into the lines and giving themselves up? Every day the provost marshal of the army received reports of the coming in of those who saw that there was little hope for the



GENERAL WARREN EXTENDING HIS LINES ACROSS THE RAILROAD.
Night scene, from a sketch made at the time.

establishment of the Confederacy, and who were ready to place themselves once more under the old flag.

The Union soldiers were hard at work the while building intrenchments extending all the way from the Appomattox River, north-east of Petersburg, to the Globe (or Yellow) Tavern, on the Weldon Railroad, south of the city. It was seen that though Warren was holding the railroad, the Confederates could still make it in some degree useful by bringing the trains as far as Rowanty Creek, fifteen miles beyond the Globe Tavern, and then wagoning the supplies by a road leading to Dinwiddie Court-house, and from there over the Boydton plank road to Petersburg. It was thirty miles—two days for an army team—but General Lee desired to keep the line of communication open. General Grant, on the other hand, determined that the railroad should be destroyed as far south as Rowanty Creek. To accomplish it, he directed General Hancock to hasten southward and tear up the track. It was an exhausting march, with the mercury up to ninety degrees in the shade and not a breath of air stirring the pines of the forest. Heavy clouds rolled up the western sky and the rain fell in torrents, but the troops stopped only long enough to cook their coffee. They reached the railroad south of Warren's position, and removed the rails all the way to Reams's Station, a distance of ten miles. General Hancock had two divisions, Gibbon's and Miles's, and a division of cavalry under General Gregg. The cavalry pushed across the railroad and out upon the roads west of it, to give notice of the approach of any Confederate force. The men who were tearing up the track were within five miles of Rowanty Creek when the cavalry pickets gave notice that a large Confederate force was near at hand. The Union

Aug. 24, 1864. signal-officers, just before dark, had seen a large body of Confederates moving south from their intrenchments, and couriers

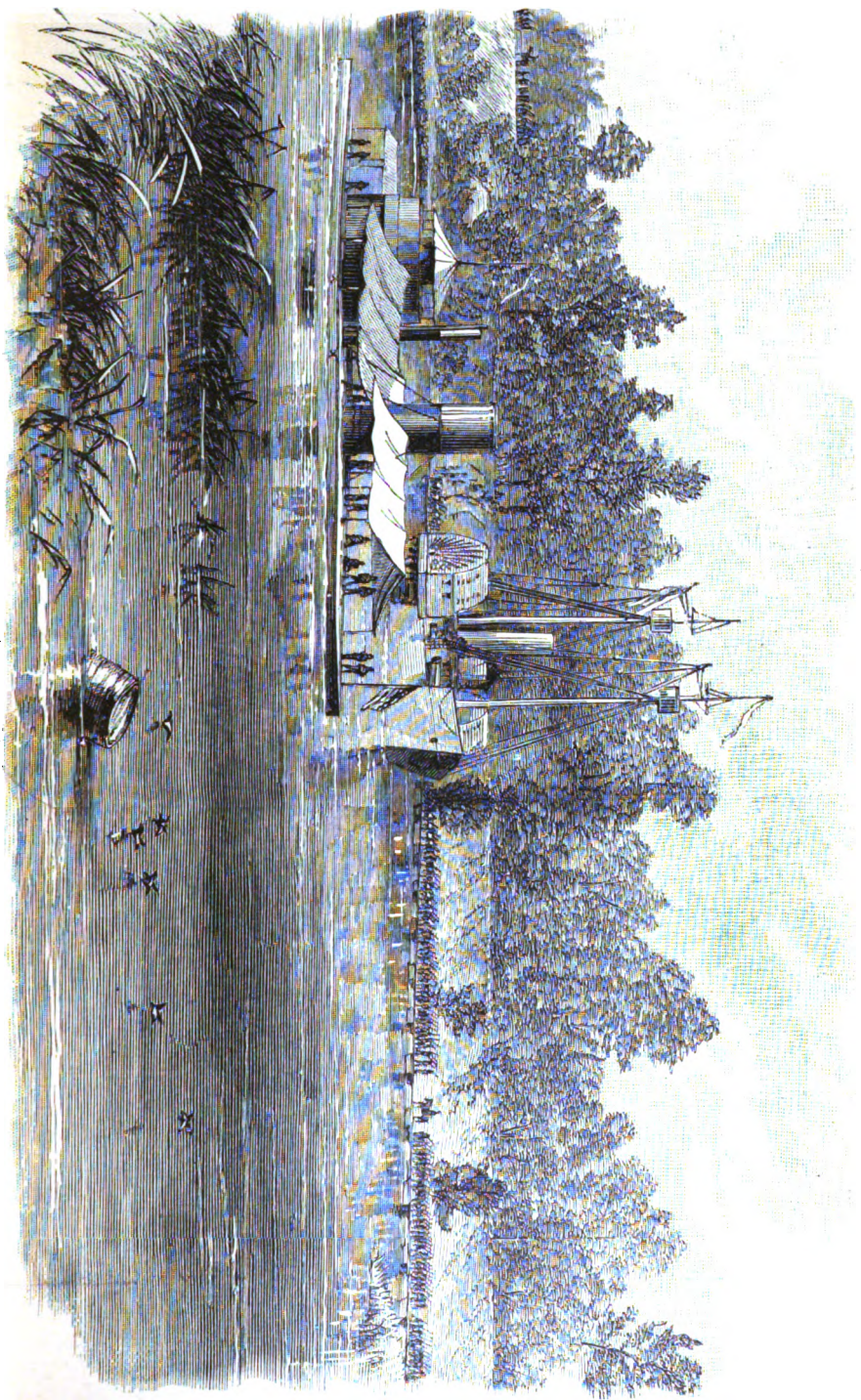
were sent to inform General Hancock that probably he was to be attacked. Most of the troops were at Reams's Station. There were low banks of earth along the railroad and across it, which had been hastily thrown up two months before by the troops that were sent to the relief of General Wilson when he was hard pressed by the Confederate cavalry. ("Redeeming the Republic," p. 362.) The embankment ran along the west side of the railroad a third of a mile, and two others across the railroad, making the intrenchments three sides of a parallelogram. General Miles's division

Aug. 25, 1864. was behind the northern defence, General Gibbon's behind the southern. Portions of the troops of both divisions stood back to back a third of a mile apart. They were a little more than eight thousand, including two thousand cavalry.

General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, under General Grant, was not disturbed when the signal-officer reported that a force was on its way, evidently Confederates, to attack Hancock, for he had often expressed a desire that they would come out from behind their intrenchments.(')

The Union cavalry, early in the morning, reported that there were troops in the woods north-west of Hancock's position, but the men of Gibbon's division, after eating breakfast, began to tear up the track. The signs increased that a large force was approaching, and by mid-forenoon Hancock recalled Gibbon, that he might be prepared for an assault from the enemy. While this was going on, the telegraph men were running a line of wire between Warren's position and Reams's Station. It is probable that General Meade did not know it, for he was sending messengers with despatches. "I think," read a message sent at one o'clock, "from all the information I can obtain, that the enemy is about assuming the offensive, and will either attack you or interpose between you and Warren. . . . You can exercise your judgment about withdrawing your command and resuming your position on the left and rear of Warren."(') Before the message reached Hancock the Confederates were assaulting him: three brigades of Gen. Cadmus Wilcox's division—Lane's, Scales's, and McGowan's—and Anderson's brigade of Field's division, with two brigades of cavalry under Gen. Wade Hampton. These were the first to arrive, and without waiting for the other divisions, made a fierce assault. The battle had begun before Hancock received Meade's despatch. Two regiments of McGowan's brigade marched through the woods southward with the cavalry until they had gained the left flank of Hancock, then turned east, crossed the railroad, and came against Gibbon's division and the cavalry under Gregg. The other brigades advanced against the north-west angle of the intrenchments held by General Miles's division, Anderson on the right, Scales on the left, with two regiments of Lane's brigade. They were in the woods, and the Union troops could not see them until they came into the open ground, a short distance from the intrenchments.

It was a spirited attack, but the lines quickly melted away under the fire of Miles and the artillery. Hampton's cavalry and McGowan's two regiments were easily repulsed by Gibbon. The Confederate commander, Gen. A. P. Hill, had made the mistake of attacking before he was ready. Possibly it was the mistake, rather, of Gen. Cadmus Wilcox, who had the direction of affairs, for General Hill was ill and unable to give personal attention to the assault.



THE SECOND COMPS CROSSING THE JAMES.
From a sketch made at the time.

But the other Confederate divisions were arriving, and it was plain that the battle was not ended. The excited men had not made the long and weary march to retire from the field without attempting more. Hancock's situation invited them, as he was four miles from General Warren. His formation, though behind intrenchments, was not a good one. It presented two angles, one which might, perhaps, be successfully assaulted.

The troops arriving were four additional brigades under General Heth, with eight cannon of Pegram's battalion.

General Meade, knowing that a formidable body of Confederates had marched south, ordered Mott's division of the Second Corps and Wilcox's division of the Ninth to join Hancock. He sent them by the plank road, and they had to march nine miles; whereas, if they had taken the road leading directly south from the Globe Tavern, by the side of the railroad, it would have been a march of only four miles. Why they were thus sent has not been explained by General Meade, neither are we informed why he continued through the afternoon to send his despatches by couriers while Hancock was using the telegraph. General Meade sent this message a little before three o'clock:

"I hope you will be able to give the enemy a good thrashing. All I apprehend is his being able to interpose between you and Warren. You must look out for this."(')

At the same hour General Heth, who had assumed command of the Confederates, was marshalling his troops for a second assault. He moved against the north-west angle, held by Miles's division, but was repulsed, and adopted another plan. He placed eight cannon in the edge of the woods, and opened a rapid and concentrated fire upon the troops at the angle. The shot and shells not only did execution in Miles's ranks, but went on to Gibbon's line and thus became a fire in their rear.

The Union artillery had been distributed at various points along the line. The Confederate sharpshooters, through the afternoon, had been picking off the artillerymen and shooting the horses. Nearly all of the horses of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery had been killed. Captain Sleeper, commanding the battery, and several of the men had been wounded. Though partially disabled, the Union artillery were quick to reply, and for more than an hour the cannonade went on.(')

It was nearly six o'clock before General Heth was ready for a final charge. He placed five brigades and part of another in position. The Confederates coming into the open ground found fallen trees obstructing them, but it was only a short distance they had to advance to reach the intrenchments. A portion of the Union troops stood firm, but suddenly

a panic seized some of Miles's new troops, who abandoned the breastworks and ran. In an instant the Confederates were leaping over the embankment.

A large number of the men of a brigade commanded by Major Byron, instead of fighting, surrendered. They were recruits who had had little discipline, and many of them had enlisted to obtain the bounty of eight hundred or one thousand dollars, paid by the officers of towns and mayors and aldermen of cities, to fill up the quota of troops. Others fled across the railroad. One of the cannoneers of the right gun of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery sent a charge of canister into the forces of the enemy when they were only a few feet from its muzzle. The men handling the next gun wheeled it, and fired into their ranks after they had leaped over the intrenchments, and then ran. The cannoneers of the third piece did the same. (*) With loud shouts and exultant yells the Confederates seized not only these cannon, but also the guns of Brown's Rhode Island Battery and four of Lieutenant Dauchey's Twelfth New York Battery.

One of Miles's brigades, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Rugg, was standing along the railroad sheltered by an excavation. General Miles ordered a charge upon the Confederates. Many of the men had just arrived from the North, and instead of obeying the command, stood still, as if dazed by the sudden appearance of the enemy, who the next moment called upon them to surrender, whereupon they threw down their arms and went up the western bank of the railroad excavation as prisoners. The victors were having things pretty much as they wished then, but suddenly found themselves confronted by a single regiment, the Sixty-first New York, General Miles's own regiment. He knew the men composing it, and they had all confidence in him. We see him once more at their head. They are only two hundred, but they form at right angles with the intrenchments, pour in volley after volley, rush upon those who had seized the guns of the Twelfth New York, and repulse them. General Hancock was everywhere along the lines, riding fearlessly amid the storm of bullets. His horse was shot. A bullet cut his bridle-rein. A soldier rode near him with the headquarters flag, which was pierced with bullets, one splintering the staff.

While this was going on at the north-western angle the cavalry under Hampton, which had dismounted, was falling upon Gibbon's division, the men of which, finding the cannon-shot of the Confederates taking them in the rear, had leaped over their intrenchments for protection, and now were obliged to leap back to face Hampton. Vain were all the efforts of Gibbon and his subordinate officers to bring them into line. Hampton was

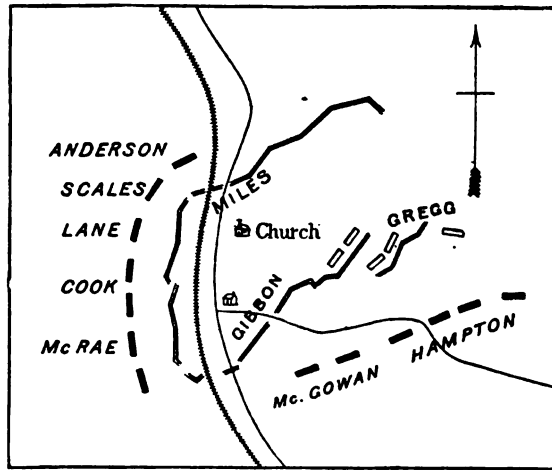
DESTROYING THE RAILROAD.



advancing in triumph, but the Union cavalry under Gregg poured in such a fire that he was held in check.

It was a gloomy outlook for Hancock, but Werner's New Jersey Battery, in rear of Gibbon, opened a rapid fire upon the Confederates advancing from the north-west angle. Gibbon had been forced from his intrenchments; but there were veterans both in Miles's and Gibbon's divisions who had been in a score of battles, and who now resolutely confronted the Confederates, and fired such volleys that Heth could make no further advance.

General Hancock did not think it wise to attempt to recover his intrenchments. The reinforcements sent by General Meade had not arrived; the position was of no value. He had been sent to destroy the railroad, and the task had been nearly accomplished. It was mortifying and humiliating to him to know that he had been driven from his intrenchments—that for the first time during the war a cannon had been lost by the troops under his command.

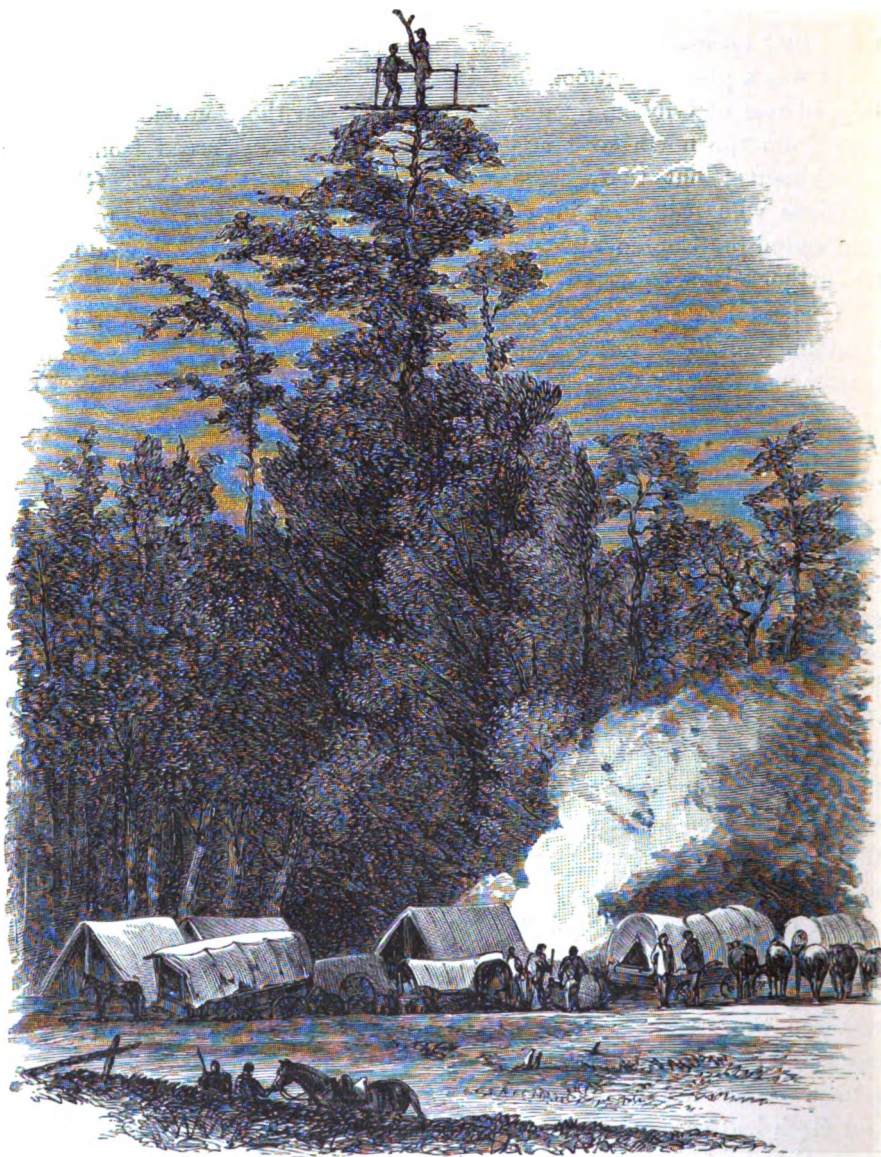


BATTLE OF REAMS'S STATION.

"I do not care to die, but I pray God I may never leave this field," he said. (°)

He might have remained, and with the reinforcements sent by Meade renewed the attack in the morning, but he thought it better to accept defeat and withdraw. A despatch came from Meade directing him to return. General Lee, at the same time, while rejoicing over what Hill and Heth had accomplished, was alarmed for their safety, for they were a long distance from any support, and were Grant so disposed he might possibly cut off their retreat. They had captured nine cannon and taken more than one thousand prisoners. The losses in killed and wounded were about the same—nearly one thousand in each army.

The troops commanded by Hancock had won a brilliant reputation as being a body of men that could always be depended upon in battle.



SIGNAL-STATION.

Why such apathy at Reams's Station? Because they were weary and overworked. They had been hurried from the north side of the James, and had made a long march in a burning sun. They had been drenched by the sudden showers, had had no time for rest. More than this, the



DEPOT OF SUPPLIES AT CITY POINT.

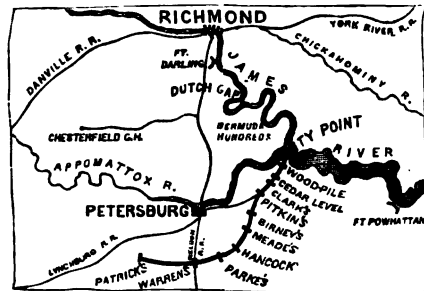
ranks which at the Wilderness numbered thirty thousand had been reduced to ten thousand. New and undisciplined recruits had come to take the places of veterans who were at rest forever on the fields of Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor. General officers who by long service had won the confidence of the men had been succeeded by strangers. Lieutenant-colonels were commanding brigades, and captains regiments. The position which General Hancock occupied was not what it ought to have been. He had been attacked by double his own force. General Meade had unaccountably sent the reinforcements five miles out of their way. It is probable that if Wilcox's division of the Ninth Corps and Mott's division of the Second Corps had been sent directly along the railroad that the Confederates would have been signally defeated, for they would have arrived at an opportune moment, and would have been in the best possible position to take part in the battle. It also seems probable that if when General Meade learned, on the night of the 24th, that the Confederates were marching south, he had sent all his available troops from the Globe Tavern directly upon them, Hill and Heth might have been cut off from Lee and completely routed.

There can be little doubt that General Lee was a good deal troubled by the loss of the Weldon road, for it cut him off from any direct communication with Wilmington, Charleston, and all the Atlantic coast. He saw that General Grant was also evidently intending to get possession of the railroad running from Petersburg along the south side of the Appomattox;

to prevent which a large party of men with axes were set to work along Gravelly and Hatcher's runs—two streams south-west of Petersburg—cutting down trees and building intrenchments, so that if the Union army were to move in that direction the Confederates would have an advantage.

On the Union side axes and shovels were also employed, and the intrenchments made so strong that they could be held by a small body of men. The Union signal-officers climbed tall trees, set up ladders, and from their leafy perch looked over the forest, sweeping the horizon with their glasses to learn what was going on within the Confederate lines. From morning till night the rattle of musketry was heard, as the pickets of the two armies fired at each other from behind their mounds of earth,

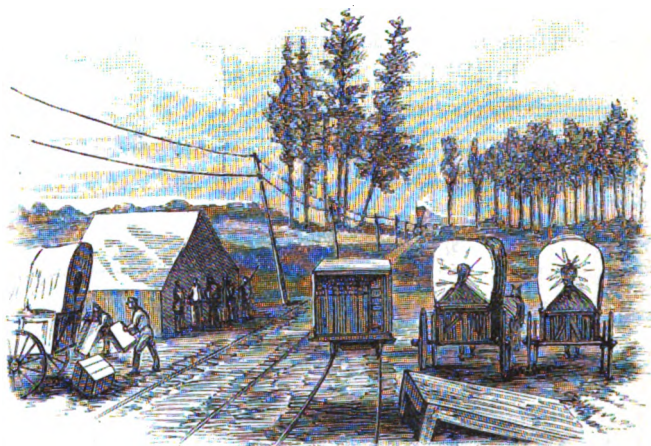
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RAILROAD FROM CITY POINT ALONG THE LINES.

and scarcely an hour passed that the deep booming of cannon was not heard somewhere from James River to the Weldon Railroad.

As the Union lines extended west a railroad was constructed, running in rear of the intrenchments, with frequent stations and sidings, so that the supplies could be taken from the steamers at City Point to all the troops, thus doing away with a large number of horses and wagons. Great buildings were erected on the bank of the James. The steamboats could unload on one side, and the railroad trains receive the barrels of beef, pork, flour, bread, boxes of clothing, boots, shoes, and supplies of ammunition on the other. Troops arriving by the river could step at once into the cars and be whirled to the different stations along the line. Trains



STATION NEAR GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS

were run by schedule time. There was method in all the arrangements of the Quartermasters' and Commissaries' departments. Every regiment could count upon receiving its supplies promptly whenever needed. By this means the army could act with efficiency.

There were places along the railroad where the cars came in view of the Confederate artillermen, who, whenever they saw locomotives approaching, sighted their cannon and opened fire; but the Union soldiers soon threw up thick banks of earth, which protected the trains, and the locomotive passed along, receiving no damage from the shot, which buried themselves in the embankment. The Confederates, seeing that they could not hinder the running of the trains, after a while ceased firing.

A telegraph line was constructed connecting all the headquarters of the corps commanders with the headquarters of General Meade and

General Grant. If anything happened at any point along the line the commander-in-chief was instantly informed. Not only could General Grant know what was taking place along his own lines, but he could give directions to Sheridan in the Shenandoah, to Sherman at Atlanta, and hold communication with President Lincoln in Washington. So science and invention were revolutionizing old methods of war, and making the commander-in-chief in a degree present with all the armies.

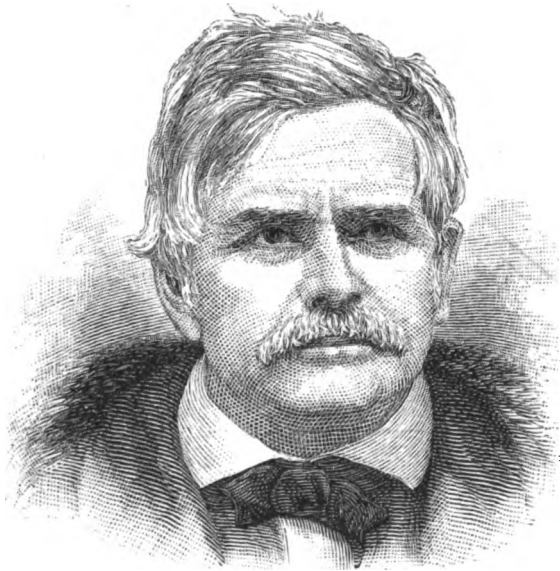
NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

- (1) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 321.
- (2) "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. ii., p. 524.
- (3) J. B. Jones, "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," vol. ii., p. 267.
- (4) Gen. Francis A. Walker, "History of the Second Corps," p. 585.
- (5) Idem.
- (6) Idem, p. 590.
- (7) John D. Billings, "History of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery," p. 246.
- (8) Idem, p. 252.
- (9) Gen. Francis A. Walker, "History of the Second Army Corps," p. 597.

CHAPTER IX.

FORT HARRISON AND HATCHER'S RUN.

TEN miles below Richmond, on the east bank of the James, is a high bluff on the farm of Mr. Chapin, where the Confederates had erected a fortification, and named it Fort Harrison, in honor of William Henry Harrison, who was elected President of the United States in 1840, and



MAJOR-GEN. E. O. C. ORD.

whose birthplace was a few miles farther down the James. It was a fortification in the outer line of the defences of Richmond. General Grant knew that General Lee had been obliged to withdraw a portion of his troops from the breastworks and send them south of Petersburg to meet the movement which he had made to the Weldon Railroad, and he thought possibly he might make a counter-movement towards Fort Harrison and break through the Confederate line of defences.(') We

are to remember that war is a game of strategy, like that of chess, but the pawns and castles of the War of the Rebellion were living men, to be moved hither and thither or deliberately sacrificed that the victory might be won at last.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was in command of the Army of the James

at Bermuda Hundred, and General Grant determined to send him with a large force across the James to assault the Confederate intrenchments, which were not very strongly guarded. It was hoped that by a secret night movement they might be carried.

General Ord, commanding the Eighteenth Corps, and General Birney



MAJOR-GEN. DAVID B. BIRNEY.

the Tenth, were to make the attempt. Pontoon-bridges were laid; one for General Ord at Aiken's Landing, two miles below Dutch Sept. 27, 1864. Gap, who was to move against Fort Harrison, and that for Birney at Deep Bottom, farther down the river, who was to attack Fort Gilmer. The entire force was about ten thousand.

Quite likely the Confederate scouts discovered that something unusual was going on in the Union army, for the soldiers were to take three days' rations, and one of the pontoons had to be laid before the troops could start. Birney left his intrenchments in front of Petersburg as soon as it was dark. General Ord started a little later. Day was dawning when they

crossed the James and moved up their respective roads. They had not gone far before they came upon the Confederate pickets, who ran as fast as they could to Fort Harrison with the news of the advance of the Union troops. It was half-past seven and the sun above the eastern horizon when General Ord reached the open ground in front of Fort Harrison. He was still more than a mile from the fortification, which was connected with Fort Gilmer, three-quarters of a mile farther north, by two lines of intrenchments. General Lee had a line of works extending all the way from the James to the Chickahominy; there was also an interior line from Fort Gilmer to the James. If General Grant were to gain Fort Harrison, it would not give him possession of the interior line on the James; but if he should succeed in taking Gilmer, it would compel General Lee to give up the line from that point to the river, including the strong fortification on the bluff.(')

General Ord examined Fort Harrison with his glass. He could see sixteen cannon planted to cover every acre of the ground in front of it.

Sept. 29, 1864. General Stannard, commanding one of the divisions, was also examining the work. "It is too strong for us to attempt its capture with only one division," said Ord. "I can take it!" Stannard's reply. "Very well, go ahead."(')

It did not take General Stannard long to bring his division into line. He had twenty-eight hundred men, in three brigades of four regiments each. The Tenth New Hampshire and the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York were to advance as skirmishers. He deployed in line a regiment from each brigade, and then formed the other regiments of each brigade in column behind it, so that the assanlting force was like the letter E.

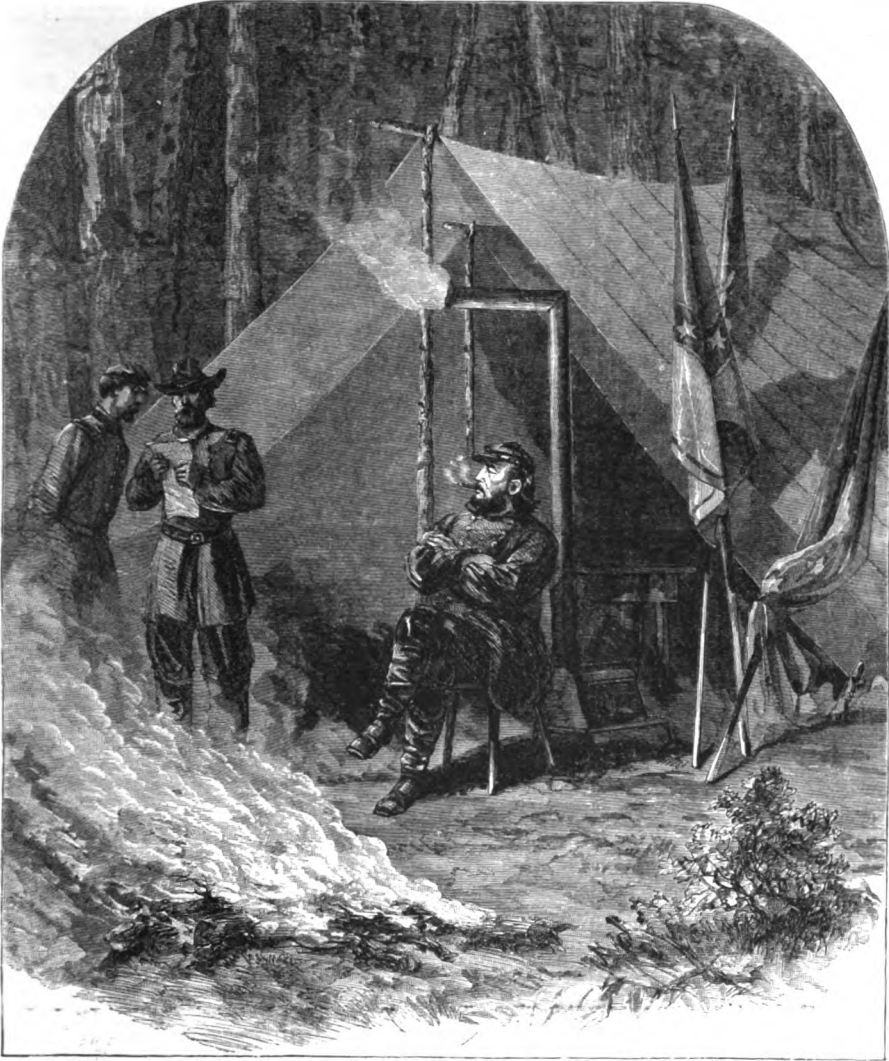
FIRST BRIGADE.	THIRD BRIGADE.	SECOND BRIGADE.
13 N. H. _____	_____	_____ 58 Penn.
81 N. Y. _____	8 Conn. _____	_____ 92 N. Y.
89 N. Y. _____	_____	_____ 21 Conn.
139 N. Y. _____	96 N. Y. _____	_____ 108 Penn.

General Heckman's division was to pass in rear of Stannard, and come into line on his right. The Confederate cannon sent shells upon the troops as they advanced; and the troops of the enemy could be seen hastening into the fort. There was no time for delay. Undaunted by the prospect, or by the shells exploding among them, Stannard's men moved across the open field upon the double-quick.

"Halt!" It was the command of Colonel Roberts, commanding the third brigade, to his men in the centre. "Get your breath." They were at the foot of the hill.



ATTACK UPON FORT HARRISON.



MAJOR-GEN. BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE JAMES.

From a photograph taken at the time.

"I'll give you two minutes to take the fort. Forward!"(')

They go up the hill-side to the embankment, which is eighteen feet thick, with a deep ditch protecting it. A Confederate officer sitting on his horse on the bridge crossing the ditch to the sally-port fires his revolver at them. A rattling fire runs along the parapet in their faces.

The cannons belch their flames—one loaded so heavily that it leaps from the carriage and tumbles to the ground. Billy Bourke, of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, runs up the glacis of the fort, stands a moment on its parapet, and then rolls into the ditch, with the blood streaming from his forehead. The color-bearer of the One Hundred and Eighth Pennsylvania falls, and Captain Clay seizes the flag. Lieutenant Johnson and private Copeland gain the parapet—Copeland to fall with a wound in his head. Johnson was wounded before he reached the ditch, but there he is with another wound in his arm. Captain Clay is waving the flag to cheer the men behind. Johnson leaps into the fort. "Surrender!" he shouts, and two wounded Confederate officers give themselves up, but a bullet pierces his breast. Captain Clay has two bullets through his right arm and a third through his left hand. He leans against the parapet, and the flag still flutters in the breeze. (*) The Union troops were pouring in, and the struggle was quickly over. Not content with gaining the fort, General Stannard's troops drove the enemy from the breastworks on both sides of it. The Confederate gunboats in the James opened with their heavy cannon, so that they could not take the works towards the river. A battery behind the second line of intrenchments also opened fire. In the battle General Ord was wounded, and General Heckman succeeded to the command.

While this was going on at Fort Harrison General Birney was moving towards Fort Gilmer, but he had made a long march and his troops were weary. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before he was ready to attack. The enemy had had time to bring up reinforcements. The regiments advanced over broken ground obstructed by fallen trees. The colored troops reached the fort and jumped across the ditch, but the parapet was high, and so steep that they could not climb it, and were quickly repulsed.

Had we been in Richmond on this morning we might have seen two gentlemen taking breakfast in a restaurant. It was a frugal meal—a loaf of bread, a cup of coffee sweetened with brown sugar, three eggs—and the bill sixteen dollars! While eating they heard the booming of cannon and the volleys of musketry. Breakfast over, they passed into the street. One of them wrote this in his diary of what was going on:

"Information came that the enemy had captured Fort Harrison and were advancing towards the city. From that moment much excitement sprung up (the greatest I have ever known here), and all the local organizations were immediately ordered out. Not only this, but squads of guards were sent into the streets everywhere, with orders to arrest every

able-bodied man they met, regardless of papers, and this produced consternation among the civilians. The offices and Government shops were closed, and the tocsin sounded for hours, by order of the Governor, frightening some of the women.

"At 2 P.M. the fight was nearer, and it was reported that the enemy were at the intermediate fortifications, three miles distant.

"From the observatory on the War Department we could see the puffs of white smoke from our guns; but these were at the intermediate line, several miles distant, and the enemy were, of course, beyond. We could see our cannon firing from right to left at least a mile in length, and the enemy had evidently made much progress towards the city. The firing then ceased, however, at 3 P.M., indicating that the enemy had withdrawn from that point; but the booming of artillery was still heard farther to the right, on or near the river; and this continued until the present writing, 5 P.M. We have no particulars, but it is reported that the enemy were handsomely repulsed. Clouds of dust can be seen with the telescope in that direction, which appears to the naked eye to be smoke. It arises, no doubt, from the march of troops sent by General Lee. We must soon have something definite from the scene of action." (*)

Fort Harrison occupied a commanding position, and its loss, with fifteen guns, was a serious blow to General Lee, who determined to recapture it.

The troops assigned to this work were of General Ewell's corps. Anderson's, Bratton's, and Law's brigades of Field's division were to attack

in front, while General Hoke's division was to march up a ravine, which would shelter them from the fire of the Union troops until they were within six hundred feet of the fort. We have this account from a Confederate writer: "The plan of attack miscarried by a singular coincidence. Anderson's men being put in motion merely to adjust the line, misunderstood the order of their commander, rushed forward with a yell, and were soon past control. This necessitated rapid movement on the part of the other brigades. General Hoke, awaiting the signal that had been agreed upon for action, did not move, and the enemy was able to concentrate his fire on Field's division. Law's brigade accomplished its object in retaking a redan to the left of the fort, thus protecting our left flank; but the main attack failed, and the general result was the lodgement of Butler's army on the north side of the James, and a position thus obtained, menacing Richmond, was held to the close of the war." (*)

In this attempt to retake the fort the Confederate loss was not less

than one thousand. The gentleman in Richmond who kept a diary made this entry in regard to what was taking place in the city :

"*September 30th.*—Cloudy, and occasional showers. None of the papers except the *Whig* were published this morning, the printers, etc., being called out to defend the city. Every device of the military authorities has been employed to put the people here in the ranks. Guards everywhere, on horseback and on foot, in the city and at the suburbs, are arresting pedestrians, who, if they have not passes from General Kemper, are hurried to some of the depots or to the City Square (iron palings), and confined until marched to the field or released. Two of the clerks of the War Department, who went down to the Spottswood Hotel to hear the news, although having the Secretary's own details, were hustled off to a prison on Cary Street, to report to Lieutenant Bates, who alone could release them. But when they arrived no Lieutenant Bates was there, and they found themselves incarcerated with some five hundred others of all classes and conditions. Here they remained cooped up for an hour, when they espied an officer who knew them and had them released.

"To-day the guards arrested judges Reagan and Davis, Postmaster-General and Attorney-General, both members of the Cabinet, because neither of them was over fifty years old. Judge Reagan grew angry, and stormed a little ; but both were released immediately.

"To-day at 2 P.M. another battle occurred at or near Fort Harrison, or Signal Hill, supposed to be an attempt on our part to retake the post. I never heard more furious shelling, and fear our loss was frightful, provided it was our assault on the enemy's lines. We could see the white smoke from the observatory, floating along the horizon, over the woods, and down the river. The *mêlée* of sounds was terrific ; heavy siege-guns (from our steam-rams, probably) mingled with the incessant roar of field artillery. At 3 P.M. all was comparatively quiet, and we await intelligence of the result.

"*October 1st.*—Raining and cold. Horrible for the troops in the trenches.

"The battle yesterday (on this side of the river) was an attempt of General Lee to retake Fort Harrison, which *failed* after two essays. General Lee deemed its recapture important, and exposed himself very much in the assault, so much so as to cause a thrill of alarm throughout the field. But it all would not do ; the enterprise of the enemy had in a few hours rendered the place almost impregnable. Judge Lyons, who came in to-day (from a visit to the field), estimates our killed and wounded at from seven hundred to one thousand." (*)

General Grant wanted to reach, if possible, the railroad which runs from Petersburg south-west along the southern bank of the Appomattox. If he could do that it would greatly trouble General Lee to supply his army with food. Even if he could not break up that road, an extension of the lines of intrenchment to the farm of Mr. Peebles, two miles north-west of the Globe, or Yellow Tavern, as it was called, would prevent Lee from using two roads over which he was receiving supplies by wagons. One of these was called the Poplar Spring, and the other the Squirrel Level road. The Confederates had erected a line of intrenchments at their junction. Two miles beyond Peebles's is the Boydton plank road, over which the wagon trains were daily passing, bringing forage and corn for the army.

General Warren, who had been holding the Weldon Railroad, was to take two of his divisions—Griffin's and Ayres's—and General Parke, commanding the Ninth Corps, was to join him with Wilcox's and Potter's divisions. After securing the position at Mr. Peebles's they were to move north-west to the Boydton road. Hancock, with the Second Corps, was to reach the Boydton road, then turn north, march to Mr. Burgess's mill on Hatcher's Run, and from there turn north-west and move on two miles to the South Side Railroad. General Gregg, with the cavalry, was to cover his flank. Neither General Meade nor General Grant had a very good map of the section of country, which, for the most part, was covered with a dense wood. They did not know that General

Sept. 27, 1864. Lee had constructed a formidable line of intrenchments all

the way from the Weldon to the Boydton road, and that trees had been slashed down along Hatcher's Run.

The three corps started early in the morning. General Warren, with his two divisions, had marched only a short distance before he found himself confronted by a strong line of works. The troops charged across Mr. Peebles's field. Colonel Welch, of the Sixteenth Michigan, was the first to leap over the breastworks, and was shot by a Confederate soldier. But the entire line, a moment later, was swarming over it, capturing one cannon and several prisoners. A large number of new recruits had joined the army. They were wholly undisciplined, and many of them ignorant of military affairs, and who never had fired a gun. (*)

General Hancock, marching west from the Globe Tavern, reached Hatcher's Run at Mr. Armstrong's mill. The water was waist-deep, but the soldiers waded the stream, reached the Boydton road, and went on to Burgess's Mill, to find a line of breastworks, with a strong force of the enemy ready to dispute their farther advance. General Meade and General Grant had followed, and were at Armstrong's Mill. There was a

gap of nearly two miles between the Second and Fifth Corps, and Hancock was directed to remain where he was until Warren could connect the line with Crawford's division. The woods were so dense that officers and men alike in Crawford's command soon lost their way.

Rain was falling, and there being no sunshine they could not tell whether they were going north or south. While Crawford was thus trying to make his way, generals Grant and Meade rode to Burgess's Mill. The artillerymen across Hatcher's Run fired a shell, which exploded near them, killing one man and wounding another. General Grant wanted to see for himself the exact situation, and with one of his staff, Colonel Babcock, rode out into the open field almost to Hatcher's Run, and within reach of the Confederate sharpshooters, and examined the ground.

The telegraph running along the Boydton road had been cut; General Grant's horse ran into the wire, and Colonel Babcock was obliged to leap from his saddle and uncoil it. Generals Hancock and Meade, and the officers who saw him, breathed more freely when he turned back. He saw that it was a very strong position, and that it was held by a large infantry force. Possibly it might be carried, but at a great sacrifice, which he did not wish to make.

"Remain till morning, and then withdraw," was the order to Hancock.

The Confederates were upon their own ground, and acquainted with every road and foot-path. They knew that there was a gap between Hancock and Warren. General Hill saw his opportunity, and directed General Mahone to push between them and attack Hancock's right flank, while Hampton with the cavalry at the same time was to move against his left flank and rear.

Hatcher's Run is a small stream. Its course at the crossing of the Boydton plank road is south-east. Mr. Burgess's mill-dam was just below the bridge, and the pond above it. The owner of the mill also kept tavern, and his house was a few rods south of the bridge, at the junction of the plank road and the White Oak road, which comes in from the west.

Through the afternoon General Hampton, with the Confederate cavalry, dismounted, was making a show of attacking Hancock's left flank and rear, but was confronted by General Gregg. Hampton made a vigorous assault, but was repulsed when Captain Best opened fire with his four cannon loaded with canister. General Egan's division of Hancock's corps was at the junction of the two roads—one brigade south of the White Oak road, the other two brigades in the field east of it. A Confederate battery on the north side of Hatcher's Run was sending its



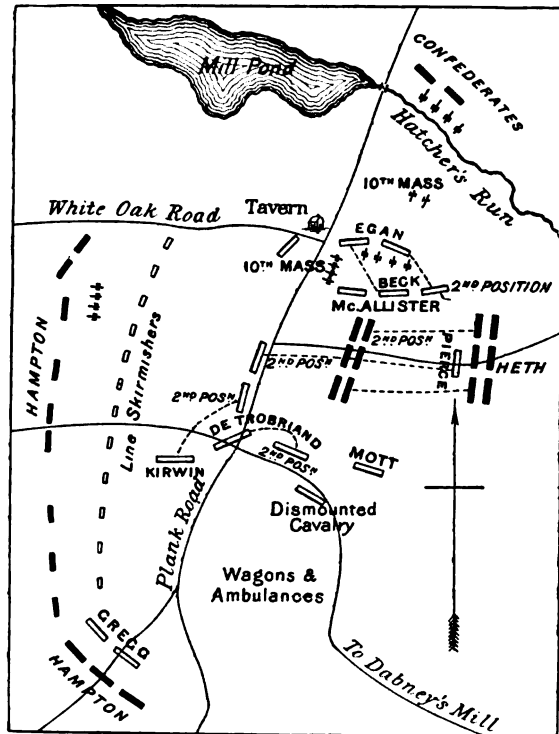
ARMY OF THE SECOND DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, WITH THE REBELS ON HOWANTY CREEK.

shells upon the Union troops, and two guns of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, under Lieutenant Granger, replied. This officer was very cool in battle. He always kept close watch upon the shot as it flew towards the mark to see if it was well aimed, and gave minute directions about firing. His missiles were sent so accurately that in a very short time the Confederate battery became silent.(") General Hancock directed General Egan to cross the stream, and sent General McAllister's brigade of Mott's division to support him. The troops advanced, and had almost reached the run, when they heard a startling crash of musketry in their rear.

Let us now go down the Boynton plank road a mile and see the meaning of it. General Hancock had heard for some little time musket-shots in the woods eastward, and supposed it was firing between the Confederate pickets and Crawford's skirmishers, for he concluded that that division of the Fifth Corps was advancing. In order to close the gap between himself and Crawford he sent General Pierce's brigade into the woods. He

did not know that Heth's division of Hill's corps was forming in line of battle to strike him. The Fifth Michigan and Ninety-third New York regiments were in Pierce's front, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with Heth. In an instant the muskets of both lines were flashing. General Heth had five thousand men—five times as many as Pierce, whose troops fell back, rapidly followed by the Confederates.

There was a sudden commotion along the plank road and in the fields where Hancock's ambulances and ammunition wagons were parked—a



BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN.

quick harnessing up of teams—but when harnessed, what could they do? Hampton, with his dismounted cavalry, had possession of the plank road southward; Heth had the road up which Hancock had marched from Dabney's Mill. The enemy was on all sides. Heth rushed forward, and gained the plank road between Burgess's Tavern and the ambulances, thus cutting off Egan's division from Mott's and the trains, capturing two cannon of Beck's battery. Lieutenant Smith, with two guns of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, was in the field east of the tavern. He had been firing north at the Confederate battery across Hatcher's Run, and had spent nearly all his solid shot and shells. The other four guns are by the plank road. When Pierce's brigade comes out of the woods the fleeing soldiers run past the cannon. "Shame on you, boys! Don't leave us!" shouts one of the cannoneers; and some of the fugitives turn round to face the enemy and stand by the battery. Lieutenant Granger draws his sword and tries to rally the infantry.

"Give them shell—we can whip them!" is his resolute order, and the four cannon make the spot a sheet of flame.

"We have fired the last shell," shouts one of the men.

"Give them canister!" and the hissing missiles were poured, a continuous stream, into the Confederate line, and the air was thick with leaden rain. Daniel W. Atkinson fell, and in a few moments his heart ceased its beating. His comrades had great respect for him. He was brave in battle, and never flinched from doing his duty. He had that moral courage which enabled him to live a consistent Christian life amid the demoralization of the camp. If the battery halted on the march, he esteemed it a pleasure and a privilege to step aside by himself and read his Bible and kneel in prayer.

The section of the battery under Lieutenant Smith came down from the field east of the tavern, but that officer reeled from his saddle. Lieutenant Granger fell, mortally wounded by an exploding shell, and the battery was left without a commissioned officer. ("")

Heth faced south and opened fire upon Mott. But if he at this moment thought that he was going to reap a rich harvest, he was mistaken. De Trobriand's brigade, which had been standing west of the road, was sent upon the double-quick across it, facing north, with Kerwin's brigade of dismounted cavalry. The Confederates saw the ambulances and wagons and ammunition trains, and were confident that they would soon have them; but suddenly a change came over them; their yells ceased. They looked behind them, faced about towards the north, for Egan, with Smythe's, Willett's, and McAllister's brigades, was advancing



GENERAL GRANT AT HATCHER'S RUN.

towards them. The Confederates were like corn between two millstones, in danger of being ground to powder. More than this, Pierce had rallied his brigade, and, just at this moment, Major Mitchell led the First Minnesota Regiment of Rugg's brigade against Heth's right flank, capturing two hundred prisoners and one color.

General Hancock had this to say of the battle:

"I do not think the enemy comprehended the situation exactly. He pushed rapidly across the ridge, rested his right on the Boydton plank road, and, facing south, commenced firing. De Trobriand's brigade was quickly formed in front of the Dabney Mill road, with Kerwin's brigade of dismounted cavalry on its left. Roder's Battery K, Fourth United States, and Beck's battery were opened on the enemy. Major Mitchell, in returning from General Egan, found the enemy in possession of the road, and taking the First Minnesota, of Rugg's brigade, opened fire on him. This was, perhaps, the earliest intimation he had of any considerable force in his rear, and he immediately directed a part of his fire in that quarter. General Egan swept down the flank of the enemy, while the line formed along the Dabney Mill road advanced at the same time. Some of the new troops faltered, but were speedily reformed. The general advance of Egan was, however, irresistible, and the enemy was swept from the field with the loss of two colors and several hundred prisoners. The captured guns were retaken. Almost simultaneously with this attack the enemy commenced pressing our left and rear. The enemy in front had hardly been repulsed when the fire in the rear became so brisk that I was obliged to send General Gregg all of his force I had used to meet the attack in front, as well as another of his brigades. The attack on him was by five of Hampton's brigades. I received a despatch that Ayres's division had been ordered to my support, but had halted at Armstrong's Mill. The despatch authorized me to withdraw if I thought proper, but stated that if I could attack successfully in the morning, with the aid of Crawford's and Ayres's divisions, to do so." (")

General Hancock was prudent. His ammunition was nearly exhausted, and he thought it better to withdraw rather than to run the risk of a battle, for the woods were so dense that Crawford might not be able to reach him.

It was a wise decision; for General Lee, thoroughly alarmed at the movement of Grant towards the South Side road, issued orders for the concentration of fifteen thousand men, to fall upon Hancock early in the morning. While the Confederate troops were concentrating during the night the Second Corps was moving down the road leading to Dabney's

Mill. Crawford's division of the Fifth Corps also retired, thus ending the movement.

In this battle a large number of the soldiers of the First Maine cavalry voluntarily took part, though they were under no obligation to do so, their three years of service having expired.

There was great exultation in Richmond over the failure of the movement, for it was seen that had General Grant reached the South Side Railroad, General Lee would have been put to sore straits to supply his army.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX.

- (¹) Gen. Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. ii., p. 516.
- () Gen. A. A. Humphreys, "Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865," p. 286.
- (³) Capt. Cecil Clay, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment.
- (⁴) Idem.
- (⁵) Idem.
- (⁶) J. B. Jones, "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," vol. ii., p. 295.
- (⁷) Idem, p. 296.
- (⁸) Gen. A. A. Humphreys, "Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865," p. 296.
- (⁹) J. D. Billings, "History of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery," p. 279.
- (¹⁰) Idem.
- (¹¹) Major-General Hancock's Report.
- (¹²) Major-General Heth to Hancock. Note in the "History of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery," p. 296.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT HEART OF THE NATION.

THE men who set themselves to establish a government with slavery for its corner-stone, who fired upon the Stars and Stripes at Sumter, did not stop to consider the possible consequences that would follow the marshalling of armies and the fighting of battles. They saw the pomp, parade, and false glory of war, the establishment of a government after their own ideas, in which they would enjoy honor and power; but they did not see hundreds of thousands of men laid to rest beneath the sods of the battle-field; neither did they see other thousands legless, armless, hobbling on crutches; nor the homes where there would be vacant chairs, where wives and mothers would listen in vain for the footsteps which never again would be heard, or voices that were silent evermore.

Coincident with the uprising of the people of the loyal States to maintain the authority of the Government was the sentiment that the men who volunteered to sacrifice, if need be, their lives that the nation might live should have every possible comfort on the march, and in camp and hospital. It was a spontaneous impulse, which gathered increasing strength with every battle, whether of defeat or victory to the armies of the Union. In no other war ever waged was there such an exhibition of blended patriotism and humanity.

On the same day that the telegraph announced to the world that Abraham Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand troops, women in Lowell, and also in Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose husbands and sons were getting ready to depart for Washington, had a hurried consultation in regard to doing something for them in case they were sick or wounded. Women in Bridgeport, Connecticut, also had a consultation in regard to forming a society. The women of April 15, 1861. Cleveland, Ohio, four days later, organized a similar society. April 19, 1861.

Love of country, solicitude for the welfare of those bound to them by holy and tender ties, prompted them to instant action. During the last week in April a few women of New York met to see what they could do

for their sons and husbands. They sent an invitation to a large-hearted man and Christian minister, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, to be present, also to Dr. Elisha Harris, a physician. Every one was anxious to do something, but no one had any plan of action. After consultation it was decided to hold a larger meeting in Cooper Institute. The first name on the call for the meeting was that of Mrs. John A. Dix, wife of the man who, when Secretary of the Treasury under President Buchanan, electrified the country by his despatch, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 36.) The call was also signed by ninety-two women widely known for their philanthropy and charity. The meeting was held the first week in May, and the great hall of Cooper Institute was filled by those who desired to do something for the soldiers, and who organized the "Women's Central Association of Relief," for the purpose of furnishing comforts, stores, and nurses. But how should they act? By what means could they reach the soldiers? We are to remember that an army is a machine; that everything in military affairs is done by rules and regulations. The army has its medical staff, and, usually, Government officials, and especially military officials, are very jealous of any interference from outside parties. The officers of the Relief Association called upon Surgeon Satterlee, the Medical Purveyor, who informed them that it was a wild scheme, that would be of no practical use; that the action of the women was superfluous, and that in reality it was obtruding into affairs with which they had nothing to do. With glowing zeal and patriotism the women determined to send a delegation to Washington, and Dr. Van Buren, one of the widely known physicians of New York, together with Dr. Bellows, became their delegates. The medical authorities at Washington, like Dr. Satterlee, were opposed to having anything to do with such an organization, but President Lincoln and some of the members of the Cabinet recognized beneath the movement the beating of the heart of the people, and, notwithstanding the opposition of officers and surgeons, the Secretary of War issued an order appointing several gentlemen—who, with the associates they might themselves choose, were to be known as the Sanitary Commission—to act in concert with the medical authorities. Dr. Bellows was appointed president. The vice-president was Prof. Alexander Bache, who for many years had been in charge of the Government Coast Survey, a gentleman of lofty character and humane impulses. Dr. Van Buren, one of the members, had served five years on the medical staff of the army, and was familiar with medical administration. Dr. Harris was physician of the Quarantine Hospital of New York, and had studied the methods adopted by the Government of



HENRY W. BELLOWS.

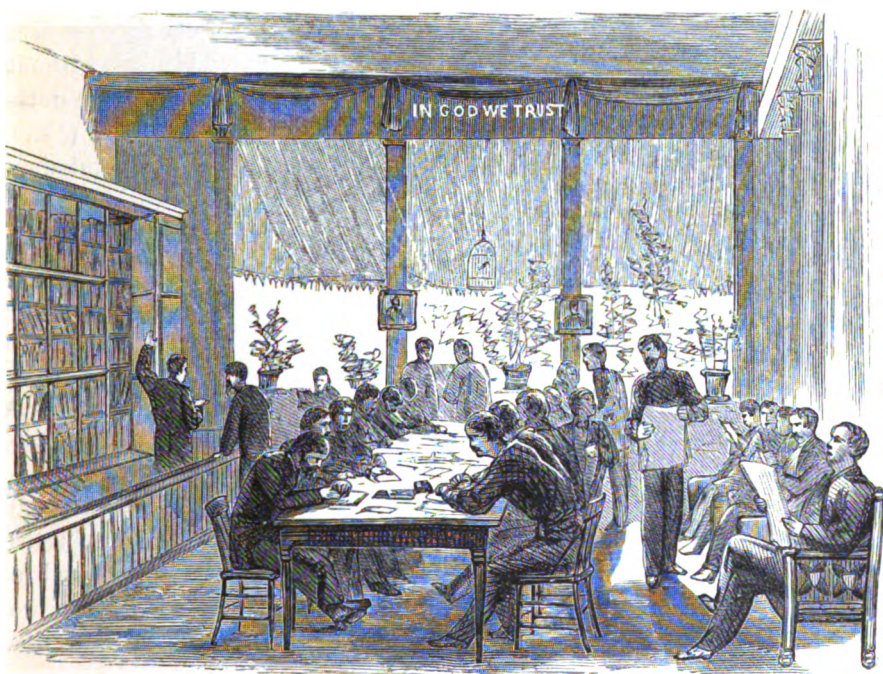
Great Britain to restore to health the soldiers of the English army during the war with Russia in the Crimea, in 1855. Dr. Agnew was Medical Director for the State of New York during the raising of the troops of that State. Colonel Cullum, of General Scott's staff; Dr. Wood, Acting Surgeon-General; Major Shiras, of the Subsistence Department; Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, whose life had been given to charity and philanthropy, were members. They were not to look to the Government for money

and supplies, but to the people. They appointed Frederick Law Olmstead superintendent, and gave him full control of its management. He went to work without a dollar, but money soon came to the treasury. The New England Life Insurance Company, of Boston, sent its check for one thousand dollars. Other life insurance companies were quick to send in their contributions. The Mutual Company, of New York, gave nine thousand dollars.

We are to remember that great armies had been gathered; that the soldiers were all volunteers who had left their comfortable homes, where their wives and mothers had spread their tables with well-cooked and wholesome food; the comforts of home had been exchanged for the discomforts of the camp; the company cook knew next to nothing about cooking; the camp-kettle and a frying-pan, a fire of sticks in the open air, had taken the place of the utensils and furniture of the kitchen at home. At night the soldiers spread their blankets on the ground, or procured straw from a farmer's stable; and in the morning they either washed at a brook or did not wash at all. Their clothes became soiled, and often were unwashed for weeks. Vermin made their appearance. An abundance of beef and pork, bread and sugar, beans and coffee, was furnished by the commissary, but the Subsistence Department was not permitted by law to furnish vegetables, and so disease soon made its appearance, filling the hospitals with the bright young men who had gone forth in their enthusiasm to fight for their country. The surgeons of the regiments had very little knowledge of sanitary laws, as applicable to men in camp, so it came about that through ignorance the hospitals were crowded with sick even before the fighting of the first battle. After the engagement of Bull Run came a new order of things. The Government and the people saw that the war was to be a long one; that mighty armies were to be assembled, and that great preparations must be made for the care of the sick and wounded. The Sanitary Commission devised plans for hospitals which the Government adopted, in which the sick and wounded were cared for on a scale unprecedented in history, and which attracted the attention of all the world. The Commission sent to all of the great armies inspectors who gave instruction to the officers in regard to regular and thorough inspection of everything in camp. Some of the officers were indignant when told that it was their duty to examine the camp-kettles and the blankets of the men, and declared that they did not enlist to be cooks and chamber-maids; but sensible men saw that if they wished their soldiers to be fresh and vigorous there must be constant attention to everything promotive of their health.

While this Sanitary Commission was formed in the East another was organized at St. Louis, called the Western Sanitary Commission, and another at Chicago, which became the North-western Branch, and other branches were organized at Louisville, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati.

The people of Louisville established a Soldiers' Home, and the people of Chicago erected one in Cairo. In a short time there were thirteen such homes west of the Alleghanies, in which more than six hundred thousand soldiers were lodged, and two million five hundred thousand meals supplied.



READING-ROOM.

I was at Fort Donelson at the time of the battle, where the surgeon and medical directors stood appalled when they saw how many wounded there were—how many who had pneumonia, brought on by exposure to the terrible snow-storm and bitter cold, with no shelter, many of them without blankets. But the great heart of the West was beating for their relief. Every train from Chicago brought nurses and supplies. The hospitals at Cairo and Paducah were filled, but the Sanitary Commission came with steamboats and quickly carried both Union and Confederate sick and wounded to comfortable quarters. If

it had not been for the prompt action of the Commission—which the Government medical authorities had opposed, and which they thought would do no good—thousands of men, in the opening of 1862, would have died through the utter inability of the medical department to care for them. This the picture of the state of affairs when the steamboats chartered by the Commission arrived :

“Some of the soldiers were just as they had been left by the fortune of war four days before, their wounds undressed, smeared with filth and blood, and all their wants unsupplied. Others had their wounds dressed one, two, or three days before. The surgeons were worn out by excessive toil; were without an article of new clothing or an extra blanket, without bandages or dressings, with few medicines and no stimulants, and with nothing but corn-meal gruel, hard bread, and bacon to dispense as food.” (1)

Like angels of mercy were the nurses of the Sanitary Commission, who came with bales of blankets, clean sheets, bandages, nourishing food, and delicacies to administer to the wants of the men.

I was on the field of Shiloh when the fleet of steamers fitted out by the people of Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis came up the Tennessee River loaded with supplies, and with a large number of nurses. These were the Government steamers *Louisiana*, *Monarch*, and *Tycoon*, fitted out from Cincinnati, and five or six more from St. Louis, all the supplies furnished by the people. The wounded were placed on board, and quickly transported to distant hospitals. Dr. Harris devised a plan for a hospital car with tiers of berths, with cooking apparatus, so that the sick and wounded could be transported to hospitals in Northern cities. The berths were suspended by Indian-rubber straps. Trained nurses were placed in charge of the sick. During the war a quarter of a million of men were thus transported by railroad and steamboats from the battle-fields to distant hospitals.

The Commission signed a paper addressed to the Loyal Women of America, urging them to form societies in every neighborhood, to make

Oct. 5, 1861.

clothing and articles needed in the hospitals. All over the country, in all the cities, towns, and villages, in the little hamlets of the pine woods of Maine, in the towns upon the prairies of the West, amid the mountains of Vermont and the forests of Michigan, from the Atlantic to the lonely cabins on the frontiers of Kansas Soldiers' Aid Societies were organized. The women applied their energy and sympathy, giving liberally, cheerfully, and with unflagging zeal, till the last volley of musketry had been fired; till the last reverberation of the cannon had died on the peaceful air.

The funds of the Commission were low in the fall of 1862. The people were ever ready to make contributions of clothing and blankets and delicacies, but not so free to give money. One day President Lincoln received a telegram from San Francisco, informing him that the people of California, being too far away to send



CARING FOR THE SICK.

supplies, had contributed one hundred thousand dollars in money for the hospitals, which, on the recommendation of the Surgeon-General, was placed in the hands of the Sanitary Commission. Up to that time the money contributions had been only one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.⁽¹⁾

The men and women of California, seeing how grateful the people were, sent one hundred thousand dollars more. The people of the Eastern States began to open their purses. Money came from merchants and farmers, from minister and parishioners, from men carrying the weight of years, and from little children earning a single cent by selling flowers or picking berries, that they might do some-

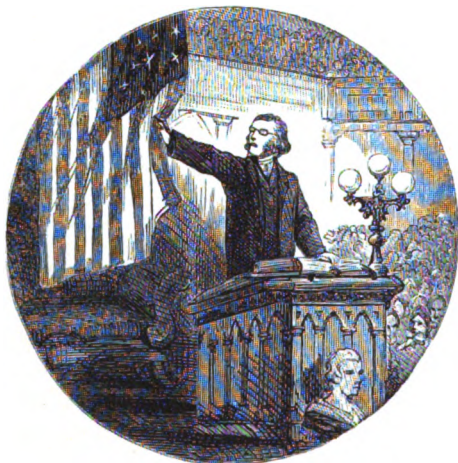
Nov. 1, 1862.

thing for the soldiers far away on the field of battle, or sick in the hospital.

Early in the war the Christian men and women of the country saw that something ought to be done for the welfare of the soldiers, many of whom were members of churches. A few years before the breaking out of the war Young Men's Christian Associations had been formed in all the large cities. The ardent young men in those associations, having a lofty conception of duty and obligation, were among the first to enlist. From some of the associations enough members enlisted to form an entire company.(') So many members became soldiers that out of more than two hundred associations doing active work at the beginning of the war only about twenty remained in 1862.(')

The men who thus enlisted, in their letters written home, lamented that they had nothing to read in camp.

Life in the army was so different from life at home, they were in danger of forgetting religious and moral things. The Young Men's Christian Association in Washington was the one organization whose members, instead of diminishing, increased by the incoming of a great many people to that city. Its members became active in visiting camp and hospitals, distributing books and papers, and aiding the chaplains in holding religious meetings.



PREACHING IN BEHALF OF THE SOLDIERS.

Immediately after the battle of Bull Run a number of Christian

gentlemen hastened to Washington to become nurses in the hospitals and distribute delicacies and clothing. When it was seen that

July 21, 1861.

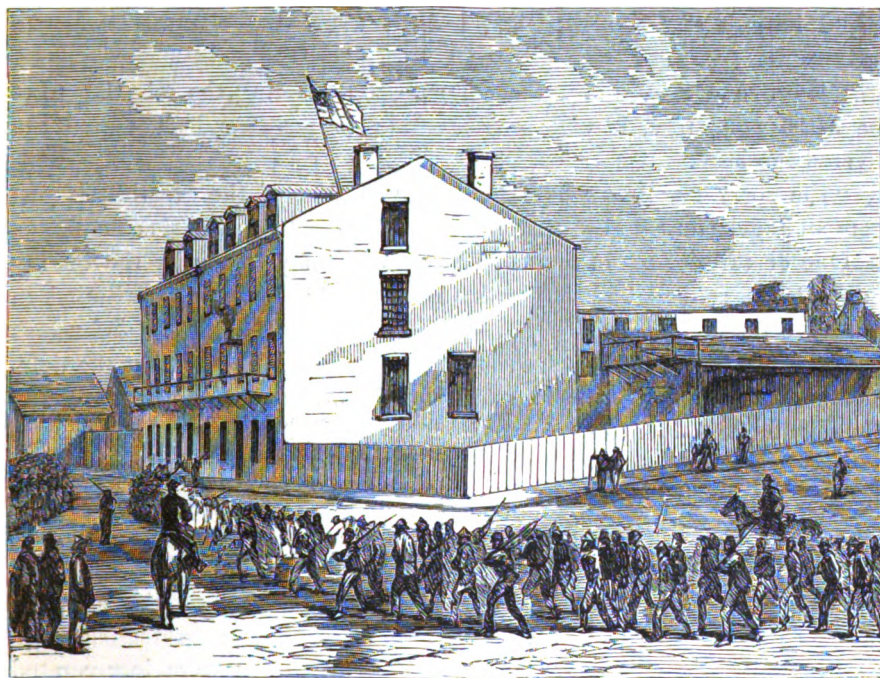
the war would be a long one, the Central Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations issued a call for a meeting, which was held in the Bible House in New York, at which was organized the Christian Commission. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was

Nov. 11, 1861.

elected President. It was intended to include all religious denominations that should see fit to act in concert to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers. Delegates were sent to the armies. The army surgeon, if regarding the delegates with distrust at first, soon

saw how useful they were, and welcomed them to camp and hospital. Surgeon-General Hammonnd said: "I shall always be ready to aid the Christian Commission in any way that may be in my power." Public meetings were held, ministers in their churches told of what the Christian Commission was doing, and contributions came to the treasury. The generals in command, when they saw how much good the delegates were doing, what supplies of blankets, sheets, pillow-cases, bandages—what jellies, jams, and delicacies were contributed for the sick and wounded, gave hearty welcome to the delegates.

Not much was done till midsummer, 1862; but when the battles of



CASTLE THUNDER.

Shiloh and those on the Peninsula were being fought, the nurses of the Commission saw that a great work was before them. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation abolishing slavery the Christian sentiment and patriotism of the whole country was awakened to carry on the war till the last slave should be set free, and till the Stars and Stripes should wave everywhere as the emblem of the Union. "Constitution" and "Liberty" societies, auxiliary to the Commission, were formed in all the large cities.

Collections were taken in the churches, individuals made contributions of money, clothing, and delicacies for the hospitals.

Field agents were appointed, and the management reduced to a military system. In nine months, beginning with the spring of 1863, eight hundred and twenty-two delegates were sent out with more than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of supplies, besides a vast amount of good reading, to the sick in the hospitals. The sick and wounded soldiers left at Antietam, Gettysburg, and on other fields were kindly cared for. "Let me have your handkerchief and I will put some cologne upon it," said a delegate to a wounded Confederate in the hospital at Gettysburg.

"I haven't any handkerchief; I don't want your cologne," was the surly reply.

"Here, take mine," said the delegate, not minding the rebuff. "Let me bathe your face, it will be refreshing to you;" and he wiped the fevered forehead.

"I'm sorry I came up here to fight you men of the North. If you were an angel you could not be more kind to me," said the sick man.

One of the delegates, Mr. Hussey, was taken prisoner by the enemy on the battle-field of Chickamauga, sent to Richmond, and imprisoned in Castle Thunder. When the Confederate prisoners confined on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, heard of it, they signed a letter stating what the delegates of the Commission were doing for them, and sent it to Richmond; but before it reached the authorities Mr. Hussey had been set at liberty, because he was a non-combatant, and because the Christian Commission cared for Union and Confederate soldiers alike. Out of the correspondence came permission from the Richmond authorities for the sending of boxes of clothing to the prisoners on Belle Isle, and in Libby Prison. So the Christian sentiment of the country shone resplendent above the strife of the conflict.

In Castle Thunder, Richmond, many Southerners were incarcerated who had been arrested because they were still loyal to the Union. They never had had a trial, but had been seized and thrust into prison by the Confederate authorities. Eight hundred men, mostly from Virginia, East Tennessee, and North Carolina, who had refused to give their allegiance to Jefferson Davis, were thus confined. They received but one meal a day—half a loaf of bread and two ounces of meat. They had no clothing except what they were wearing when they were arrested. They had no blankets or bedding of any kind, but were compelled to lie upon the bare floors. Once every three weeks the floors were washed, and they were

allowed to go into the prison yard for a breath of fresh air. They never had a chance to wash themselves. One man had no clothing except a piece of rag carpet. One, a minister of the Gospel, was nearly naked. While a prisoner, news came to him that four of his children had died; but, notwithstanding his sufferings, he would not accept his liberty by swearing allegiance to the Confederate Government.(')

No historic page will ever record the hardship and suffering endured at the hands of the Confederate Government by men of the South who refused to surrender their allegiance to the Union. To these men, and the Union soldiers confined in the same building, twenty-one boxes of clothing were sent by the Christian Commission.(') During the years 1863 and 1864 more than one-half million dollars' worth of supplies were distributed in the hospitals and armies. Where there were permanent encampments neat and tasteful chapels for religious services were erected by the soldiers. At Brandy Station, during the winter, while the



WORKING FOR THE FAIR.

Army of the Potomac was preparing for the great campaign under General Grant, there was a deep religious interest. Sunday morning there was public worship. In the afternoon there were classes for studying the Bible, and in the evening meetings for prayer. During the weekday evenings there were lyceums for debate, also spelling and singing schools.(') The generals in command of corps, divisions, and brigades, and other officers, were truly grateful to the delegates of the Commission, who by these meetings made it all the easier for them to maintain discipline in their commands.

During the months of 1863, after the great battles at Gettysburg and in the west, the disbursements of the Sanitary Commission were much larger than the receipts. The Commission could not expect another great contri-

bution from California, but looked with confidence to the people who had sent their sons to the war to continue the charities.

An appeal was issued setting forth what had been done, and the beneficence of the work. "If means be freely supplied," read the address, "the

work of the Commission will be kept up; if not, it will be abandoned. To keep it up not less than two hundred and

fifty thousand dollars must be raised before February 1, 1864." The people were not willing that the work should cease; the sick and wounded must be cared for, and the war must go on till the authority of the United States was re-established in every revolted State, and the last slave set free; for the struggle was no longer to maintain the Union, but to exterminate that which had caused the war.

On the last Thursday of November, and on the following Sunday, the days on which the people gave thanks for the blessings bestowed by Almighty God, contributions were made in churches, and money began to

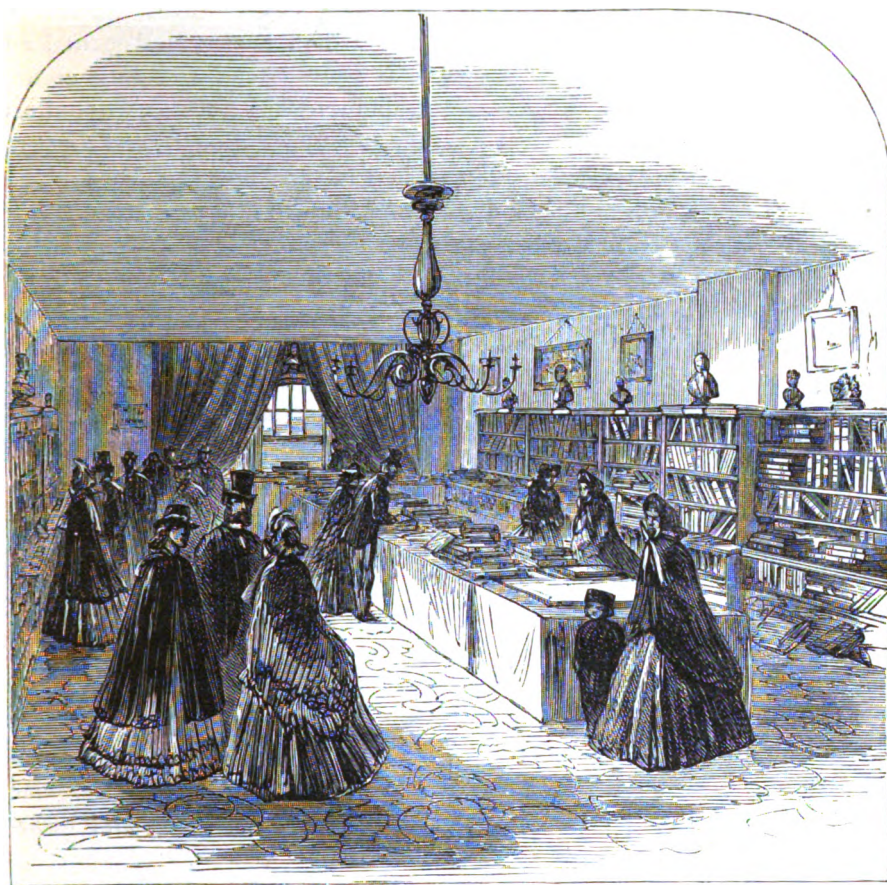
flow once more into the treasuries of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; while all the railroad trains were loaded with gifts of food, delicacies, and clothing. Then came the Christmas-gifts—the outpouring of sympathy and charity on the gladdest day of the year.

Fairs were held in cities, towns, villages, and hamlets by the people, who seemed to be moved by a common impulse. The great metropolitan fair opened in New York. A building was erected on Union Square. Rich men

gave their money; merchants contributed goods; manufacturers sent their wares; workmen gave their labor. Men and women occupying positions of honor and trust in society and public affairs thought it an honor to do menial work in so noble a charity. Major-General Dix was president. Ladies accustomed to ride in their carriages, attended by footmen, became



AT THE FAIR.



BOOK DEPARTMENT.

saleswomen in the booths and stalls. On the day of its opening Broadway, and the other streets through which the procession of ten thousands troops marched, was a sea of flags. The great exhibition hall, two hundred and fifty feet square, was crowded in every part with articles for sale. It was opened with prayer, and the formal presentation made of the building and all its contents to the women of New York. A great chorus sang "The Star-spangled Banner," and the vast audience joined in the doxology. So, with becoming religious services the gifts were fittingly consecrated, as to a righteous, holy cause. In the art gallery were gathered the choicest works of art from the homes of the rich, valued at half a million dollars, freely loaned for the occasion. Every trade and occupation had its booth.

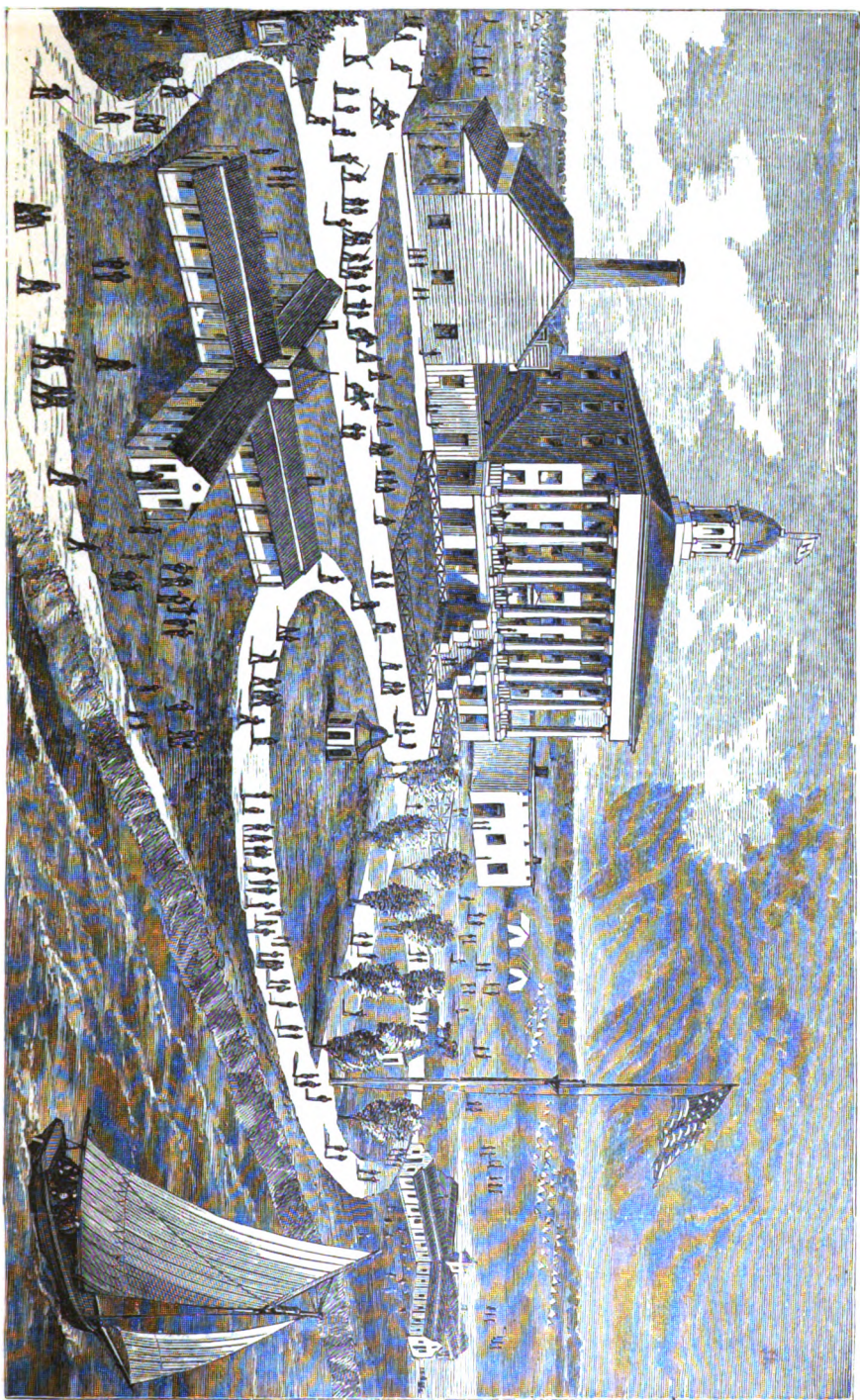
The children had a department for the sale of toys, dolls, rocking-horses, drums, trumpets, and confectionery. The Dutch housewives opened an old-time kitchen—with its wide-mouthed fireplace and swinging crane, hooks, trammels, pots, kettles, bake-oven, spinning-wheel, festoons of onions hanging from the rafters—where old-time breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were served. Whatever could be purchased in the stores and shops of the great city could be had in this edifice. Americans in other lands sent their contributions. More than this, people in England, Germany, France, and Italy, who, by a common instinct, had come to a comprehension of the fact that the soldiers of the Union were fighting a battle in behalf of all mankind, sent their contributions to aid in a charity so beneficent.

Philadelphia, imitating the example of New York, opened a fair in June, in a building erected on Logan Square. With like energy and enthusiasm the people of Pennsylvania sent in their contributions. In Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, buildings were erected and fairs held. The enthusiasm was felt in every village. Women, bedridden, helpless save with their fingers, worked with needle and thread, with busy brain and loving hearts, that the soldiers, with life wasting away in the hospitals, might have every possible care and comfort. More than eighty thousand dollars was poured into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission from the Chicago fair. Two million seven hundred thousand dollars came into the central treasury.

While the people of the United States were thus caring for the sick and wounded, the surgeons and officers of the armies of Europe were holding meetings at Geneva, Switzerland, and resolving that "popular unofficial relief to armies in active service was mischievous and disorganizing." (*)

Not so did generals Grant and Sherman, and the other great commanders, regard these efforts, but with thankfulness and gratitude. There was no clashing of authority, nor jealousy, but harmony of action, between the surgeons in charge of the hospitals and the delegates of the two Commissions, illustrating the wide difference between the administration of affairs by a government which derives all its authority from the people and one which is a monarchy, with privileges and prerogatives for the few. Instead of disorganizing the armies, the help and sympathy of the people contributed greatly to their valor.

The two Commissions supplied pens, ink, paper, and envelopes to the soldiers in the trenches before Petersburg and during the siege of Atlanta. The Government established its army postal service. Thus the soldier was kept in constant communication with friends at home. While serving as soldier he did not cease to be a citizen, but his interest was kept



MILITARY HOSPITAL, FORTRESS MONROE.

alive in all matters relating to civil life, and he ever looked forward to the hour when the Rebellion would be crushed, and when he could become once more a peaceful citizen.

Soldiers' Homes were established in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and in other cities, where troops going to or returning from the army could find shelter for the night and food ; where they could write letters to friends, read the newspapers and books while



DINNER IN THE HOME, HOWARD STREET, NEW YORK.

resting. Women and girls, who wanted to do something for their country, became waiters. Many a sick or wounded soldier, weary, worn, and possibly discouraged, felt his strength and courage return as he received food and nourishment in these homes. The people gave freely of their money to support them—not the rich alone, but men and women who worked for their own daily bread.

During the four years of the war \$4,492,000 in money was paid into the treasury of the Central Sanitary Commission, besides supplies valued at fifteen millions. In addition, several millions were contributed to the

branch treasuries. It is estimated that the total amount of money and supplies was not less than thirty million dollars.

Very tender and pathetic the scenes witnessed by the delegates representing the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. This the picture portrayed by one of the delegates at Belle Plain, on the Potomac, amid the wounded brought from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania fields: "Heavy rains had made the soft Virginia soil sloughs of mud to the wheel-hubs. Three or four thousand wounded had been discharged, and the numbers were every hour increasing. News also came of another train, three miles in length, now due from Fredericksburg. We could only do a little, and, in this vast aggregate of suffering, how trifling this little seemed! A kitchen was hastily established; our stores were ample—coffee, milk, whiskey, sugar, lemons, crackers—and we were soon ready to move among the men with soothing drinks, which gave them new strength and courage. The rain kept pouring down upon these shelterless thousands; the ground was like a sponge. Fires were started upon the hill-sides, and in the evening were gleaming with their cheerful warmth, while the wounded were accepting their lot with a patience which was a new revelation every hour. When a slice of bread was offered to a soldier suffering from an amputation he said, 'Pass it along; *he* needs it more than I do,' pointing to a comrade near him who had not tasted food for several days.'"(*)

I was in Fredericksburg one morning when a train of ambulances reaching several miles wound slowly down the steep hill-side. There was so much misery, woe, and suffering that I laid aside the pen, and became for that day a nurse amid the wounded, walking from ambulance to ambulance with a pail filled with milk-punch and a basket of soft bread, giving to Union and Confederate alike. Years have passed since that day, but in memory I still hear the words, "God bless you," that came from fevered lips; and still in memory I behold the looks of wonder and surprise that overspread the sunburnt cheeks of those who fought for the Confederate flag. Every church and public edifice, all the large warehouses, and hundreds of private dwellings were hospitals. The gardens on that May morning were fragrant with roses, honeysuckles, tulips, columbines, and stars of Bethlehem, but amid the beauty and fragrance of nature was the sad and terrible havoc which war had made—ten thousand wounded men, hundreds of dying and dead. With so many thousands needing help, the nurses and stewards of the hospital corps would have been powerless to care for a very large proportion. The house of Mr. Marye, before which the battle of Fredericksburg had been fought in 1862, was filled with wounded. A delegate of the Sanitary Commission was in attendance



FIELD HOSPITAL, AT PETERSBURG.

there, and has pictured this scene: "In one corner, upon a stretcher, lay a soldier whose open, manly face, high forehead, and clear intelligent eye bespoke an excellent character. He was wounded through the lungs, and breathed only with sharp stitches of pain. I recall his cheerful courage, pleasant companionship, his bright smile, which seemed to light up that room of suffering and death with radiance from the other world. I know from the calm, even triumphant, faith with which he endured his sufferings that he was prepared for whatever the kindly providence of God should send. Another lad in a corner was propped up by a bed-rest, and was slowly wasting away. We kept him alive with stimulants, and could not but feel that this effort was a mockery. He was always uncomplaining, could never express too much gratitude for all our care, although he knew he was past all healing; and at last, when it became necessary to move him, the good angels took him gently to the loving Father's arms." (")

One man said, in answer to a question about the pain and suffering, "All this I can bear; but when I think of the tender-hearted people who come so far to care for us I cannot keep back the tears."

"Put on me a clean white shirt, wash and shave me, and put two white roses in my hands, and, boys, keep on fighting for the flag; bear all things, suffer all things, but never give it up," were the farewell words. And then the hands were crossed in the sleep of death upon his breast. The last wish was granted. Clean and white the clothing, beautiful the manly brow, fragrant the perfume of the roses in the pulseless hands at the burial hour. In life he gave all his strength to his country; in death he became a benediction to his fellow-men.

The activity of the Sanitary Commission was such that in sixty days the following articles of clothing were issued in the hospitals: quilts, 30,197; blankets, 13,500; sheets, 42,945; pillows, 33,877; pillow-cases, 49,906; pillow-ticks, 2369; bed-ticks, 11,716; shirts, 87,994; drawers, 48,363; socks, 80,322; slippers, 14,984; handkerchiefs, 43,606; towels, 65,164; wrappers, 10,235; flannel bands, 3684. (")

Condensed milk, arrow-root, and canned fruits were issued by the ton. Vessels came from Maine loaded with ice. Very grateful the dripping of ice-water upon festering wounds. Men blessed the Commission with their dying breath. Men who in camp and on the march were profane, and regardless of decency, became quiet, patient, and refined under the sweetness and calm of the kind-hearted men and women who supplemented the work of the nurses of the medical corps. The Stars and Stripes in the hospitals were displayed so that the sick and wounded could see the flag that

was so dear to them. One soldier who had been brave in battle, who had received his death-wound, and whose life was slowly ebbing away, gazed upon it, and then, with faltering hand, wrote these heart-felt lines :

"I lay me down to sleep, with little thought or care
Whether my waking find me here or there!

A bowing, burdened head, that only asks to rest
Unquestioning upon a loving breast.

My good right hand forgets its cunning now;
To march the weary march I know not how.

I am not eager, bold, nor strong · all that is past.
I am ready not to do, at last, at last.

My half day's work is done, and this is all my part:
I give a patient God my patient heart,

And grasp His banner still, though all its blue be dim:
These stripes, no less than stars, lead after Him."⁽¹³⁾

With sweet patience and content he passed into the light of the eternal morning.

Every tender influence possible was brought to bear upon the soldiers to counteract the immoralities, temptations, and demoralization incident to army life. Very effective to that end were the "comfort bags" made by deft fingers of women and girls throughout the country, containing needles, thread, pins, buttons, little papers of pepper, cloves, tea, tobacco, together with letters written to whoever might come in possession of the articles—words of sympathy, cheer, and gratitude. "It is so nice to be remembered," said a little white-haired lad, with his transparent lip wasted by fever, as he held up the little gift that had come to him. So the great heart of the nation reached out after those who were giving their lives that it might not perish.

Knowing the thirst of the soldiers for news, the Christian Commission distributed four hundred thousand newspapers per month in the hospitals and in the army. For the benefit of convalescents a library was placed in every hospital, and one upon every ship of war, that the sailors lying listlessly off Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, and Mobile (watching with eagle eyes for blockade runners) when off duty might have good reading. The contributions to the Christian Commission amounted to more than six million dollars.⁽¹⁴⁾

The power of any force—moral and religious as well as mechanical—



THE CHRISTIAN AND SANITARY COMMISSION.

is in proportion to the directness of its application. I recall a hot, dry, sultry Sunday. The sun shone from a brazen sky. The grass and shrubs were scorched, withered, and powdered with dust, which rose in clouds behind every passing wagon. Even the aspens were motionless, and there was not air enough to stir the long, lithe needles of the pines. The birds of the forest sought the deepest shade, and hushed even their twitter. It was difficult for men in robust health to breathe, and they picked out the coolest places and gave themselves up to the languor of the hour. It required an earnest effort to do anything. Yet through this blazing day men crouched in the trenches from morning till night, or lay in their shallow rifle-pits, watching the enemy—parched, broiled, burned, not daring to raise their heads or lift their hands. To do so was to suffer death or wounds.

The hospital tents, though pitched in the woods, were like ovens, absorbing and holding the heat of the sun, whose rays the branches of the trees but partially excluded. Upon the ground lay the sick and wounded, fevered and sore, with energies exhausted, perspiration oozing from their faces, nerves quivering and trembling, pulses faint and feeble, and life ebbing away. Their beds were pine boughs. They lay as they came from the battle-field, wearing their soiled, torn, and bloody garments, and tantalized by myriads of flies.

The surgeons in charge were kind-hearted and attentive. They used all means in their power to make their patients comfortable. Was this the place where the sick were to regain their health, far from home and friends? With nothing to cheer them, hope was dying out, and despondency setting in; and memory, ever busy, was picturing the dear old home scenes, so painfully in contrast with their dismal present.

It was the Lord's day, and there were many among the suffering thousands who had been accustomed to observe the day as one of worship and rest from toil and care. In imagination they heard the pealing of church-bells, the grand and solemn music of the organ, or the hum of children's voices in the Sunday-school.

There were no clouds to shut out the sun, but the brazen dome of the sky glowed with steady heat. The Christian Commission tent had been besieged all day by soldiers, who wanted onions, pickles, lemons, oranges—anything sour, anything to tempt the taste. A box of oranges had been brought from City Point the night before, and I volunteered to distribute the fruit.

Some of the wounded were lying down, with eyes closed, faces pale, and cheeks sunken. Some were half reclining on their elbows, bolstered

by knapsacks, and looking into vacancy—thinking, perhaps, of home and kin, and wondering if they would ever see them again. Others were reading papers which delegates of the Commission had distributed. Some of the poor fellows had but one leg; others but the stump of a thigh or an arm, with the lightest possible dressing to keep down the fever. Yesterday those men, in the full tide of life, stood in the trenches confronting the enemy. Now they were shattered wrecks, having, perhaps, wife and children or parents dependent upon them; with no certainty of support for themselves even but the small pay from Government which they had earned at such fearful sacrifice. But their future would be brightened with the proud consciousness of duty done and country saved—the surviving soldier's chief recompense for all the toil and suffering and privation of the camp and field.

As I entered the tent they caught a sight of the golden fruit. There was an instant commotion. Those half asleep rubbed their eyes, those partially reclining sat up, those lying with their backs towards me turned over to see what was going on, those so feeble that they could not move asked what was the matter. They gazed wistfully; their eyes gleamed, but not one of them asked for an orange. They waited. Through the stern discipline of war they had learned to be patient, to endure, to remain in suspense, to stand still and be torn to pieces by cannon-shot.

"Would you like an orange, sir?"

"Thank you."

It was all he could say. He was lying upon his back. A minie-bullet had passed through his body, and he could not be moved. Tears moistened his eyes and rolled down his sunken cheeks as he took it from my hand.

"It is a gift of the Christian Commission, and I accept your thanks for those who made the contribution."

"Bully for the Christian Commission!" shouted a wide-awake jolly soldier near by, with an ugly wound in his left arm.

"Thank you." "God bless the Commission!" "I say, Bill, aren't they bully?" were the expressions I heard behind me.

In one of the wards I came upon a soldier who had lost his leg the day before. He was lying upon his side; he was robust, healthy, strong, and brave. The hours dragged heavily. He was stabbing his knife into a chip with nervous energy, trying to forget the pain, to bridge over the lonely hours, and shut the gloom out of the future. I touched his elbow; he looked up.

"Would you like an orange?"

"By jingo! that is worth a hundred dollars!"

He grasped it as a drowning man clutches a chip.

"Where did this come from?"

"The Christian Commission had a box arrive last night."

"The Christian Commission? My wife belongs to that. She wrote to me about it last week—that they met to make shirts for the Commission."

"Then you have a wife?"

"Yes, sir, and three children." (")

His voice faltered. Ah! the soldier never forgets home. He dashed away a tear, took in a long breath, and was strong again.

"I have a snug little home," he said, "upon the banks of the Connecticut; but I told my wife that I didn't feel just right to stay there when I was needed out here, and so I came, and here I am. I shall write home, and tell Mary about the Christian Commission. I have been wishing all day that I had an orange; I knew it was no use to wish. I didn't suppose there was one in camp; besides, here I am, not able to move a peg. I thank you, sir, for bringing it. I shall tell my wife all about it."

We are not to think that the people of the South did nothing for the welfare and comfort of the soldiers of the Confederacy. When the war began there was an outburst of fiery enthusiasm throughout that section for uniforming and equipping the troops. The people had been taught by the political leaders to believe that the best form of society was that which recognized slavery as a beneficent institution—which had been divinely ordained of God for the welfare of the human race. So it came about that ministers of the Gospel, doctors of divinity, professors in colleges, and good men sincerely believed that the people of the Northern States were violating the rights of the people of the slave-holding States. When troops were called for, the best young men of the Confederacy responded instantly and took their places in the ranks. Of four companies first enlisting from Georgia three of the captains were members of churches. A regiment stationed near Portsmouth, Va., 1861, numbered more than four hundred members of churches upon its muster-roll. The Rock-bridge Artillery Company, from the Shenandoah Valley, had in its ranks seven men who had received the degree of Master of Arts, together with nineteen students who were studying theology, besides forty-two college graduates. (")

When the war began the President of Hampden-Sidney College organized a company and was chosen its captain. Nearly all the men in the ranks were members of churches. The students of Washington College formed a company and chose Professor White captain, who taught them

Greek. The enlisting of such men could but awaken the enthusiasm of the women of the South, and so wives, mothers, and maidens at the beginning were giving their energies to making uniforms rather than to the preparation of hospital supplies. The Southern people believed that the war would soon be over—one or two battles, and the North would yield. Not till after the battle of Bull Run did they comprehend that something must be done for the sick and wounded. The enthusiasm which was spending itself in preparing uniforms could not be at once turned to procuring hospital supplies. The women of Warrenton, Richmond, and other towns in Virginia were the first to engage in the work. The sick and wounded were in their homes, and they needed no one to tell them of the misery and suffering. They became at once ministering angels. As the war went on the women of other States gave themselves to caring for the sick and wounded, but there was no grand effort, no central organization, no concentration of energy, as in the North. There were local societies; there was tender individual service, but at no time such wide-spread and intense interest as characterized the Sanitary and Christian Commissions of the North.

The largest portion of the wealth of the South was in land and slaves. There were few industries. As the war went on slave property began to lose its value; the markets of the world were closed to the Southern people, except through the coming and going of blockade-runners. The currency of the South—that which at the beginning was accepted as money—was nearly as worthless as waste-paper. Out of their increasing poverty the Southern people contributed as they could to relieve the sick and wounded.

Before the outbreak of the Rebellion few books were published in the South. With the firing of the first shot at Fort Sumter commerce ceased, and there came a dearth of literature. In another volume ("Marching to Victory") we have seen how the merchants, manufacturers, and titled aristocracy of England sympathized with the Confederate States. The British and Foreign Bible Society contributed fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Bibles to the Confederate army. It did not occur to the managers of that society to send a like amount to the Union army; but the American Bible Society, having its headquarters in New York, not only supplied the Union soldiers with Bibles and Testaments, but gave one hundred thousand to Governor Vance, of North Carolina, under flag of truce, for distribution among the Confederate soldiers, and also sent fifty thousand copies to the Confederate armies at Atlanta.

So, above the clash of arms and the turmoil of the great struggle,

echoed the angelic song first heard above the green pastures of Bethlehem,
"Good-will to men."

NOTES TO CHAPTER X.

- (¹) Report of the Sanitary Commission.
- (²) *Idem*.
- (³) *Christian World*, March 15, 1880.
- (⁴) Young Men's Christian Association, "Second Annual Report," p. 15.
- (⁵) Rev. John Henry's statement, Christian Commission Report.
- (⁶) Christian Commission Report.
- (⁷) Rev. A. H. Reed, chaplain Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, to George A. Stuart.
- (⁸) "History of the Sanitary Commission," p. 48.
- (⁹) W. H. Reed, "Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac," p. 15.
- (¹⁰) *Idem*, p. 24.
- (¹¹) *Idem*, p. 30.
- (¹²) Sanitary Commission Report.
- (¹³) W. H. Reed, "Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac," p. 66.
- (¹⁴) Annals of the Christian Commission.
- (¹⁵) Author's Note-book.
- (¹⁶) Rev. J. W. Jones, "Christ in the Army," p. 21.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "ALBEMARLE."

IN 1862 the Union fleets and troops obtained possession of Newbern and other places bordering Albemarle and Pamlico sounds in North Carolina. ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 177.) The Confederates had made several attempts to recapture Newbern, but without success. In the summer of 1863 two citizens living at Edwards Ferry, on the Roanoke River, sent a letter to Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, informing him that they had built flat-boats, and they thought that they could construct a vessel which, if plated with iron, might clear the sounds of the light-draught wooden gunboats of the Union troops. (') Mr. Mallory turned the proposition over to Capt. J. W. Cooke, who consulted with Mr. J. L. Porter, the Chief Constructor of the Confederate Navy. They were men of great energy and ability. Mr. Porter drew a plan for a vessel, and Captain Cooke soon had a company of wood-choppers and carpenters at work on the banks of the Roanoke, hewing timber and floating it to Edwards Ferry. (') The place on which the vessel was to be constructed was on the bank of the river, in a cornfield.

"Covering many a rood of ground
Lay the timber piled around—
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak;
And scattered here and there with these
The knarred and crooked cedar knees,
Brought from regions far away—
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke.
Ah, what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!"

Captain Cooke had no difficulty in finding carpenters sufficiently skilled to hew the timbers and set up the frame of the vessel, but to obtain engines and propellers, and iron for the plating, was a far different problem. He visited the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond, and the Clarendon Works at Wilmington, and railroad shops, to obtain plates, bolts, and bars. He was so earnest that people called him "Ironmonger



GUNBOATS ON THE ROANOKE.

Cooke," but shook their heads to let him know they doubted his ability to build a craft which would be a match for the vessels of the Union fleet. (*) The plan as devised by Mr. Porter was for a ship one hundred and twenty-two feet in length and forty-five feet wide, in shape somewhat like the Union gunboats on the Mississippi, to be covered with four inches of iron, and carry four cannon. It was to be propelled by two engines and screws. Admiral Lee, commanding the Union fleet, knew what was going on, and sent this to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy :

"The iron-clad on the Roanoke River, at Edwards Ferry, forty miles above Rainbow Bluff, is considered by Lieutenant Flusser as a formidable affair though of light draught. The fortifications (Confederate) at Rainbow

Bluff, and the low state of the river, make it impracticable for the navy to destroy her before completion, which is reported near. I have made written

Aug. 8, 1863. application to Major-General Peck to send out an expedition to accomplish this very desirable object if practicable.”(°)

Secretary Welles urged Secretary Stanton, of the War Department, to send a body of troops to Edwards Ferry. General Foster was in command of the forces in North Carolina, and though Admiral Lee several times urged him to send men up the river to burn the vessel, no action was taken. He informed Admiral Lee that he “was not concerned in regard to the rebel ram.”(°)

It would not have been a difficult undertaking for General Foster, in conjunction with the gunboats, to have attempted the destruction of the vessel, for the Confederates had no large body of troops in that section of North Carolina. A military commander must never be indifferent to any operation of his enemy, as General Foster sadly learned.

We have already seen in this history that the war was a conflict between Slavery and Freedom; that slave-holders looked with contempt upon men who constructed engines and worked in foundries. Before the war they called them “mud sills” and “greasy mechanics.” So it came about that Captain Cooke had no end of difficulty in constructing the two engines, each of two hundred horse-power, to work the two screws of his craft. He obtained parts of several old engines, and fitted them together as best he could.(°) Winter went by, and the flowers were in bloom, and the forest growing green under the influence of the April sun before he could get ready for the launching.

After many delays, for want of suitable mechanics, the *Albemarle* was afloat and in condition for service, carrying four guns, with Captain Cooke in command.

April 17, 1864.

Plymouth, on the southern bank of the Roanoke, where the river broadens into Albemarle Sound, was held by a body of Union troops under General Wessels. Two gunboats were there, the *Southfield* and the *Miami*, also a smaller craft, the *Bombshell*.

Intrenchments had been erected on the banks of the river and around the town, containing twenty-five pieces of artillery and fifteen hundred men. Piles had been driven in the river above the town to prevent the passage of the *Albemarle*.

General Hoke, commanding a division of troops, appeared before the town of Plymouth to act in concert with that vessel in its capture. Through the day the Confederate iron-clad was drifting down-stream. The river was very high, for heavy rains had

April 18, 1864.

fallen. As the sun went down Captain Cooke dropped anchor three miles above the town, to prepare for battle.

The Union troops had built a fortification at Warren's Bluff, one mile above the town, which mounted several heavy guns. The obstructions had been placed opposite the fort. Mr. Elliot, who had charge of the construction of the iron-clad, went down-stream in a small boat, and sounded the channel. He found that the freshet had raised the water so that the vessel could glide safely over the piles that had been driven to obstruct its passage.

It was one o'clock in the morning when he returned. In a very short time all was ready, and the *Albemarle* in motion. The Union cannon opened fire, but the balls bounded from her sides as pebbles from a rock. (*)

April 19, 1864.

The cannon awakened the people of Plymouth. The soldiers of both armies were expecting a battle, for they knew that the iron-clad was in the river above the town. The Union commander placed his two gunboats, the *Miami* and the *Southfield*, side by side, and lashed them together. Capt. C. W. Flusser, of the *Miami*, who had the direction of affairs, thought that if he could manage to get the *Albemarle* between the two, he could soon send her to the bottom. Captain Cooke determined not to be thus caught. He steered close to the southern shore till nearly abreast the two gunboats, then turned suddenly, and with all possible speed rushed towards them, striking the *Southfield*, crushing its side as if it had been an egg-shell. Almost before the crew could comprehend what had happened they found themselves sinking, and a moment later disappeared beneath the waters of the sound. The chains which lashed her to the *Miami* parted with the lurch, but the beak of the *Albemarle* was still in the side of the sinking vessel, and the foreward end of the iron-clad settled till the water poured into the port-holes. (*) The muzzles of the cannon of the gunboat were so near the iron-clad that a piece of shell rebounding killed Captain Flusser. Although he had fallen, an attempt was made to board the Confederate vessel, but Captain Cooke skilfully prevented it, and the *Miami*, unable to cope single-handed with her antagonist, fell down below Plymouth.

The artillery of General Hoke opened upon the Union breastworks. General Ransom's brigade charged upon the intrenchments, but suffered a loss of more than five hundred men. Through the day the battle went on. The *Albemarle* sent an enfilading and destructive fire along the trenches. There was no hope of relief for General Wessels, for he could not escape, and was obliged to surrender.

Sept. 20, 1864.

So it came about that, through the unconcern of General Foster in regard to the iron-clad while under construction, fifteen hundred troops and twenty-five cannon fell into the hands of the Confederates, and the *Southfield*, with many of her crew, was lying beneath the waters of the sound.

The Union fleet in Albemarle Sound consisted of the *Sassacus*, *Miami*, *Wyalusing*, *Mattabessett*, *Whitehead*, and *Commodore Hull*. The first

named was called a "double-ender," being built to steam forward or backward, and was armed with four nine-inch guns

and two 100-pound rifled cannon. The *Miami* carried a torpedo upon a spar projecting from the prow, together with a net, by which the propeller of the *Albemarle* might be clogged to prevent its working. The iron-clad, together with the *Bombshell*, which had been sunk by a Confederate shell, but which had been raised and manned by Captain Cooke, advanced, with the steamer *Cotton Plant*, to attack the Union gunboats under the command of Capt. Melancthon Smith, who saw the bow port of the Confederate vessel open, then came a flash, a cloud of smoke, and a shell swept across the deck of the *Mattabessett*, wounding six men. The iron-clad attempted to send the gunboat to the bottom by crushing its side, but missed its aim.

The *Sassacus* let fly her 100-pound solid shot, but the gunners might just as well have fired a blank-cartridge. The *Bombshell* came within range, and the Union gunners quickly riddled her hull.

"Haul down your flag, or we will blow you out of the water!" shouted one of the men of the aft pivot-gun, as he stood with the lanyard in hand ready to fire, and the flag was quickly pulled down. (*)

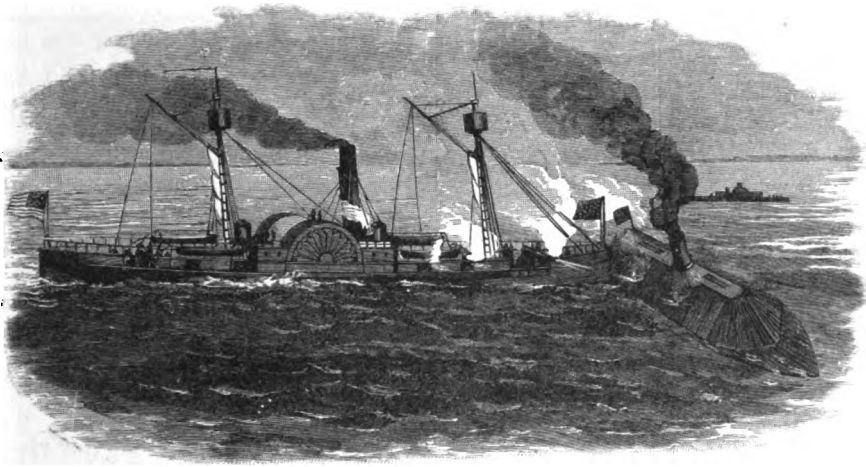
The *Sassacus* was a quarter of a mile distant from the iron-clad. Lieut.-Commander Roe noticed that his 100-pound shot made no impression, and he concluded he would see what could be done by rushing with the utmost possible speed upon his antagonist. "Use cotton-waste and oil," his command to the firemen; and the grimy men down by the furnaces hurriedly thrust this combustible, saturated with oil, beneath the boiler, when a huge column of black smoke began to roll out from the smoke-stack.

"Give her all the steam she can carry," his command to the engineer; and that officer pulls open the throttles to let the full head of steam into the cylinders.

"Lay her course for the junction of the casemate and the hull," the order to acting Sailing-master Boutelle, who pulls the bell-cord, and the gong down in the engineer's room rings out four blows—the signal to go

ahead ; and then, with the superheated steam from the burning waste, the vessel rushes through the water.

"Down, all hands!" and the sailors and gunners fall upon the deck ; for, unless they do so, the shock will send them reeling from their feet. (") There comes a crash, and the men on the iron-clad are hurled against the side of the casemate, but spring to their posts, open the ports, and send a shell through the gunboat. Again a flash, and a second shell goes through the boiler, filling the engine-room and hold of the *Sassacus* with scalding steam. The Confederates attempt to leap on board, while water is pouring



THE "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE "ALBEMARLE."

in with the force of a torrent. "The ship is sinking!" the cry. "Repel boarders!" the command ; and then comes the rattle of muskets, exploding of grenades, shouts, yells, and curses, mingled with the cries and wailing of scalded seamen. Both vessels are enveloped by the dense cloud of smoke and steam.

Night comes, the combat ceases, and the *Albemarle*, wrenched and shattered, makes its way slowly up the river to Plymouth, its smoke-stack so badly riddled that there is little draught of air beneath the boiler. One cannon had been disabled. The *Sassacus* was still afloat.

Through the summer no other attempt was made by the Confederates to destroy the Union war ships. The authorities at Washington knew that another iron-clad was building, and it was feared that if completed the two would be able to destroy all of the gunboats. There was not

water enough on the bar at Hatteras Inlet to permit the passage of any of the Union iron-clads.

A young officer—Lieut. Wm. B. Cushing—was thinking the while what might possibly be done, and submitted a plan to Admiral Lee. It was to rig a spar, with one hundred pounds of dynamite at its outer end, to the bow of a swift-going steam-launch, run up the Roanoke River by night, steering straight for the iron-clad, lower the spar, and explode the dynamite beneath the hull. An open boat, thirty feet long, with a steam-engine was taken with much difficulty from Hampton Roads through the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal. The spar was fourteen feet in length, hinged to the bow of the boat, raised a little above the water, and held in position by a rope that ran over a pulley on the top of a post. By lowering the rope the farther end of the spar, with the ball of dynamite, could be lowered beneath the surface of the water. By pulling a second cord the torpedo could be detached, and by pulling a third it could be exploded.

Lieutenant Cushing was very cool and brave. He wanted only a few men to go with him—seven in all. All knew that it would be a desperate undertaking—that quite likely none of them would return; but the danger and risk stimulated the desire to be of the party. Confederate soldiers were patrolling the banks of the river up which they must steam eight miles before reaching the iron-clad, and several thousand soldiers were in camp at Plymouth.

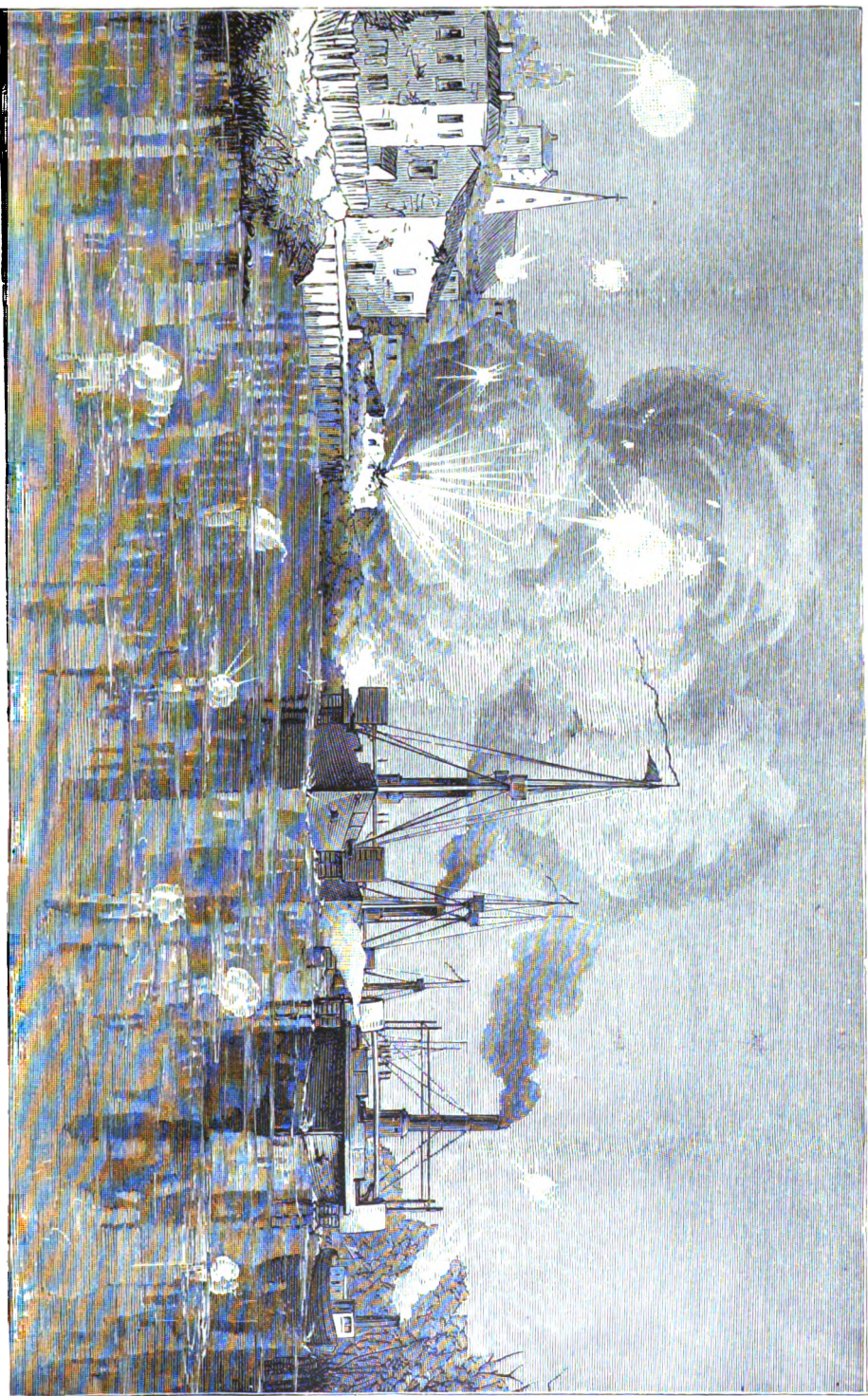
It was near midnight when the little steam-launch entered the river from the sound with two boats in tow, each containing ten men, armed with revolvers, cutlasses, and grenades. Lieutenant Cushing
Oct. 27, 1864. had been in the town, and was acquainted with the streets and wharves. He decided to land at the lower wharf, creep through the streets, leap on board the iron-clad, and surprise the officers and crew. The helm turned, and the launch glided towards the wharf.

"What boat is that?" the hail from the *Albemarle*.

No reply went back.

"What boat is that?" sharper than before. Thoughts come quickly to that young man standing in the bow, with several ropes in his hands. Quick as a flash his plans are changed.

"Cast off!" (") It is a quiet order to the men, and the two boats drift slowly away. He can see the iron-clad looming before him. Muskets flash from her port-holes, from the deck, from the shore. He can hear a commotion—men running, orders shouted. Bullets whiz past him. He discovers that a raft of logs has been placed around the iron-clad to



THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH.
From a sketch made at the time.

protect it from such an attack as he is attempting. A cool pulse beats beneath the palms grasping the cords. Once more the inventive brain, in this unlooked-for emergency, changes in an instant the details of the plan. Not for a moment does he think of abandoning what he has undertaken. He sees what may possibly be accomplished, comprehends the difficulties



LIEUT. WM. B. CUSHING.

that confront him, and decides what to do. Logs that have been lying in water become slimy. He will steam out into the river, turn about, and drive straight at them with all steam on. When the prow of the launch strikes the timbers it will be lifted out of the water and glide over them—that the reasoning.

Once more the helm turns, and the launch glides out into the darkness, circling round till the spar points straight at the iron-clad. He knows that once over the logs the boat can never return. Confederate muskets are flashing the while. One bullet tears away the back of his coat, another rips off the sole of his shoe.

"What boat is that?"⁽¹⁾ again the hail. Lieutenant Cushing pulls a cord running to the hammer of the howitzer in the bow of the boat. There is a flash, and a charge of canister cuts the air around the Confederates. The launch strikes the raft, and the keel glides over the slimy logs into the water beyond. The muzzle of a cannon is right before him. He can hear the officers on the iron-clad giving orders. The spar drops beneath the water; a pull of the cord in his right hand, and the torpedo drops from the spar. He waits a moment. A bullet cuts across his left hand. He pulls a third cord. A cannon flashes within six feet of his face, and the air is filled with shot, but the *Albemarle* rises, together with a great column of water, then goes down. The torpedo has done its work.

"Surrender!" the shout from the shore. He is not there to surrender. He has accomplished what he undertook to do, and the iron-clad is lying on her side—with shattered hull filled with water—never again to take part in battle.

"Save yourselves!" the word to the seven men. The young lieutenant throws aside sword, pistols, shoes, and coat, and plunges into the water. The Confederates put out in boats to take them prisoners, but they strike boldly out into the river. One man, with a despairing cry, goes down when near the farther shore; the others are captured. Lieutenant Cushing can hear the Confederates speak his name, but they do not see him. Weak, exhausted, chilled, he reaches the shore. A fire has been kindled to illuminate the river. He can see them running to and fro. He sees a sentinel walking the parapet of one of the forts, and he must pass an open space for forty feet right under his eye. He makes a dash, but is only half-way across as the sentinel turns towards him. In an instant he is lying on his back amid the rushes. Four men go past him—two of them officers—so near that a single step from the path along which they walk and they would stumble over him. By lying on his back, and digging his heels into the earth, inch by inch he moves across the open space into a swamp, a tangled mass of briers and thorny shrubs. The mire is so deep that he cannot stand, and can only get on by lying down at full length and pulling himself along by grasping the thorny shrubs. Day dawned, and he found himself near a party of soldiers at work in the river, placing obstructions in the channel to prevent the Union fleet from going up to Plymouth. There was a cornfield on the bank, and under the shelter of the rows he made his way past them. He came upon a negro, and wanting to know just what had been accomplished, bargained with him to go into Plymouth, and see the condition of the iron-clad. He knew that a slave never would betray a Union soldier. He secreted him-

self, torn and bleeding as he was, till the old negro returned with the information that the vessel had "a great hole in her bottom, big enough to drive a wagon in."(") Once more he took to the swamp—a thicket so tangled and dark that he could not see ten feet in advance. The sun was his guide. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when he reached a deep and narrow stream. A path, the only one in the region, came down to the opposite bank. He saw seven soldiers, who had a boat in the creek tied to the root of a tree. He watched them a while, saw them go up the road and sit down to eat their dinner, swam across, untied the boat, floated with it silently on the sluggish current till around a bend, and then climbed in and paddled as fast as he could. The sun went down in the west, twilight deepened to darkness, and he was still paddling, but at last reached the Roanoke River. At midnight he sighted a gunboat. "Ship ahoy!" was the shout that went out over the water and reached the ears of the watch on the *Valley City*. He had paddled for ten successive hours. His body was asleep—only his arms and brain awake.

There was a commotion on the gunboat. The sailors could see a dark object in the water. Was it a torpedo floating down to blow them up? Steam was let on, and the paddle-wheels began to turn. Boats were lowered to see what it might be. No one supposed that Lieutenant Cushing was living, but that the expedition had failed and he and all the party captured or drowned.

Cheers such as sailors only can give rent the air when they lifted him from his skiff to the deck of the gunboat and heard his thrilling story. For completeness of plan, coolness, bravery, daring, and success in its execution, the destruction of the *Albemarle* has few parallels in the military history of all time.

Commodore Macomb, commanding the fleet of gunboats in the sound, determined to recapture the town of Plymouth. Instead of steaming with his fleet directly up Roanoke River, he made his way
Oct. 31, 1864. through a creek called Middle River, coming into the Roanoke two miles above the town. He had five gunboats and two tug-boats. The pilot picked his way through the obstructions which the Confederates had placed in the creek. The *Commodore Hull* was the first boat to reach the river. When the war began, the Government, being in great need of ships, purchased vessels of all descriptions, and among others several ferry-boats, which were mounted with guns. The *Commodore Hull* had carried many passengers to and fro between New York and Jersey City. As the vessel came into the Roanoke a flag waved from her deck informed those behind that the river was clear. A half-mile down-

stream was a Confederate battery. The gunboats came into line, and all their cannon flamed at once. The Confederate cannon replied, but the gunners soon fled. Other batteries farther down opened upon the gunboats. The machinery of the *Commodore Hull* became disabled. A shot cut the steering-chains of the *Shamrock*, but her cannon kept pouring canister into the intrenchments. A shell entered the magazine, and earth, planks, and timber were hurled into the air. While the boats were thus engaging the batteries soldiers were landing and forming on the shore. The engagement was soon over, the Confederates fleeing and leaving the town, their cannon, and all supplies. So, over this section of North Carolina floated once more the Stars and Stripes.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI.

- (¹) J. Thomas Schaff, "History of the Confederate States Navy," p. 402.
- (²) J. W. Cooke, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 625.
- (³) J. N. Maffitt, "Reminiscences of the Confederate Navy."
- (⁴) Despatches of Admiral Lee.
- (⁵) Idem.
- (⁶) J. N. Maffitt, "Reminiscences of the Confederate Navy."
- (⁷) Edgar Holden, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 628.
- (⁸) Gilbert Elliot, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 627.
- (⁹) Edgar Holden, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 629.
- (¹⁰) Idem.
- (¹¹) Lieut. Wm. B. Cushing, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 634.
- (¹²) Idem.
- (¹³) Idem.

CHAPTER XII.

FORT FISHER.

ONE by one the seaports of the Confederacy had fallen into the hands of the Union fleets and armies. With the taking of Savannah by the army under General Sherman only two were left—Charleston and Wilmington. The Union fleets had control of the entrance to Mobile, and no fast sailing vessel built in England could enter or depart from that port. Wilmington had become, after Richmond and Petersburg, the most important town where blockade-runners discharged their cargoes of arms, ammunition, and supplies, without which the army under General Lee could not be kept in the field. England was the arsenal and workshop of the Confederate Government. A large fleet of blockading vessels was maintained by the United States Naval Department off the coast of North Carolina, but notwithstanding the vigilance of the crews of the vessels, stimulated by the hope of obtaining prize-money, a great many blockade-runners made their way into that port, and departed loaded with cotton.

It is only five hundred and seventy miles to Nassau, and six hundred and seventy-four to Bermuda. Three days' run would take a swift steamer to either port. The passage being so short, the vessels did not need to carry much coal, and so there was more room for the storage of the cargo. Blockade-runners did not attempt to enter this port except at night, timing their arrival to sight the outermost vessel of the fleet, or to get a glimpse of the land at sundown, waiting till twilight faded, and then dashing through the fleet to the harbor.

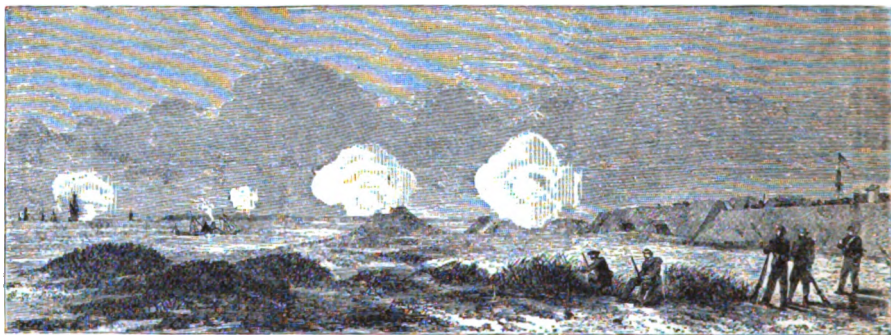
Wilmington is situated on Cape Fear River, twenty-eight miles from its mouth. There are two entrances—one at the river's mouth, the other at New Inlet, six miles towards the north by a straight line; but if the captain of a vessel desired to go from the river entrance to the northern entrance, he must steer south-east out to sea, then turn north, and then west, describing more than half a circle, in order to avoid Frying-pan Shoals—sailing forty miles to gain six.

Smith's Island lies between New Inlet and the mouth of the river—a

long strip of sand, thrown up by the united action of the waves of the sea, the river current, and the winds, which have whirled the sand into mounds.

It required, therefore, two fleets to blockade this port—one at the mouth of the river, where the Confederates erected Fort Caswell, the other off New Inlet, guarded by Fort Fisher, erected on a long, narrow point of land washed by Cape Fear River on the western side, and the waves of the ocean on the other.

When Admiral Farragut made his way into the bay of Mobile there was no longer need of a fleet of blockaders at that port, and the vessels were ordered to Wilmington. The United States Government saw the necessity of capturing Fort Fisher. It could not be done by the navy alone, therefore the army must co-operate. "The proposed movement," said Mr.



PORT FISHER.

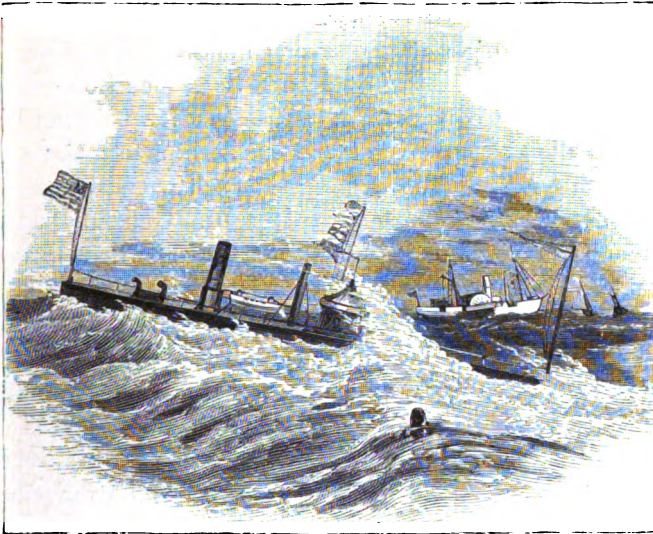
Welles, Secretary of the Navy, "is an important one, as closing the last port of the rebels, destroying their credit by preventing the exporting of cotton, and the reception of munitions and supplies from abroad."

Admiral Farragut was first selected to conduct the naval operations, but needing rest after his long service on the Mississippi and at Mobile, Admiral David D. Porter was appointed. More than one hundred and fifty war vessels gathered to take part in the expedition—the largest fleet ever assembled in the waters of the United States.

The point of land on which the fort stood was about half a mile wide. It consisted of an intrenchment beginning on the river and running east to within three hundred feet of the ocean, then along the beach south-west three-fourths of a mile, terminating in a conical mound. There was no moat or ditch, for the ever-shifting sand would soon have filled it had one been excavated. The high bank forming the breastwork

and bastion was thrown up by slaves. Colonel Lamb, who had been appointed to superintend its construction, had five hundred of them at work in 1862. It was the strongest fortification in the Confederacy. (')

Battery Buchanan, a work by itself, stood on the extreme end of the point. "Traverses"—thick and high embankments—were erected along the entire line and a "curtain" of sand was thrown up in rear of the bat-



OFF CAPE HATTERAS

teries to protect the gunners. There were about fifty heavy guns along the works—some of them rifled cannon from the manufactory of Mr. Armstrong, in England. Torpedoes were planted in the sand, with electric wires running into one of the bomb-proof enclosures, so that if a party of Union troops were to attempt to carry the fort by assault, they could be blown into the air by touching a button. Between the torpedoes and the fort was a palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high. An assaulting party would be exposed not only to the tempest of grape, canister, and shells, but to the torpedoes. They would, in addition, be compelled to cut passage-ways through the palisade, and while doing it they would be subjected to an enfilading fire from cannon placed in position for that purpose.

The troops selected to co-operate with the navy were Weitzel's division of the Army of the James, under Gen. B. F. Butler. It was intended that the movement should be made in October, but the newspapers, in the eagerness of the editors to publish news, gave the information to

the Confederates, and General Bragg at once transferred Hoke's division of troops to Wilmington.

In silence, and at night, the troops of General Weitzel, six thousand five hundred in number, left their intrenchments in front of Petersburg, marched to City Point, and then embarked on steamers which made their way down the James to Hampton Roads.

Dec. 6, 1864.

The wind was east, and so high the waves that the great fleet of vessels lying off Fortress Monroe could not venture out to sea. General

Dec. 9, 1864.

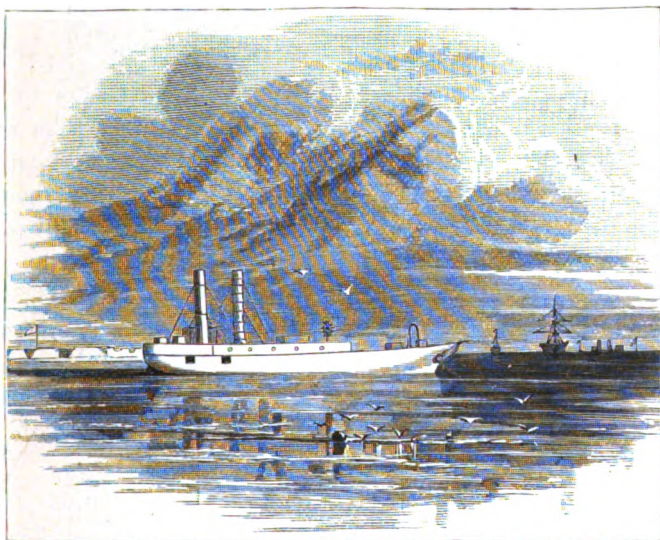
Butler thought that if several hundred tons of powder could be exploded near Fort Fisher the concussion would blow a heap of sand upon the Confederate works, so that it would not be difficult for the navy to silence the cannon, and enable him to make a successful assault. General Grant did not think that such would be the result, (') but did not oppose the trying of the experiment. General Butler selected an old gunboat, the *Louisiana*, a small vessel of less than three hundred tons; he painted it white, and so arranged its smoke-stacks that it looked much like an English built blockade-runner. He placed two hundred and fifty tons of powder in the hold, ran a number of fuses through it, connecting them with clock-work, which at a given moment would explode the entire mass.

There had been trouble between General Butler and Admiral Porter on the Mississippi, and on account of their differences all arrangements were made by the chiefs of staff. Official etiquette and personal dignity were allowed to interrupt the harmony necessary for success. Besides this, the storm that swept the ocean off Cape Hatteras compelled the fleet of transports to find shelter in the harbor of Beaufort; but after raging several days the storm abated, and Admiral Porter sent word to General Butler that he was ready to explode the powder-ship, and intended to do so that night. The transports with the troops were one hundred miles away. "I will be ready to-morrow night," was the message sent by Butler to Porter on the evening of the twenty-third. The messengers passed each other during the night. Admiral Porter did not wait for the arrival of the troops, but at half-past ten the *Louisiana*, towed by a gunboat, moved towards the beach. The stars were shining, the night clear, the sea calm. Captain Rhind, with a boat's crew, was on the *Louisiana*, which came to anchor fifteen hundred feet from the fort. Captain Rhind set his clock-work, jumped into a small boat, and the sailors pulled back to the fleet.

At two o'clock there was a flash and a dull, heavy roar. To the sailors, twelve miles away beyond Frying-pan Shoals, it was not very loud. No

cloud of sand rose in the air to fall again and bury the cannon of the fort. The Confederate sentinels passing to and fro thought that one of the gunboats had blown up. No harm was done to the fortress ;
 Dec. 24, 1864. so the transaction from which Butler expected great results ended in complete failure.

With the dawn of day fifty war ships and monitors were ready to take part in the bombardment. Four of them were iron-clads, which anchored three-quarters of a mile from the shore. A short distance outside of them were nine of the largest ships. All the vessels, great and small, opened fire and sent their shells upon the fort—one hundred and fifteen a minute. The Confederate cannon replied, but in a short time became silent, the gun-



THE POWDER-SHIP.

ners seeking shelter in the bomb-proof. The bombardment went on till the sun disappeared beneath the western horizon, and then the gunboats retired. Not a sailor had been injured by the fire from the fort, but six cannon on board the ships had exploded, killing ten and wounding thirty-four. None of the garrison had been killed, only twenty-four had been wounded, and very little damage had been done.

The vessels with troops arrived. It was decided that the fleet should go on with the bombardment, that the troops should land, and, if possible, carry the fort by assault. Again the cannonade began, and
 Dec. 25, 1864. twenty-three hundred soldiers under General Ames, landed.

General Curtis's brigade was first on shore—five hundred men, who had little difficulty in capturing an outlying battery which had been silenced by the guns of the fleet. General Weitzel went forward with the skirmishers and reconnoitred the fort. He saw that the embankments had not been levelled by the exploding shells, and that the cannon were still in position. A brave soldier, who had led his troops in many battles, he saw that there would be great loss of life if an assault were attempted. General Butler learned that sixteen hundred men had already reinforced the garrison, and that Hoke's division of six thousand would soon be there. He was confronted by a force larger than his own, so there was but one thing to be done—return on board the ships. Admiral Porter thought that the fort could be carried, but General Butler sailed for Beaufort.

President Lincoln, Secretary Welles, and General Grant alike saw that the taking of the fort would be a very damaging blow to the Confederacy. They concluded that the troops of General Hoke would not long remain, and that as soon as they departed a second attempt should be made. They resolved that only a very few persons should know what was to be done. The chief commissary, who was sent to Fortress Monroe to put provisions on board transports, supposed that the bread and meat would be eaten by the soldiers of Sherman's army at Savannah.

Major-General Terry, who had not received a military education, but who had shown great ability as an officer, and who was commanding the Tenth Corps, was ordered to City Point. Not until he arrived there did he know whither he was going or what he was expected to do. It was whispered that he was going to reinforce General Sherman.

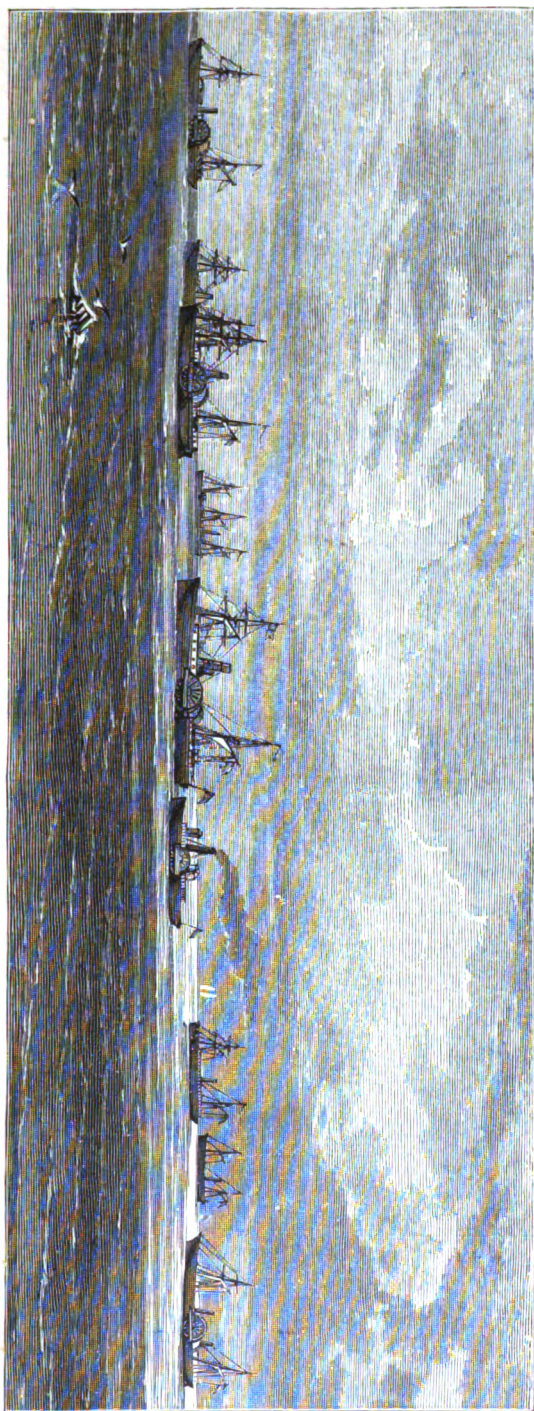
"Your command," said General Grant, in his instructions, "has been fitted out to renew the attempt to capture Fort Fisher. . . . The first object to be attained is to get a landing, so that you can begin operations. If a position where you can defend yourself can be secured, the siege of the fort will not be abandoned until its reduction can be accomplished."(*)

Jan. 3, 1865.

Again a great fleet was sailing from Hampton Roads southward. The captain of each vessel received a sealed letter which was not to be opened till he was past capes Charles and Henry. The wind was east, and a storm came on which tossed the vessels like cockle-shells. Bulwarks were smashed by the waves, and much damage done, but one by one the vessels arrived off Wilmington.

Jan. 6, 1865.

The sea calmed, and at daylight the great fleet of war vessels and transports steamed in towards the shore. Admiral Porter formed his



ARMY TRANSPORTS



MAJOR-GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY.

ships in three divisions—one to cover the landing of the troops, one to protect them should a force appear marching down from
Jan. 12, 1865. Wilmington, and one to open fire upon the fort. The transports came to anchor; the soldiers sprang into the boats, and soon reached

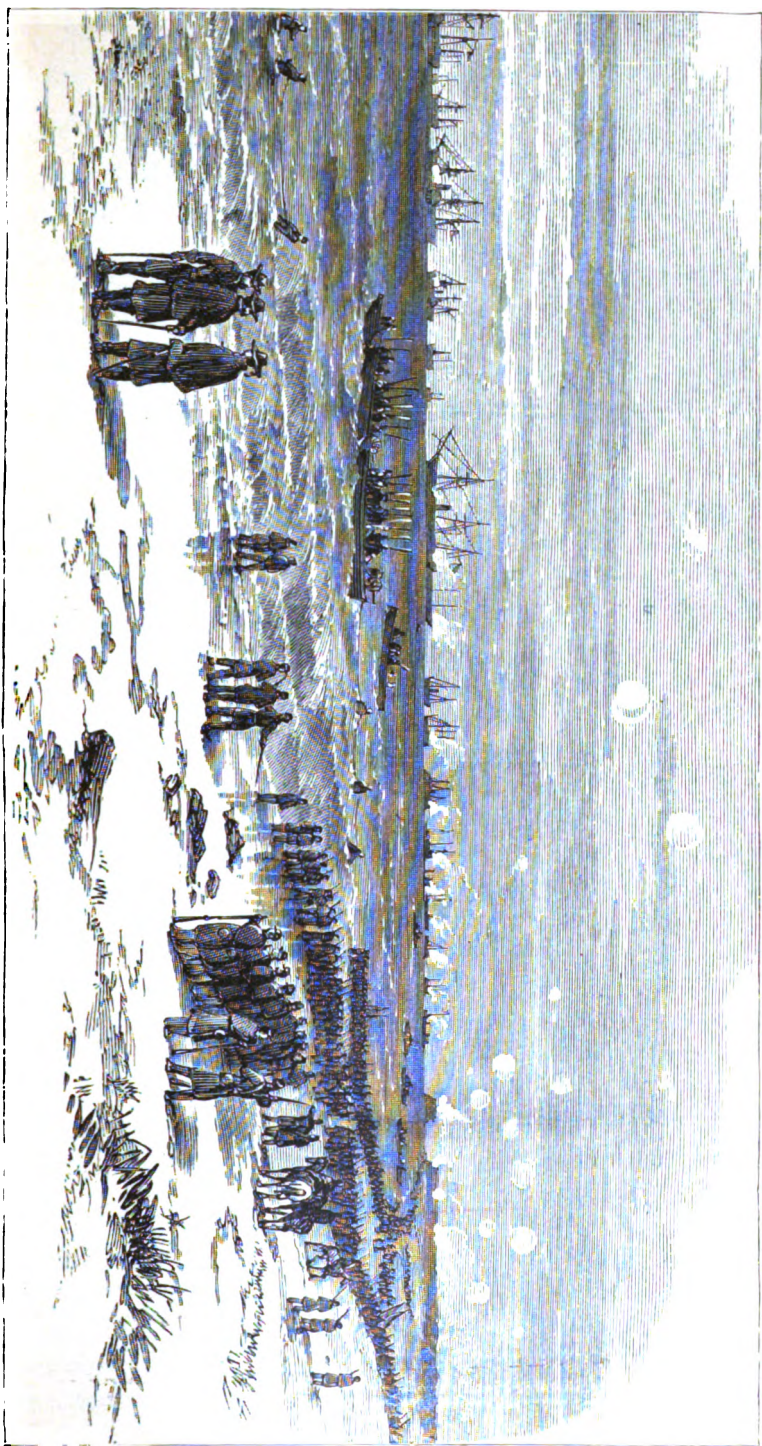
the shore. So methodical was the operation that by mid-afternoon more than eight thousand men were on the beach, and skirmishers were picking their way amid the sand-dunes and bogs towards the fort. They captured a prisoner, and learned that General Hoke had not left Wilmington, but had sent out his videttes to confront the skirmishers of General Terry. The Union troops made their way across the point of land to the river, went to work with shovels and axes, and before daylight the next morning had a strong line of breastworks against any force that might come down from the city. Cannon, ammunition, and provisions were landed, and the army was in position to begin its work.

General Bragg was at Wilmington. We have seen him in command in the West, compelling General Buell to retreat from the Tennessee River in Alabama to Louisville, Kentucky, and then himself driven Dec. 14, 1864. out of Tennessee by Rosecrans. We have also seen him winning the battle of Chickamauga, and then in turn driven from Missionary Ridge by General Grant. Jefferson Davis had called him to Richmond to be his military adviser. General Whiting had been in command at Wilmington, but Bragg came to take the direction of affairs. He directed General Hoke to attack Terry; but Hoke examined the intrenchments which had been erected, and saw that they were too strong for him to carry.

While the Union troops were landing and constructing their breastworks the cannon of the fleet were in action—not scattering their shells along the entire line of the fort, but hurling them against the bastion at the angle, to disable the guns at that point. The cannon were aimed so accurately that when the sun went down the Union engineers saw that only nine guns were in position along the breastworks where on Christmas Day they had counted seventeen. The line of palisades had been so knocked to pieces that a charging party would not be under the necessity of halting to chop their way with axes.

General Terry held a conference with Admiral Porter, and it was decided that one or more vessels should keep up the bombardment through the night, in order to prevent the enemy from making repairs; at daylight all the vessels were to continue their fire till three o'clock in the afternoon, then at a signal the cannon were to open upon another section of the fortification and the army assault the works over by Roanoke River. A body of marines and sailors were to land, armed with cutlasses and revolvers, to charge upon the bastion at the angle. (')

Colonel Lamb, who had constructed the fort, and who was defending it, had nineteen hundred men. General Whiting and his staff voluntarily



LANDING OF TROOPS.

came to his aid, landing from a steamer at the wharf near Battery Buchanan.

Jan. 15, 1865.

"I have come to share your fate: you and your garrison are to be sacrificed," said Whiting.

"Don't say so! We shall certainly whip the enemy again," was the reply.

"No; Bragg is removing the supplies from Wilmington, and is looking for a place to fall back upon." (*)

Colonel Lamb asked him to take command, but he replied that he was there without orders from Bragg—a volunteer—and that he would not accept the offer. During the bombardment more than two hundred of the garrison had been killed and wounded. The fire of the fleet was so destructive that the gunners were compelled to seek shelter in the bomb-proof. Colonel Lamb has given this description of the state of affairs:

"With the rising sun of the fifteenth the fleet, which had been annoying us through the night, redoubled its fire on the land-face. The sea was calm, the naval gunners had become accurate by practice, and before noon but one heavy gun, protected by the angle of the north-east bastion, remained serviceable on that face. The harvest of wounded and dead was increased, and at noon I had not twelve hundred men to defend the long line of works. The enemy was now preparing to assault." (*)

Just at this moment a steamer came down from Wilmington to the wharf near Battery Buchanan and landed three hundred and fifty men of Hagood's South Carolina brigade, who came as fast as they could run northward to aid in the defence, thus making good the losses of the garrison.

It was half-past two o'clock. "The enemy are going to charge!" shouted a soldier who was on the lookout. The telegraph to Bragg's headquarters was in working order, and Colonel Lamb sent a despatch to him begging him to move down and attack the Union troops in the rear. Thus read the despatch:

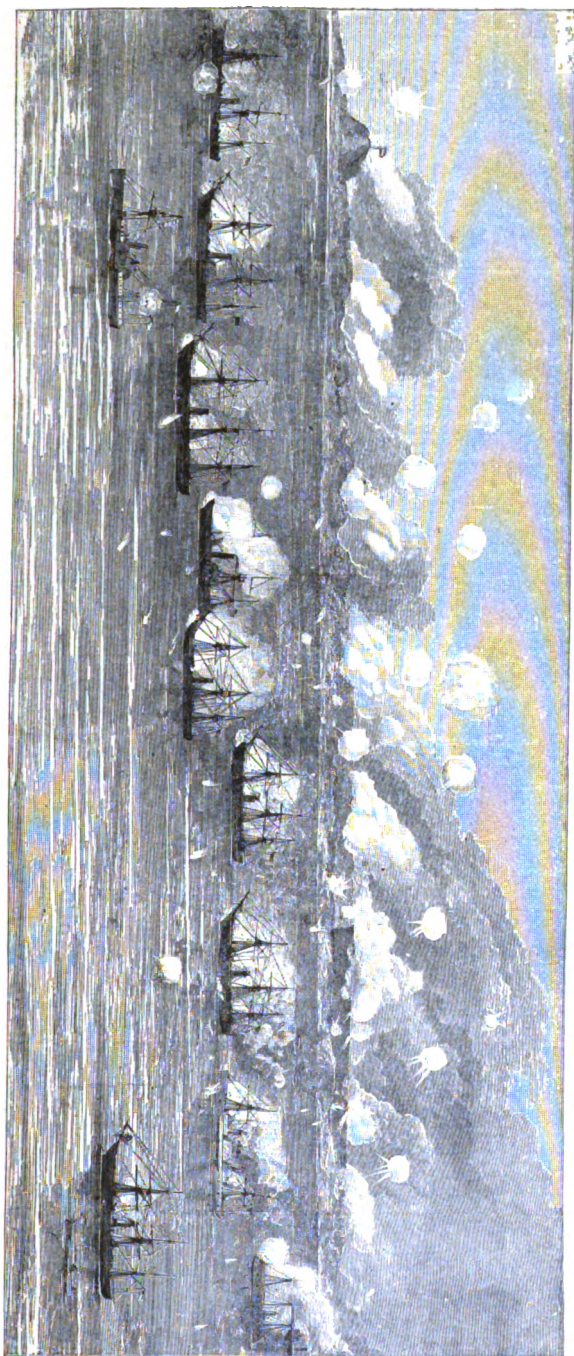
"The army about to assault. They outnumber us heavily. . . . Nearly all land guns disabled. Attack! attack! It is all I can say, and all you can do." (*)

Colonel Lamb ran along the batteries, telling the men to come out from the bomb-proofs and man the parapet. He directed the sharpshooters to pick off the Union officers. The man who was to explode the torpedoes was to press the electric button at a given signal. There came a sudden silence upon the iron-clads and the great fleet of vessels. Had we been on board the ships we should have seen the powder-grimed sailors

who had been hard at work standing listlessly by their guns. The white smoke which had enveloped the fleet was wafted away, and the silence broken by the screeching of every steam-whistle in the fleet—the signal for the advance of the Union troops.

Going now on shore, we see nearly two thousand sailors and marines, under Captain Breese, standing on the beach, formed in three divisions, to correspond with the three squadrons of the fleet. The sailors are at home upon the decks of their vessels, but they know nothing about marching. They are from more than fifty vessels, and are not organized. With revolvers and cutlasses they are to charge earthworks manned by veteran soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets, with cannon in position to cut them down with canister. Not much can be expected from such an assault, and the chances are that it will end in failure. It does! The sailors rush bravely forward. Men drop, but the others do not falter. Some are good and others poor runners. Those at the head of the column are close up to the parapet, but halt for those behind. It is a fatal mistake. The momentum has been lost, and the men are out of breath. They are huddled together—a heterogeneous mass, without any order. The parapet above them is a sheet of flame. The Confederates need not take aim, but point their guns at random upon the mass of men. There is a rattling fire from the revolvers of the sailors. Some of them cross the line of sharpened stakes, splintered and broken by the fire of the fleet, and gain the ditch, only to be shot down. The officers shout to those behind to come on, but they turn back instead, and in a moment all except the killed and wounded are in flight. More than three hundred have fallen.

Going now farther west, we see General Ames's division leading in the assault. The torpedoes which Colonel Lamb expected to explode do not go off. In vain is the button pressed. A shot from the fleet has cut the wires. Had they been intact, quite likely the history of Fort Fisher would be different from what it is. When the whistles of the fleet pierced the air—the signal for the advance—General Curtis's brigade moved towards the fort. The ground was marshy, and the men sunk knee-deep in the mire. Colonel Pennypacker's brigade came to the support of Curtis. Together they gained the west end of the breastworks and captured several prisoners. Colonel Bell's brigade also advanced, and the entire division was soon in possession of that part of the fortifications. The fort had been constructed with massive banks of sand between each of the guns along the northern face; and the guns being on circular carriages, could be turned to fire west and south as well as towards



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER.

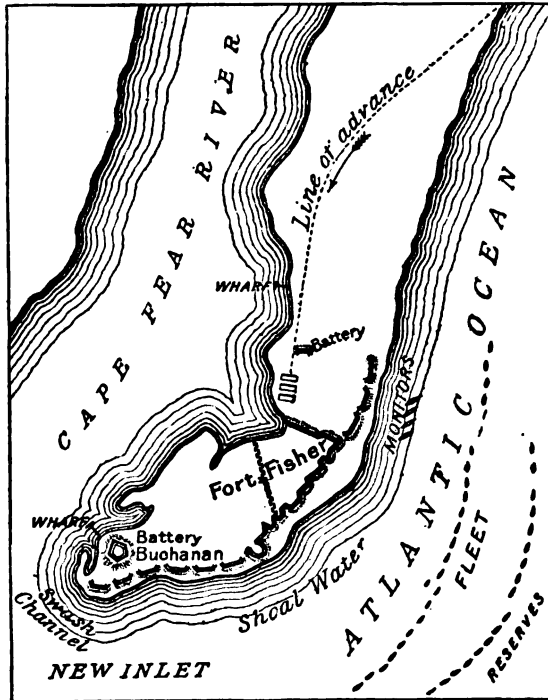
the north. With no Union troops threatening them from the north the gunners could face west, and, sheltered by the banks of sand, could pour their shot upon the Union troops. They could also shelter themselves in the bomb-proofs, and fire out upon Ames's troops without being themselves seen. It was close hand-to-hand fighting. The sun went down; night came on, and the muskets were still flashing. Colonel Bell had been killed, Colonel Pennypacker wounded. General Terry sent word for the firing to stop, and for the troops to intrench themselves.

"Then we shall lose all we have gained, for we shall be driven out in the morning," said Curtis. (*) The next moment he was struck by a shell.

"The battle ought to go on," was the message from General Ames to Terry. "Let it go on, and, if necessary, abandon the lines of defence towards Wilmington," the welcome answer.

Going now along the Confederate lines we find the soldiers not demoralized, but determined to continue the combat. Colonel Lamb was running along the line issuing orders. He reached the "Mound Battery," and directed the fire of its two cannon over the heads of his own men. This his story:

"As my men fell others would take their places. It was a soldiers' fight, for there could be no organization. If there has ever been a longer or more stubborn hand-to-hand encounter I have failed to meet with it in history. . . . I brought one hundred of my garrison and threw them in front of those already engaged. I went to the bomb-proof where the South Carolinians had taken shelter, and appealed to them to help save



MAP OF FORT FISHER.

the fort; they were in position to flank a part of the column, and they promised to do so. I proceeded to the sally-port, and ordered the gallant Adams to bring out his two guns and open fire on the head of the column, and if he had not men enough left, to get volunteers from other companies. I went along the galleries, and begged the sick and wounded to come and make one supreme effort to dislodge the enemy. As I passed through my work the last time the scene was indescribably horrible. Great cannon were broken in two, and over their ruins were lying the dead; others were partly buried in the graves dug by the shells which had slain them. . . . I believed a determined assault with the bayonet would drive them out. . . . The head of the column was not over one hundred feet from the portion of our breastwork which I occupied. I asked the officers and men if they would follow me. They responded that they would. I sprang upon the breastwork, gave the command, 'Forward! double-quick, march!' fell on my knees, a rifle-ball having entered my left hip. We were met by a volley; our column wavered, and fell back behind the breastworks."(')

The command fell upon Captain Munn. General Whiting had also been wounded. The wounded officers were taken to Battery Buchanan. General Colquitt took command. Word came that the Union troops were advancing, and he proposed to Colonel Lamb to leave the fort.

"I will share the fate of my garrison," the heroic reply. (")

General Terry, the while, brought up Abbott's brigade, and gained possession of the whole northern face.

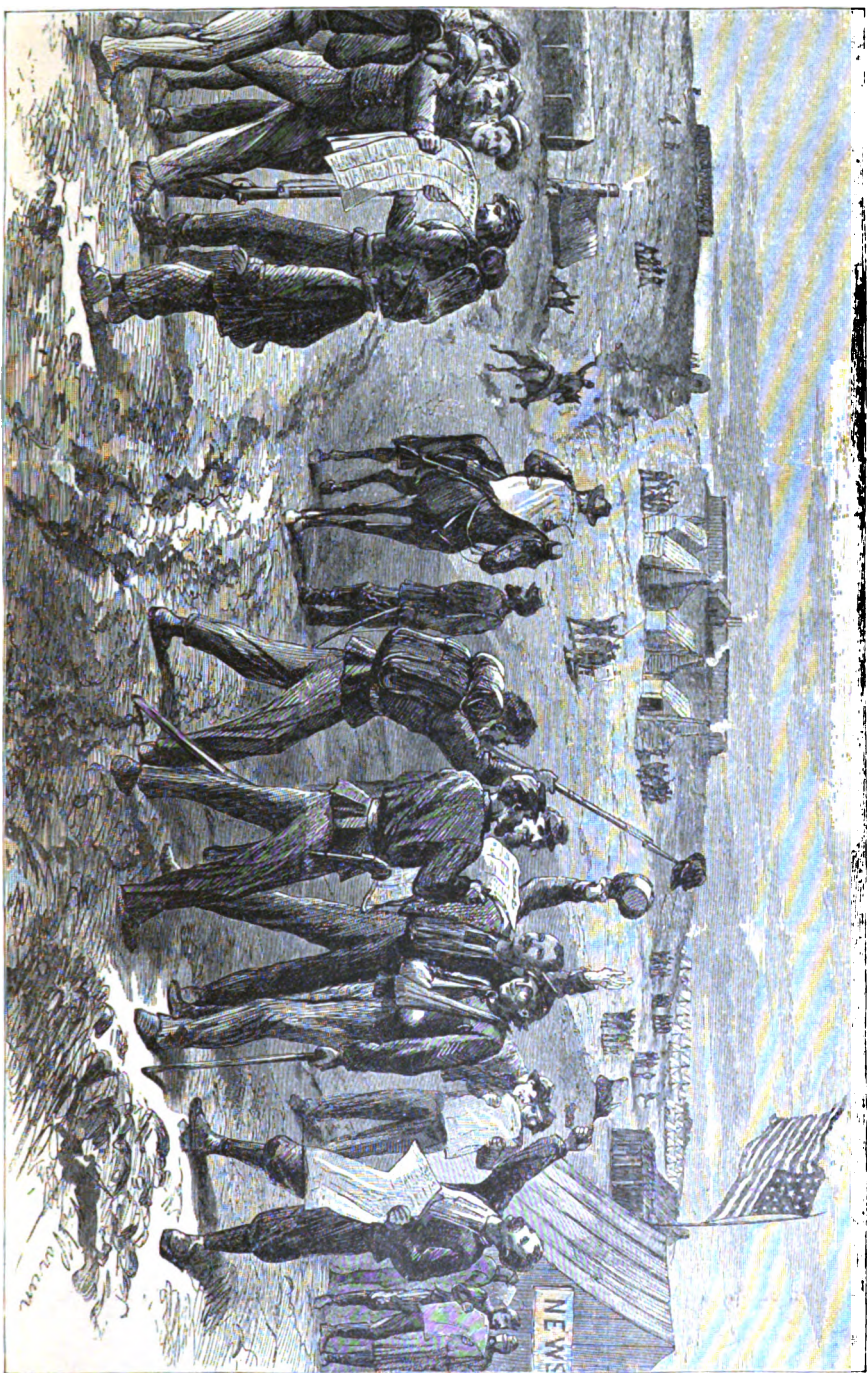
Colquitt made his way to Wilmington, having spiked the guns on Battery Buchanan.

When the sun rose the Union flag was floating over the fortification. Nineteen hundred prisoners were taken, together with one hundred and sixty-nine cannon, two thousand small-arms, and a great quantity of ammunition.

Two days after the surrender of the fort two fast-sailing steamers from Bermuda came through New Inlet in the night, making signals, as they supposed, to the Confederates in the fort. The Union officers answered them. Great the chagrin of the captains of the steamers when they found the Stars and Stripes flying over the fortification, and learned that ships and cargoes were lost.

There was great rejoicing along the Union lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond when the telegraph flashed the news. The soldiers sent up many a loud hurrah.

"Oh, Johnny, have you heard from Wilmington?" the shout of the



RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

pickets to the Confederate sentinels. It was disheartening news to them—an unmistakable evidence that the time could not be far distant when the cause for which they were fighting would end in final disaster.

During the year 1864 goods and supplies valued at sixty-six million dollars had been shipped from Liverpool and other British ports to Wilmington, and cotton valued at sixty-five millions had been sent out from that port to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the sailors of the blockading fleets, three hundred and ninety-seven steamers had slipped past the Union war ships. It was a gloomy day in Liverpool when the news reached that city. English merchants and manufacturers who had grown rich by engaging in blockade-running saw that their occupation was gone. The owners of steamships suddenly found that their vessels were of little value. The steamers had been constructed purposely to run the blockade, and were not adapted to legitimate and peaceful traffic. The ship-yards of England, where for three years there had been a ceaseless clatter of hammers riveting iron plates, suddenly became silent. When the men of General Ames's division charged the Confederate works, and fought their way from traverse to traverse, they struck a blow felt not only by the army under General Lee, but in the mercantile circles of Great Britain.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII.

- (¹) Col. Wm. Lamb, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 643.
- (²) Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. iii., p. 227.
- (³) Orders of Gen. U. S. Grant, Fort Fisher Expedition.
- (⁴) General Terry's Report.
- (⁵) Col. Wm. Lamb, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 647.
- (⁶) Idem.
- (⁷) Idem, p. 649.
- (⁸) Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. iii., p. 342.
- (⁹) Col. Wm. Lamb, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. iv., p. 652.
- (¹⁰) Idem, p. 654.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAVANNAH.

IN coming years, when passion, prejudice, and resentment, born of slavery and intensified by the War of the Rebellion, shall have died away, some historic pen will make a true estimate of the issues and results of the conflict. The time will come when Justice and Truth will hold an even scale; when above anger and hatred, falsehood and contumely, will shine like a star in the darkness and blackness of night forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, sympathy, compassion, kindness, love, peace, and good-will—the apotheosis of the song sung by angels above the green fields of Bethlehem.

The people of Savannah were in a pitiable condition—without much to eat or the means of obtaining it. We are to remember that no large amount of food had been gathered by the Confederates. The State of Georgia had abundant stores of grain and meat; but when General Sherman destroyed the railroads, and advanced from the West, all means of obtaining supplies were cut off. The quantity on hand rapidly disappeared while the Confederate army held the city, and there was but a small amount of flour and corn remaining when General Hardee took his departure. After General Sherman's army took possession the treasury-notes of the Confederate Government—the one-hundred-dollar bills, with the face of Jefferson Davis upon them—were of no more value than the bits of paper blown about the streets. Many citizens of the South had grown wealthy during the war by their speculations; but the poor people, men and women who owned no slaves or landed estates, suddenly found the wolves at their doors. They were on the verge of starvation. When it was known in Boston and New York that they had nothing to eat, resentment disappeared upon the instant, and sympathy, kindness, and good-will were quickly made manifest. “The poor people of Savannah are suffering for food,” was the burden of the story from the lips of Colonel Allen, who was appointed by General Sherman to represent their condition to the people of the North. The citizens of Boston assembled

in Faneuil Hall at the call of the mayor, opened their purses, and in four days, between Tuesday and Saturday, contributed thirty thousand dollars for purchasing flour, beef, and pork. The steamer

Jan. 10, 1865.

Greyhound was chartered to transport it to Savannah. Day and night teamsters and stevedores were at work filling the vessel. A like scene of activity was going on in New York in loading the steamer *Daniel Webster*. It was a sublime exhibition of Christian charity. The men and women contributing their money did not forget that at Andersonville, in Georgia, there were more than fourteen thousand graves, the last resting-place of their sons and brothers, who had died from neg-



BOSTON HARBOR.

lect and starvation; nor did they forget the horrors of Libby prison, in Richmond, and the other prison pens of the Confederacy, but they knew that the people of Savannah were suffering—that was enough. So it came about that the *Greyhound*, with its freight of provisions, steamed past the forts in Boston harbor, and shaped its course around Cape

Jan. 14, 1865.

Cod, bound for Savannah. It was a free gift—unasked by the people of that city. How would it be received? Human nature is sometimes ungracious. Would it be accepted thankfully, or would there be a bitterness which would scorn to receive the unsought beneficence? Desiring to be an observer of what might transpire in the streets of that

city, I took passage on the *Greyhound*, the chartering of which for the shipment of the supplies was not inappropriate, for that steamer had been built at Greenock, on the Clyde, in Great Britain, to run the blockade. English forges had smelted its iron plates, English hammers had riveted the bolts. There was cupidity and greed in the throb of its engines. It had transported cannon, shot, shell, ammunition, and military supplies from Liverpool to Wilmington for the prolonging of the war, successfully entering that port, discharging its cargo, filling its hold with cotton, but in endeavoring to depart had fallen into the hands of the blockading vessels.

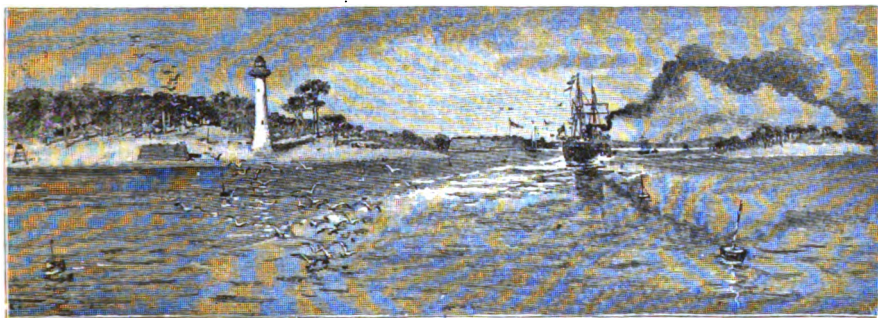
As the vessel steamed out of Boston harbor, with the Stars and Stripes streaming in the breeze, I wrote these words, which, though a quarter of a century has passed away, I do not care to change :

"Whatever the reception may be, the event will be a feature in the history of the Rebellion which will arrest the attention of the future historian ; which will convince those who are not blinded by prejudice in the Old World that we are not actuated by hate and desire for revenge ; which will show to men everywhere that democracy is the noblest as well as the mightiest principle in human government ; that Christianity is still humanizing and ennobling among a people which wages unrelenting war for the maintenance of national life. The employment of this steamer on such a mission is an interesting feature of the occasion. She is a captured blockade-runner, built to injure us—in every rivet, timber, plank, and brace of which there is English hate for us, sympathy for the rebels, and cupidity for themselves—yet bears nothing but our peace and good-will, not only to the people of Savannah but to all the world. It is the unwritten motto of the ensign which floats above us. Men of every lineage, nation, and clime will see in this voyage of a captured blockade-runner a new revelation of the faith, the principles, and the destiny of the American people. Savannah is taken ; Wilmington is closed. Charleston alone is awaiting her doom. The men of Greenock may lay down their hammers. The men of the Clyde have fitted out their last vessels in the interest of slavery. Democracy, civilized and Christianized, has a wonderful transforming power to turn evil into good. Our vessel, laden with the gifts of generous hearts, is a fair type and symbol of the Great Republic, sailing (never so proudly and gloriously as now) towards the coming centuries, freighted with the hopes of the world."

The wind was blowing a gale as we rounded Cape Cod, increasing in violence till the captain deemed it prudent to find shelter in the harbor of Holmes Hole, Martha's Vineyard. With the subsiding of the gale we pursued our course down the highway of the Atlantic, past Hatteras, over-

taking the *New Ironsides* of the navy and several vessels bound for the fleet off Wilmington. We did not know that while we were furrowing the ocean on our mission of good-will one of the most desperate contests of the war was going on at Fort Fisher.

Off Charleston lay the blockading fleet, with Sumter in the distance, the Confederate flag waving above the shapeless ruins. Eager the desire

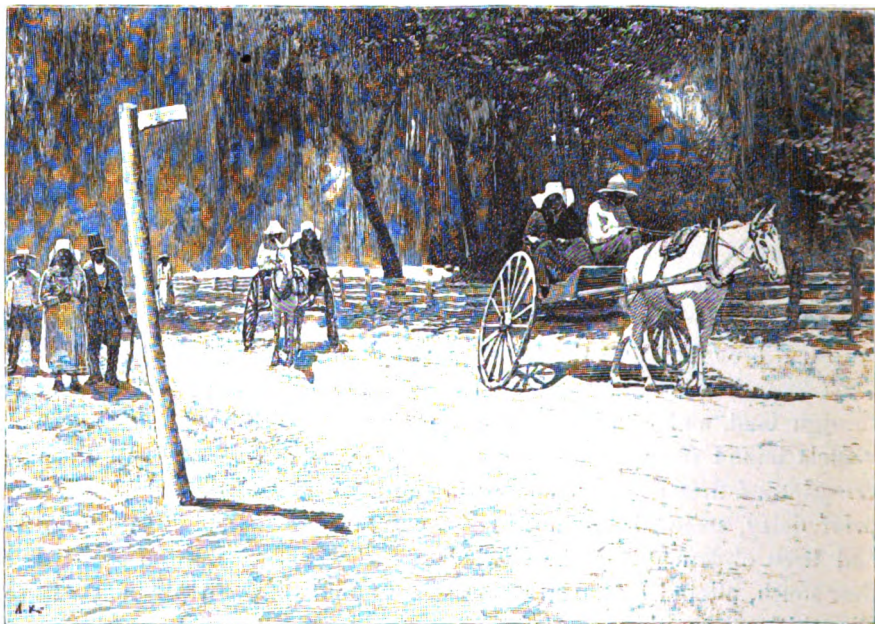


MOUTH OF SAVANNAH RIVER.

of officers and sailors on board the war ships for news. What was General Grant doing at Petersburg? Had there been another battle? How soon would the war close? Peace was the one thing longed for, but it must be a peace unconditioned on the part of Jefferson Davis and those who had brought about the four years of desolation and woe.

The authorities at Washington regarded the people of Georgia as of a foreign land, and established a custom-house at Hilton Head, where all vessels bound for Charleston must register. So it came about that the *Greyhound* first dropped anchor in the harbor of Port Royal, but, after brief delay, steamed on—not to the entrance of Savannah River, which had been obstructed by the Confederates, but to Wilmington Sound, farther south, piloted by a negro who a few months before had been a slave. The tide was running seaward, and suddenly the steamer came to a standstill, her keel resting upon a bank of mud, to float once more with the tide at its flood. Not waiting for the steamer, the committee sent by the citizens of Boston to present their gift to the people of Savannah made their way in boats up the sound, landing at Thunder-bolt Battery, climbing the embankment and entering the embrasure, clasping the heavy guns which had been placed in position to defend the city from any attack by the Union war ships. Before the war it had been a delightful sea-side resort, when, in the sultry days in summer, visitors sat beneath the wide-

spreading trees, with long festoons of moss trailing from the branches waving in the breeze, laden with odors from the sea, and from the groves of magnolia fragrant with perfume. Four years of war had changed the sylvan scene. The cottages, the pleasant homes, were in ruins, the occupants gone, windows broken, and doors torn from their hinges—the vandalism of the Confederate and Union soldiers. The people who remained were poverty-stricken; slavery had ground them between its upper and nether millstones. The field-hand of the rice-swamps before the war had regarded them as of less importance than himself; they were the poor “white trash,” as the negroes called them—inert, shiftless, cadaverous, long-haired, unmoved by any change of circumstance, indifferent alike to what had taken place or what might be in the future, their clothing coarse



TAKING A RIDE.

homespun dyed with butternut. Together with the negroes, they were content if they could own a horse or mule and a two-wheeled cart, no matter how rude its construction or rickety the wheels. Their wants were few. Men and women alike smoked tobacco in corn-cob pipes. The future historian will note that not the least of the blessings of the Proclamation of Emancipation of Abraham Lincoln was the beginning of



A BUZZARD ROOST.

a new era for the "Sand-hillers" and "Swampers" of the South, as they were called in 1865, as well as for the slaves.

We wanted horses to take us to the city. There were twenty or more browsing the scanty herbage—army horses and mules left by Hardee when he evacuated Savannah—no longer serviceable, knock-kneed, with ring-bones, spavins, wall-eyed, wheezing like stuffy steam-engines, with teeth lengthened by years of service till they seemed like kernels of Southern corn.

"I reckon yer can take any of these yere muels," said a little old man in a shrill, piping voice. Saddles and bridles were wanting, and it would hardly have been in keeping with the dignity of a committee appointed by the Mayor of Boston to have entered the city mounted on such steeds, for which the buzzards were waiting. Great flocks of these birds had gathered around Savannah, attracted by the unusual and abundant feast provided by the two armies. They wheeled and circled high in the air—their keen eyes detecting far away the banquet to which they hastened the moment an army mule tottered to the earth never to rise again. At night they roosted upon the surrounding trees, to be ready for their morning meal. The soldiers did not molest them, for they were welcome scavengers of the camp.

With the dawn of the morning General Grover, in command in the city, courteously sent out horses for our accommodation.

The waste of war had not destroyed the beautiful Bonaventura Avenue, with its arching shade-trees. It was a midwinter morning, but there was the breath of spring in the air. Roses were blooming in the yards surrounding the mansions of the wealthy citizens. The beauty of the landscape was marred only by the embankments of yellow earth thrown up by the slaves. We passed fortifications where the cannon swept every avenue approaching the city. Union sentinels were keeping ward and watch. Soldiers off duty were lounging on the grass—men from Iowa and Illinois, who had been with Grant at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge, and under Sherman all the way from Chattanooga to Savannah. Memory went back to the scenes of 1861. I recalled the words of General Logan: "The men of the North-west will hew their way to the sea with their swords." He was member of Congress from Illinois when he uttered them. In his patriotic ardor he had stood resolutely for the flag he loved—had raised a regiment of men from what had been regarded the most disloyal section of his State; by his boldness, energy, and patriotism had revolutionized public sentiment in "Egypt," the land of darkness, as it had been called. By sterling worth he had risen

to be commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps, standing so high in the estimation of General Grant that he had been selected to supersede General Thomas at Nashville, as we have seen (chap. vii.), but was stopped at Louisville upon the news of the defeat of Hood. Upon the arrival of Sherman at Savannah he had hastened once more to assume command for the northward movement.

It was a beautiful site which General Oglethorpe selected for a town in 1733, when he sailed into the Savannah River with his one hundred and twelve men to establish a colony of Englishmen. It was a plateau, elevated above the surrounding savannas. The colonists laid out several public parks, which make the city so green and beautiful that it has been fitly called the "Forest City." Before the outbreak of the Rebellion it was distinguished for its wealth, refinement, and culture. Its mansions were surrounded with spacious gardens, fragrant with the perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle. Some of the citizens, who had no heart in the cause, had closed their houses and departed for Europe, to remain till the great conflict was over; others were in the service of the Confederate Government abroad. Many, who had given all their energies to the cause of the Confederacy, were at rest beneath the battle-fields of Virginia or around Atlanta. There had been no bombardment—no shells exploding in its streets. During four years past the citizens had heard the deep and distant thunder of the great guns in the siege of Fort Pulaski and the bombardment of Fort McAllister. Only with the approach of Sherman had the place been the theatre of active military operations, and yet there was a manifest deterioration. The closed shutters of the mansions, the broken-down fences surrounding them, the silent, untrodden grounds overgrown with dried and withered weeds, the absence of master, mistress, prattling children, and servants, left the impression upon one's mind that the city had been passing through a period of suffering and sorrow. General Sherman, with much consideration, informed the people that if any one wished to leave for any locality inside the Confederate lines, they might do so; those who remained must be strictly subordinate to military laws. About two hundred, who chose to adhere to the fortunes of the Confederacy, were taken on a steamer to Charleston harbor, and delivered to a Confederate officer.(') They did not see that the conflict was nearly ended, but thought that the armies of Lee and Beauregard would finally triumph. The great majority had no desire to leave, for General Sherman informed them that all would be kindly treated. He told the Mayor that he might assemble the City Council, and care for the general interests of the city. While he was on



BONAVENTURA AVENUE.

the march from Atlanta the newspapers informed the people that the Union troops were burning houses, outraging women, and shooting men. It was true that houses had been burned and food taken, but if a soldier had outraged a woman, he would have been tried by court-martial and shot upon the spot. It will ever stand to the credit and honor of the troops that they did not commit such barbaric acts as charged in the newspapers of Savannah and Charleston. One of the Confederate officers who had endeavored to oppose the march to the sea was Gen. G. W. Smith (see chap. iv.). General Sherman had known him before the war. Among others who came to see him was Mrs. Smith, bringing a letter written by her husband, commending her to his care. Mr. Hardee, brother of the Confederate commander who had confronted General Sherman as corps commander all the way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, came and asked for protection for his family and his bales of cotton. General Sherman assured him that no harm should come to him personally, but that he had no authority to say anything about his cotton. By the kind treatment, by the discipline strictly enforced in the army, people saw that they had nothing to fear.

I found General Sherman's headquarters in the mansion of Mr. C. Green, an English gentleman, who had courteously offered it for the purpose. My first meeting with General Sherman was in 1861, just before the battle of Bull Run, when he commanded a brigade ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 97). I had met him in Cincinnati a few months later, soon after his being superseded by General Buell in command of the Department of Ohio because he was thought to be "crazy"—for, when asked how many men would be needed to subdue the Rebellion, he replied, "two hundred thousand!" I had met him on the field of Shiloh after that battle. Three years of active military service, nine months as independent commander of a great army—his marvellously retentive memory recalling faces, names, circumstances, his quick penetration and prompt decision, his almost faultless strategy and far-reaching plans—made him, in the then full maturity of his powers, one of the most remarkable men of the age.

The people in Savannah generally were ready to live once more in the Union. The fire of secession had died out. There was not much sourness—less than I saw at Memphis when that city was captured; less than was manifested in Louisville at the beginning of the war.

At a meeting of the citizens resolutions expressive of gratitude for the charity bestowed by Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were passed, also of a desire for future fellowship and amity.

A store at the corner of Bay and Barnard streets was taken for a depot, the city canvassed, and a registry made of all who were in want. I passed a morning among the people who came for food. The air was keen; ice had formed in the gutters. The barefooted cuddled under the sunny side of the buildings. There was a motley crowd. Hundreds of both sexes, all ages, sizes, complexions, and costumes; gray-haired old men of Anglo-Saxon blood, with bags, bottles, and baskets; colored patriarchs who had been in bondage many years suddenly made freemen; well-dressed women wearing crape for their husbands and sons who had fallen while fighting against the old flag, stood patiently waiting their turn to enter the building, where, through the open doors, they could see barrels of flour, pork, beans, piles of bacon, and hogsheads of sugar, molasses, and vinegar. There were women with tattered dresses—old silks and satins, years before in fashion, and laid aside as useless, but which now had become valuable through destitution.

Others wore linsey-woolsey, negro and gunny cloth, and garments made from meal-bags; men in Confederate gray and butternut brown; a boy with a crimson plush jacket made from the upholstering of a sofa; men in short jackets and little boys in long ones; the cast-off clothes of soldiers; the rags which had been picked up in the streets, and exhumed from garrets; boots and shoes down at the heel, open at the instep, and gaping at the toes; old bonnets of every description, some with white and crimson feathers, and ribbons once bright and flaunting; hats of every style worn by both sexes—palm-leaf, felt, straw, old and battered and well ventilated. One without a crown was worn by a man with red hair, suggestive of a chimney on fire and flaming out at the top.

One of the tickets issued by the city authorities, in the hand of a woman waiting her turn at the counter, read thus:

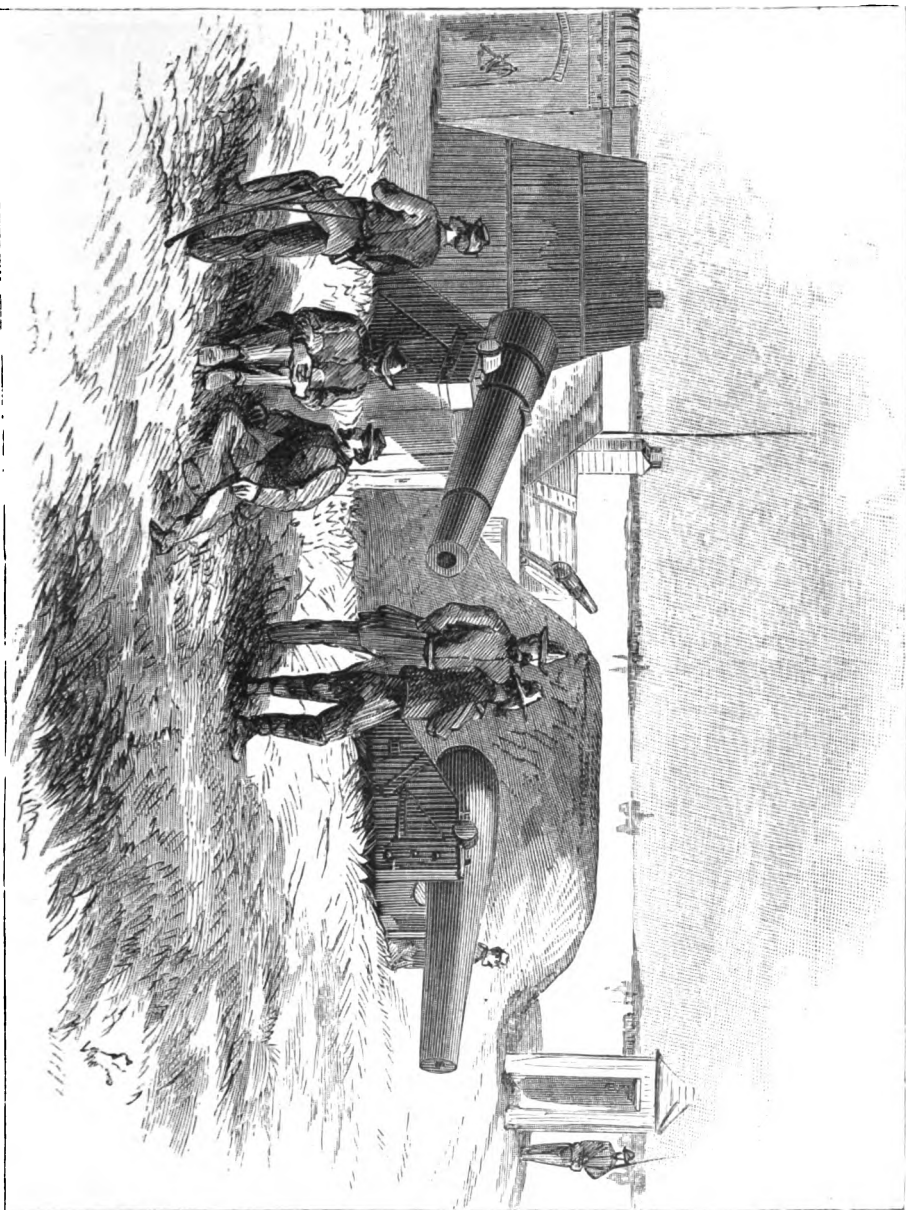
"CITY STORE.

MARY MORRELL.

12 lbs. Flour,
7 " Bacon,
2 " Salt,
2 qts. Vinegar."

Before General Sherman entered the city an equal amount of food would have cost one or two hundred dollars in Confederate money. A swift revolution, as sudden as a lightning-flash, had come.

What was true of Savannah was in a degree true of the entire Confederacy, for the hundreds of millions of dollars invested in human flesh was vanishing before the mighty power of a free people, as the fog fades away



CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATION ON THE BANK OF SAVANNAH RIVER.

From a sketch made in June, 1864.

before the rising sun. The South was in a transition state, changing from the old to the new; from feudalistic to nineteenth century ideas of government; from an aristocratic to a democratic form of society; from class distinctions to the brotherhood of man. I was profoundly impressed by the contrasts which society founded on slavery presented. I desired to obtain lodgings, and was directed to a house owned by a gentleman who during the war had resided in Paris. It was a large brick mansion, fronting on one of the squares, elegantly finished and furnished. It had been taken care of through the war by two faithful negroes, Robert and his wife Aunt Nellie, both of them slaves.

I rang the bell, and was ushered into the basement by their daughter Ellen, also a slave. Robert was fifty-three years of age—a tall, stout, coal-black, slow-spoken, reflective man. Aunt Nellie was a year or two younger. Her features were of the African type; her eyes large and lustrous. Her deportment was lady-like, her language refined. She wore a gingham dress and a white turban.

Ellen, the daughter, had a fair countenance, regular features, of lighter hue than either father or mother, and appeared as much at ease as most young ladies who are accustomed to the amenities of society.

She placed a chair for me before the fire, which burned cheerfully on the hearth. There was a vase of amaranths on the mantle and lithographs on the walls. A clock ticked in one corner. There were cushioned arm-chairs. The room was neat and tidy, and had an air of cheerfulness. A little boy, four or five years old, was sitting by the side of Aunt Nellie—her grandnephew. He looked up wonderingly at the stranger, then gazed steadily into the fire with comical gravity.

“You are from Boston, I understand,” said Aunt Nellie. “I never have been to Boston, but I have been to New York several times with my master.”

“Did you have any desire to stay North?”

“No, sir, I can’t say that I had. This was my home; my children and friends and my husband were all here.”

“But did you not wish to be free?”

“That is a very different thing, sir. God only knows how I longed to be free; but my master was very kind. They used to tell me in New York that I could be free; but I couldn’t make up my mind to leave master and my husband. Perhaps if I had been abused, as some of my people have, I should have thought differently about it.”

“Well, you are free now. I suppose that you never expected to see such a day as this?”

"I can't say that I expected to see it, but I knew it would come. I have prayed for it. I didn't hardly think it would come in my time, but I knew it must come, for God is just."

"Did you not sometimes despair?"

"Never, sir! never! But oh, it has been a terrible mystery to know why the good Lord should so long afflict my people, and keep them in bondage—to be abused and trampled down, without any rights of their own—with no ray of light in the future. Some of my folks said there wasn't any God, for if there was he wouldn't let white folks do as they have done for so many years; but I told them to wait—and now they see what they have got by waiting. I told them that we were all of one blood—white folks and black folks all come from one man and one woman—and that there was only one Jesus for all. *I knew it! I knew it!*" She spoke as if it were an indisputable fact which had come by intuition.

Aunt Nellie's sister and her husband came in.

"I hope to make your better acquaintance," said Mary, courtesying. It is a common form of expression among the colored people of some parts of the South. She was larger, taller, and stouter than Aunt Nellie, younger in years, less refined a—"field hand," who knew what it was to rise at the blowing of the horn at daylight, and eat her breakfast of "pone" made of corn-meal and baked in the ashes, and then wield the heavy plantation hoe all day long in the rice-field, with a driver at hand to give her a cut with his whip should she lag in her work. She had drunk to the dregs the cup which Slavery had held to her lips. Her dress was of gunny-cloth—her only garment, I judged. Her feet were bare. There were hard lines in her face; far different from the gentleness upon the brow of her sister.

"These are new times to you," I said.

"It is a dream, sir—a dream. 'Pears like I don't know where I am. When General Sherman come and said we were free I didn't believe it; and I wouldn't believe it till the minister [Rev. Mr. French] told us that we were free. It don't seem as if I was free, sir." She looked into the fire a moment, and sat as if in a dream, but roused herself as I said:

"Yes, you are free."

"But that don't give me back my children—my children, that I brought forth with pains such as white women have—that have been torn from my breast, and sold from me; and, when I cried for them, was tied up and had my back cut to pieces."

She stopped talking to me, raised her eyes as if looking into heaven, reached up her hands imploringly and cried, in agony:



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN IN SAVANNAH.

"O Lord Jesus, have mercy! How long, O Lord? Come, Jesus, and help me! 'Pears like I can't bear it, dear Lord. They is all taken from me, Lord. 'Pears like as if my heart would break. O blessed Jesus, they say that I am free, but where are my children—my children—my children?"

Her hands fell; tears rolled down her cheeks. She bowed her head, and sat moaning, wailing, and sobbing.

"You wouldn't believe me," said Aunt Nellie, speaking to her. "You



IN THE RICE-FIELD.

said that there was no use in praying for deliverance; that it was no use to trust God—that he had forgotten us!"

She rose and approached her sister, evidently to call her mind from the terrible reality of the past. "You used to come in here and go worry, worry, worry all day and all night, and say it was no use; that you might as well die; that you would be a great deal better off if you were dead. You wouldn't believe me when I said that the Lord would give deliverance. You wouldn't believe that the Lord was good; but just see what he has done for you—made you free! Aren't you willing to trust him now?"

The sister made no reply, but sat wiping away her tears, and sighing over the fate of her children.

"Did you not feel sometimes like rising against your masters?" I asked of the husband.

"Well, sir, I did feel hard sometimes, and I reckon that if it hadn't been for the grace which Jesus gave us we should have done so; but he had compassion on us, and helped us to bear it. We knew that he would hear us some time."

"Did you ever try to escape?"

"No, sir. I was once interested in colonization, and talked of going to Africa—of buying myself, and go there and be free. Rev. Mr. Gurley came here and gave a lecture. He was the agent of the Colonization Society, I reckon; but just then there was so much excitement among the slaves about it that our masters put a stop to it."

"The good people of Boston are heaping coals of fire on the heads of the slave-holders and rebels," said Aunt Nellie.

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, as soon as General Sherman took possession of the city you send down ship-loads of provisions to them. They have fought you with all their might, and you whip them, and then go to feeding them."

"I 'spect you intended that black and white folks should have them alike," said Mary.

"Yes, that was the intention."

"Not a mouthful have I had. I am as poor as white folks. All my life I have worked for them. I have given them houses and lands; they have fine carriages, sit in their nice parlors, take voyages over the waters, and have money enough, which I and my people have earned for them. I have had my back cut up, and have been sent to jail because I cried for my children, which were stolen from me. I have been stripped of my clothing, exposed before men. My daughters have been compelled to break God's commandment—they couldn't help themselves—I couldn't help them; white men have done with us just as they pleased. Now they turn me out of my poor old cabin and say they own it. O dear Jesus, help me!"

"Come, come, sister, don't take on, but you just give thanks for what the Lord has done for you," said Aunt Nellie.

Mary rose, stately as a queen, and said:

"I thank you, sir, for your kind words to me to-night. I thank all the good people of the North for what they have done for me and my people. The good Lord be with you."

As she and her husband left the room Aunt Nellie said:

"Poor girl! she can't forget her children. She's cried for them day and night."



PLOUGHING RICE.

From a photograph.

Never till then had I felt the full force of Whittier's burning lines:

"A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

"By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men,
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash, the fetter's clank!
Slaves, SLAVES are breathing in that air
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

"What, ho! *our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered, as the brute, for gold!"

General Sherman issued an order permitting the freedmen to take possession of lands which had been abandoned by the Confederates. The

Jan. 16, 1865.

Government had taken measures looking towards the confiscation of such lands. A great question confronted the Government—not the question of punishing those who had brought about the war but, the employment of the four million slaves liberated by the Act of Emancipation. The former masters were under no obligation to care for them. How were they to live? What were they to do? The Government could not support them. Before the war and during the conflict they had been the wealth producers of the South. The old form of society had been broken up, and a new departure in some direction must be made at once. Spring—the season for planting—was near at hand; hence the order of General Sherman.

Gen. Rufus Saxton had been appointed Government Inspector of abandoned lands, and had been superintending the freedmen on the adjoining islands and at Beaufort. He came to Savannah and called a meeting, which was held in the Second African Baptist Church. It was the first meeting ever held in Georgia having in view the future welfare of the colored race under the new order of things. The organist played a voluntary, and then the great congregation sang:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Their country! Before the war they had had no country. Their liberty! Before General Sherman entered the city liberty was but a dream.

"I have come," said General Saxton, "to tell you what the President of the United States has done for you."

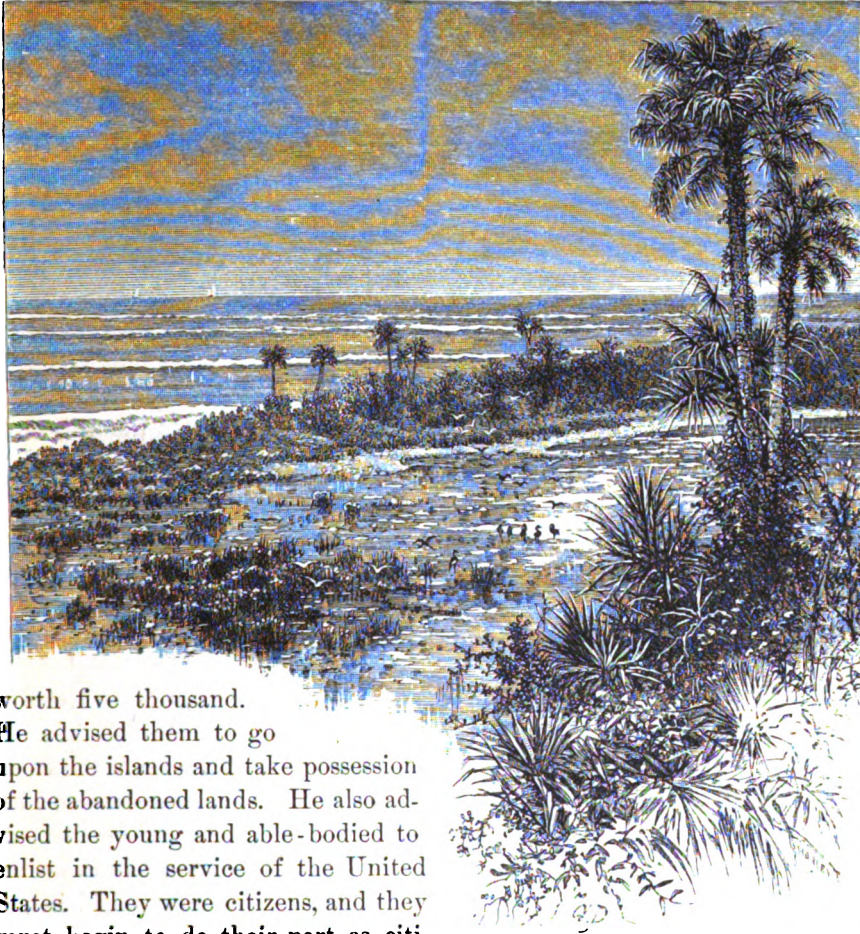
"God bless Massa Linkum!" was the response of a thousand voices.

"You are all free!"

"Glory to God! Hallelujah! Amen!" they shouted in tumultuous chorus.

He explained the war, how it had begun at Sumter. Under the providence of God they had been made free, but if they wished to live they must labor as in former years. Their relations to their masters had all been changed. They could go where they pleased, do what they pleased, provided they did that which was right; but they had no claim upon their masters—they must work for themselves. All wealth came from the soil, and by cultivating the ground they could obtain food, and thus increase their wealth. He read and explained General Sherman's order, and told

them of the advancement which the freedmen had made at Beaufort. They had comfortable homes, their children were attending school, and the men and women had almost forgotten that they had been slaves. One had accumulated ten thousand dollars in four years; another was



VIEW FROM POINT LOOKOUT, FORT
GEORGE ISLAND.

worth five thousand. He advised them to go upon the islands and take possession of the abandoned lands. He also advised the young and able-bodied to enlist in the service of the United States. They were citizens, and they must begin to do their part as citizens. They were free, but there was still some fighting to be done to secure their liberty.

Rev. Mr. French also addressed the highly excited audience.

"Your freedom," said he, "is the gift of God. The President has proclaimed it, and the brave men of General Sherman's army have brought it to you."

"God bless General Sherman! Amen! That's so!" were the enthusiastic responses. They clapped their hands and gave expression to their joy in emphatic demonstrations. It was a strange sight—a sea of turbaned heads in the body of the house, occupied by the women, wearing bright-colored handkerchiefs, or bonnets with flaming ribbons; above, in the galleries, were sable clouds of faces. Every window was filled by a joyous, enthusiastic crowd.

"You are to show your late masters that you can take care of yourselves. If I were in your place I would go and take possession of the islands, if I had to live on roots and water," said Mr. French.

"Yes, sir, dat is what we will do. We're gwine."

A prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Houston, of the Third African Baptist Church—impassioned, fervent, a remembrance of President Lincoln, and the hope that the Confederates would all lay down their arms. After the meeting he called at my room and gave me a history of his life, which I transcribe from my note-book.

He was forty-one years old, had always been a slave. When a boy his master hired him out to the Marine Hospital. Waiting upon the sailors, he had an opportunity to hear a great deal about the world. They had books and papers. He had a desire to learn to read, and they, not having the black laws of Georgia before their eyes, taught him his letters. Then obtaining a Bible and other books, he read with great zeal. He wanted to be a preacher, and, after examination by the Baptist Association, was ordained to preach by white men. He purchased his time before the war, paying fifty dollars a month to his master, and became a provision dealer, yet preaching on Sundays. He leased the lower story of a building fronting the market, where he sold his meat and where he lived. Above him, up two flights, was the slave-mart of Savannah. He used to go into the country, up the railroad to the centre of the State, to purchase cattle, and became well acquainted with the planters. He heard their discussions on current affairs, and thus received information upon the politics of the country. He gave an account of the state of affairs, of opinions held in the North and in the South at the time when Fremont was a candidate for the Presidency.

"We knew that he was our friend," said Mr. Houston, "and we wanted him elected. We were very much disappointed at the result of that election; but we kept hoping and praying that God would have mercy on us as a race."

"Did your people understand the points at issue between the South and the North when the war began?" I asked.



CITY OF SAVANNAH, 1886.
From a photograph.

"Yes, sir, I think they did. When South Carolina fired on Sumter we understood that the North was fighting for the Union. The flag had been insulted, and we thought that you of the North would have pluck enough to resent the insult. Those of us who could read the papers knew that the points at issue really were between Freedom and Slavery."

"What did you think when we were defeated at Manassas? Did you not despair?"

"No, sir. I knew that the North would not give in for one defeat. Some of our people were down-hearted, but I had faith in God, sir. I felt that the war must go on till we were made free. Besides, we prayed, sir. There have been a great many prayers offered up from broken-hearted men and women—from negro cabins, not in public—for the success of the North. They could not offer such supplications at church; they were offered to a God who sees in secret, but who rewards openly. We are receiving all we ever asked for. Bless his holy name!"

"You have seen people sold in the market, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir, thousands of them. Oh, sir, it seems as if I now could hear the groans and cries of mothers and fathers as they marched down those stairs out into the street in gangs, their chains rattling and clanking. It was hell, sir! The wailings of the damned can never be more heart-rending, as they were driven out, crying, 'O Lord, have mercy! Oh, massa, don't! don't! Oh, my poor children!'"

His eyes shone with a strange light. The muscles of his hands tightened. He arose and walked the room, wiped the tears from his cheeks, but composing himself, sat down, and said: "Iniquity was at its height when the war began, and it continued till General Sherman came. Oh, it was terrible! terrible! to be there in that room on the lower floor, and see the hundreds taken out—to see them nabbed in the streets, or pulled from their beds at dead of night by the sheriff, and sold at once; for since the war began white men have been obliged often to raise money suddenly, and slave property being especially insecure, we were liable to be sold at any moment. Runaway slaves were whipped unmercifully. Last summer I saw one receive five hundred lashes out on the Gulf Railroad because he couldn't give an account of himself. The man who kept the slave-market left the city with a large number of slaves just before Sherman came, taking them south. But all that is ended, and there is a brighter future before us."

The future had begun. On the following morning I visited the room in which so many slaves had been sold. The prattle of children's voices came floating upon my ears as I climbed the stairs down which the

last slave coffin had passed with clanking chains a few days before. Entering the room, the slave-mart of by-gone days, I found it crowded with negro children learning to read. There were laws on the statute-book of the State which made it criminal for a person to teach a slave, but that march from Atlanta to the sea had annulled the slave codes, and a new era was dawning upon the land.

From my note-book I transcribe one more glimpse of the old régime. Passing one of the Presbyterian churches, I saw the sexton sweeping the aisles. It was a substantial edifice. Old and aristocratic families had sat in the cushioned pews—men of wealth, owners of houses, lands, and slaves. The sexton was a negro, thick-set, with powerful muscles. His voice was strangely musical. He gave me his history. He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1829.

"My old master died," said he, "and I fell to his son, who went off to college and got to spreesing it, lost all his property, and of course I had to be sold. I brought twelve hundred dollars—that was in 1849—but another man offered the man who bought me a hundred and fifty dollars bonus for his bargain, which was accepted, and I was brought to Charleston. I have always been a slave."

"But you are a free man now; just as free as I am."

"Yes, sir, so General Sherman told me. I had a talk with him, and he talked just as free with me as if I was his own brother. But I don't feel it in my heart, sir, to go away and leave my old master, now that he is poor, and calamity has come upon him."

"Has he always treated you well?"

"Yes, sir; that is, he never scarred my back. Some masters are very hard, sir. I don't blame some negroes for running away from their masters now that they can, for they have been treated mighty bad, sir; but my master has had great calamity come upon him, sir. When I was brought here from Norfolk master's son Bob, who is in Texas—a captain in the Southern army now—saw me and liked me, and I liked him, and his father bought me for Bob, and Bob and I have been like brothers to each other. I have no complaint to make; but master has lost two sons in Virginia. One of them was killed in the first battle of Manassas."

"I suppose you have heard many prayers here for Jeff Davis?"

"Yes, sir, and mighty fine sermons for the Southern army, sir; and there have been solemn scenes in this church, sir. Six bodies, one Sunday after the first battle of Manassas, were here in this broad aisle. I had the communion-table set out here, right in front of the pulpit, and there they lay—six of 'em. I couldn't help crying when I saw 'em, for they

were just like old friends to me. They used to attend the Sunday-school when they were boys, and used to cut up a little wild, and it was my business to keep 'em straight. They belonged to the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, and went with Colonel Bartow. They went away gayly, and thought they were going to Richmond to have a nice time. Their mothers and sisters told them to go and fight the Yankees. They didn't expect to see them brought back dead, I reckon. It was a sad day, sir."

"Then the women were as eager as the men for the war?"

"Yes, sir, more. They were crazy about fighting the Yankees. I know that some of the boys didn't want to fight against the flag, but the women made 'em. The men had to wear Secession badges as something to show that they were for the South. If it hadn't been for the ladies, I reckon we wouldn't have had the war."

"What do the women think now?"

"Well, sir, some of them are as bitter as ever they were against the Yankees, but I reckon they don't care to say much; and then there are others who see it ain't no use to try to hold out any longer. There are lots of 'em who have lost their husbands and brothers and sons. I reckon there are very few of the Light Infantry left. I know 'em all, for I took care of their hall—their armory—and they made me hoist the flag one day union down! That made me feel very bad, sir. I always loved the flag, and I love it now better than ever. It makes me feel bad to think that my boys fought against it." (He meant the boys who attended the Sunday-school.) "But I reckon it is the Lord's doing, sir, and that it will be a blessing to us in the end."

"Can you read and write?" I asked.

"A little, sir. I never had any one to show me, but I used to sit down here in the pews and take up the hymn-book and spell out the words, and one day master Bob set me a copy in writing, and so I have learned a little. I can read the newspapers, sir, and have kept track of the war."

Upon the first battle of Manassas, the Peninsular campaigns, the blowing up of the Merrimac, the battles of Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and Sherman's campaign, he was well informed. He had a brother who was fighting for the Union.

"He is a brave fellow, and I know he won't show the white feather," said he.

We talked upon the prospects of the colored people now that they were free.

"I reckon, sir," said he, "that a good many of 'em will be disappointed.

They don't know what freedom is; but they will find that they have got to work, or else they won't get anything to eat. They are poor, ignorant creatures, but I reckon, sir, that after a while, when things get settled, they will learn how to take care of themselves. I think they are mighty foolish to clear out when they can have good situations and good pay and little to do. Then, sir, it is kind of ungrateful like to go away and leave their old masters when the day of calamity comes. I could not do it, sir; besides, I reckon I will be better off to stay here for the present, sir."

I informed him that I was from Massachusetts.

"I know something about Massachusetts, and I reckon it is a mighty fine State, sir. I have heard you abused, and the people of Boston also. Savannah people said hard things about you: that you were abolitionists, and wanted the negroes to have equal privileges with the white men. My father, when I was in Norfolk, undertook to get to Massachusetts, but he was hunted down in the swamps and sold South, away down to Alabama, and that is the last I have heard of him. I have always liked Massachusetts. I reckon you are a liberal people up there. I hear you have sent a ship-load of provisions to us poor people."

I gave him information upon the subject, and spoke of Mr. Edward Everett, who made a speech at the meeting in Faneuil Hall.

"Mr. Everett! I reckon I heard him talk about General Washington once here, five or six years ago. He was a mighty fine speaker, sir. The house was crowded."

The sun was setting, and the sexton had other duties. As I left the church he said: "Come round, sir, some afternoon, and I will take you up to the steeple, so that you can get a sight of the city; and may be you play the organ. I love to hear music, sir."

How strangely this will read fifty years hence! The words *slave—master—sold—hunted down*—will make this present time seem an impossibility to those who live after us. This sexton—a slave—heard the minister preach of the loosing of the bonds of the oppressed, and of doing unto others as they would be done by, yet he found in his own experience such a gospel a lie. His bonds were not loosened; and the boys of the Sunday-school, the petted sons of Savannah, went out from their aristocratic homes to perpetuate that lie. At last through war deliverance had come; and yet there was so much gentleness in the heart of this man that in the day of calamity which came to the master, when his sons one by one were killed in their endeavors to sustain that lie; when his property disappeared like dew before the morning sun; when his pride was humiliated; when

his daughters, who were expectants of immense fortunes, were compelled to do menial service—this servant, though a free man, could not find it in his heart to leave them, and take the liberty he loved! It may have been an exceptional case, but it shows an interesting feature of Southern life. The words of this sexton of Savannah will adorn the historic page: "I reckon, it is the Lord's doing, sir, and that it will be a blessing to us in the end."

Society in the South, and especially in Savannah, had undergone a great change. The extremes of social life were very wide apart before the war; they were no nearer the night before Sherman marched into the city; but the morning after there was a convulsion, an upheaval, a shaking up and a settling down of all the elements. The tread of that army of the West, as it moved in solid column through the streets, was like a moral earthquake, overturning aristocratic pride, privilege, and power.

Old houses, with foundations laid deep and strong in the centuries, fortified by wealth, name, and influence, went down beneath the shock. The general disruption of the former relations of master and slave, and forced submission to the Union arms, produced a common level. A reversal of the poles of the earth would hardly have brought about a greater physical convulsion than this sudden and unexpected change in the social condition of the people of the city.

On the night before Sherman entered the place there were citizens who could enumerate their wealth by millions; at sunrise the next morning they were worth scarcely a dime! Their property had been in cotton, negroes, houses, land, Confederate bonds and currency, railroad and bank stocks. Government had seized their cotton; their slaves had become freemen and were in possession of their lands; their houses were occupied by troops; Confederate bonds were waste-paper; railroads were destroyed; banks insolvent. They had not only lost wealth but their cause.

One could not ask for more courteous treatment than I received during my stay in Savannah. I was indebted to many ladies and gentlemen of that city for kind invitations to pass an evening with them. There was no concealment of opinion on either side, but with the utmost good feeling full expression was given to our differing sentiments.

"We went into the war in good faith; we thought we were right; we confidently expected to establish our independence; but we are whipped, and have got to make the best of it," was the frank acknowledgment of several gentlemen.

"I hate you of the North!" said a young lady. It came squarely, and the tone indicated a little irritation.

"I am very sorry for it. I can hardly think that you really hate us. You do not, I am sure, hate me individually?"

"Oh no. You come here as a gentleman. I should be rude and unladylike to say that I hated *you*; but I mean the Yankees in general. We never can live together in peace again. For one, I hope to leave the country."

"If I were to reside here, you of course would treat me courteously so long as I was a gentleman in my deportment?"

"Certainly; but you are an individual."

"But if two individuals can live peacefully, why not ten—or a hundred—a thousand—all?"

She hesitated a moment; and then, with flashing eyes and flushed countenance, which added charms to her beauty, said, "Well, it is hard—and you will not think any worse of me for saying it—to have your friends killed, your servants all taken away, your lands confiscated, and then know that you have failed—that you have been whipped. I wish that we had the power to whip you; but we haven't, and must make the best of it. What we are to do I don't know. We have been able to have everything that money could buy, and now we haven't a dollar. I don't care anything about keeping the negroes in slavery; but there is one feeling which we Southerners have that you cannot enter into. My old mamma, who nursed me, is just like a mother to me; yet there is one thing I never will submit to—that the negroes are our equals. They belong to an inferior race."

She laid down the argument in the palm of her hand with a great deal of emphasis.

"Your energy, boldness, and candor are admirable. If under defeat and disaster you were to sit down supinely and fold your hands, there would be little hope of your rising again; but your determination to make the best of it shows that you will adapt yourself readily to the new order of things. There never will be complete equality in society. Political and social equality are separate and distinct. Men may have a right to vote, they may be citizens, but that does not necessarily entitle them to free entrance into our homes."

The idea was evidently new to the young lady—and not only to her, but to all in the room. To them the abolition of slavery was the breaking down of all social distinctions. So long as the negro was compelled to enter the parlor as a servant they could endure his presence; but freedom implied the possibility, they imagined, of his entrance as an equal, entitled to a place at their firesides and a seat at their tables. We need not wonder that the thought was intolerable.

An incident transcribed from my note-book of 1865 will best portray the disruption that had taken place in society. In a stately mansion I met a lady who, when the war began, was owner of a great estate—a wide reach of fertile rice lands and cotton fields, valued, with the slaves that cultivated them, at more than one million dollars. The house indicated culture and refinement; it had been graced with queenly dignity. The war had changed all. The slaves were free. The banking institutions to which her money had been intrusted had suspended payment. A law had been enacted by Congress looking towards the confiscation of her estates, as her husband was an officer in the Confederate service. Before the war her every want had been satisfied; servants had done all her bidding, but the four years' conflict had left her with her little daughter penniless. She had stood in the long line at the building where the provisions were distributed, had received a bag of flour, the gift of charity.

"I have done to-day what I never have done before, and what I never dreamed of ever doing. I went to the building where were stored the provisions which you of the North have so kindly sent us, obtained a bag of flour, and made some cakes, which my daughter has been selling to the soldiers. I never have dreamed that I should do such an act, but I have no money."

There was no bitterness in the words. "It is the fortune of war. I do not complain," she added.

"The soldiers, I trust, were not rude to your daughter," I said, not knowing what other remark to make under such a lofty exhibition of the nobility of womanhood.

"Oh no; they treated her kindly, and purchased all her cakes, and my experiment has been so successful that I shall repeat it."

It is a pleasure to know that though her slaves were forever free by the act of Abraham Lincoln, her lands were not confiscated, and that time brought again abundant wealth.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHERMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

GENERAL GRANT and General Sherman, after the capture of Atlanta, when discussing the proposed movement of the army to the sea, looked forward to a second movement—the transfer of the troops on steamers from Savannah to Petersburg, (¹) but both commanders, had come to the conclusion that it would be better to make a northward march through South and North Carolina. They did not doubt that supplies would be obtained; that the army, by taking a few days' provisions, would be able to subsist until a new line of communications could be opened with Wilmington. "Your confidence," wrote General Grant, "in being able to march up and join this army pleases me, and I believe it can be done. The effect of such a campaign will be to disorganize the South, and prevent the organization of new armies from the broken fragments. . . . I have thought that Hood being so completely wiped out for present harm, I might bring A. J. Smith here with fourteen to fifteen thousand men. With this increase I could hold my lines, and move out with a greater force than Lee has. It would compel him to retain all his present force in the defences of Richmond, or abandon them entirely. This latter contingency is probably the only danger to the easy success of your expedition. In the event you should meet Lee's army, you would be compelled to beat it or find the sea-coast. Of course I shall not let Lee's army escape if I can help it, and will not let it go without following to the best of my ability. You may make your preparations to start on your northern expedition without delay. Break up the railroads in South and North Carolina, and join the armies operating against Richmond." (²)

The army under Sherman was getting ready for its second movement. I visited the headquarters of several officers whose acquaintance I had previously made. It was a hearty welcome which I received from General Howard, commanding the right wing. Our acquaintance went back to a day in 1861 when he was colonel of the Third Maine Regiment.



CROSSING THE SAVANNAH RIVER.
From a sketch made at the time.

I had been with him on the field of Gettysburg, but after that battle he had been transferred to the west, and had rendered efficient service as corps commander from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and as commander of



MAJOR-GEN. FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

the right wing in the march through Georgia. "You must go with me through the Carolinas," he said.

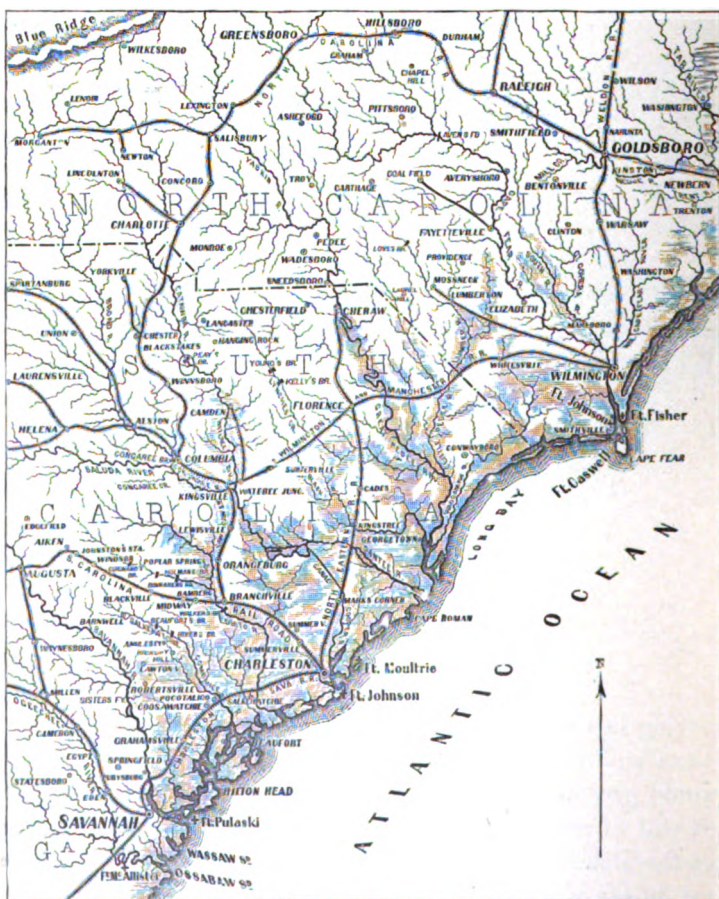
"It would give me pleasure to accept your kind invitation, but your movement will uncover Charleston and Fort Sumter, and I must see the city where the Rebellion began."

General Logan was in command of the Fifteenth Corps. I first saw him at Fort Donelson, where he had been wounded. He was in the cabin

of the steamer *Uncle Sam*, which General Grant had taken for his headquarters, lying upon a stretcher, and his devoted wife bending over him, while at the other end of the saloon General Buckner was going through the formality of surrendering the fort and the army to General Grant.

The commander of the Seventeenth Corps was Major-Gen. Francis P. Blair, whose acquaintance I had made before the outbreak of the Rebellion, in the political campaign of 1860, at the time of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency.

Very kind was the invitation of Major-Gen. A. S. Williams, commanding the Twentieth Corps, to make his headquarters my home during the march. Equally kind that of General Geary, commanding the second



SHERMAN'S NORTHWARD MOVEMENT.

division of the corps, which had been consolidated from the Eleventh and Twelfth corps. I had seen the veterans of this command in many battles, and had a wide acquaintance with the subordinate officers. Prudential reasons forbade my accompanying the army in its march. I knew that the Rebellion was approaching its end; that there would be exciting



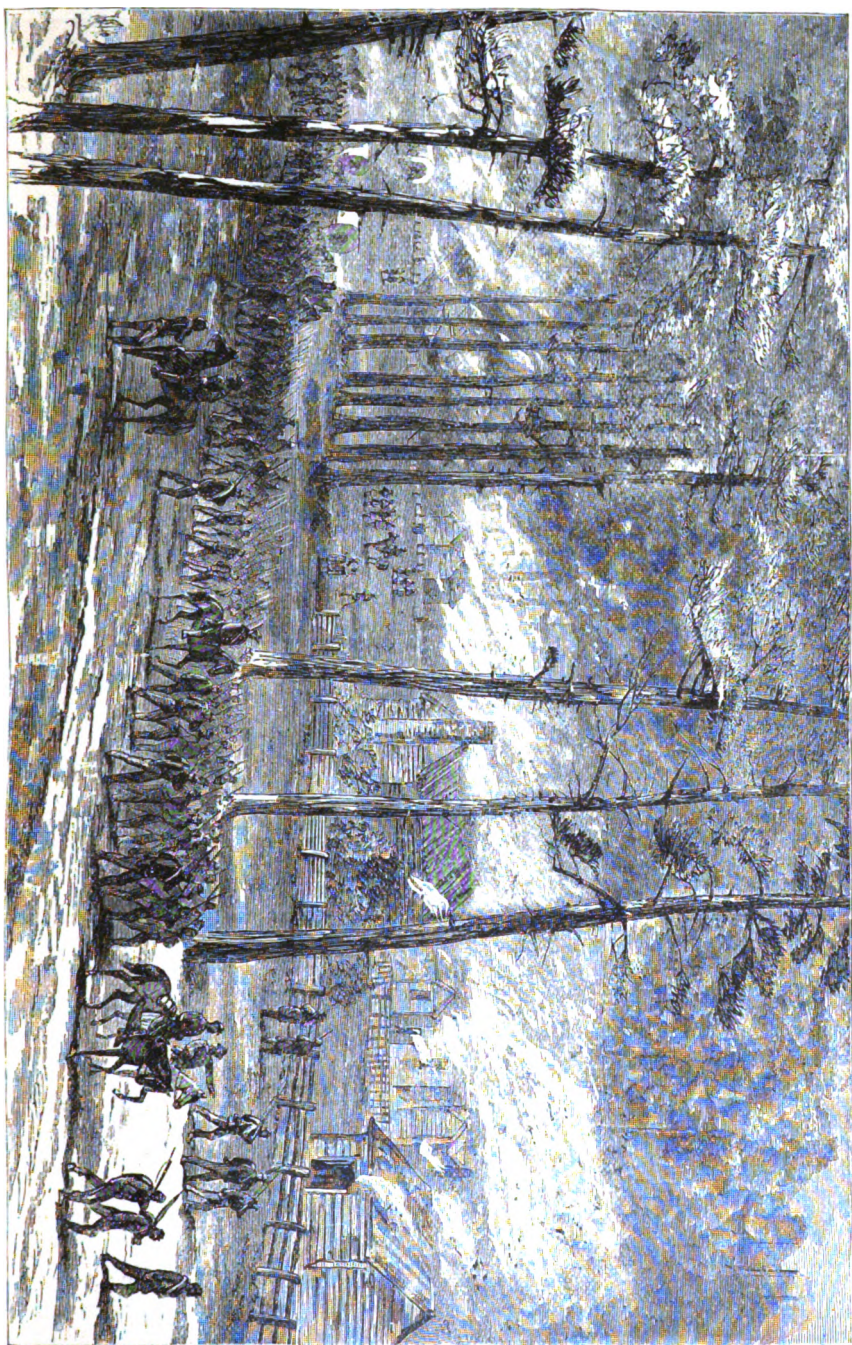
STARTING FROM POCOTALIGO.

scenes on other fields; besides, there would be no communication with the sea-coast, after Sherman was fairly on his way, till the army reached the vicinity of Wilmington. For a month or more I should not be able to send a despatch to the newspaper which I represented. More than this, I desired above everything else to see the Stars and Stripes unfurled once more over the ruins of Fort Sumter.

The coast of South Carolina is a net-work of bays, inlets, and creeks. The land is low, with many swamps and dark forests of live-oak, tangled vines, and trailing moss, the winter haunt of ducks and geese which rear their young in summer on the coast of Labrador. The bobolink, in his uniform of buff and black, making the fields of New England musical with his rollicking melody in June, here in his winter coat of russet is at

home in the rice-fields. Upon the sea islands of South Carolina the wealthy cotton planters, before the war, lived in ease and luxury—their thousands of slaves earning their wealth. The town of Beaufort was their sea-side home, from which they suddenly fled in consternation on a morning when the cannon of the Union war ships silenced the guns of the fortifications erected to defend the entrance to Port Royal harbor. Hilton Head was the rendezvous for the vessels of the South Atlantic war ships; Beaufort had been in the possession of the Union troops. General Sherman, in planning his new movement, saw that by sending General Howard with his troops by water from Savannah to Beaufort, the Confederates would surmise that Charleston was his objective point; but he had a far better plan. It was to march north towards Columbia. Such a movement would perplex General Hardee, in command of the Confederates, who would be in doubt whether or not Sherman was intending to divide his army—Howard to move on Charleston, and Slocum on Columbia; or possibly he might think that Slocum, after crossing Savannah River, would turn with Howard towards Charleston. He had good reason to think that nothing would be more pleasing to the Union soldiers than to enter the city where the Rebellion had its birth. General Sherman, however, was not marching through South Carolina to take vengeance upon Charleston, but to put an end to the war, and all his movements had that object in view. By moving towards Columbia, the capital of the State, he would avoid the swamps, the tangled forests, the creeks and inlets of the coast. By striking inland he would be in a fertile country, where he would obtain supplies. Such a movement would enable him to destroy the railroads, and thus paralyze the Confederate Government. He believed that General Hardee would not be able to concentrate any large body of troops to oppose him. If he could reach Goldsborough, in North Carolina, he could open communication with the fleet at Wilmington, and so obtain fresh supplies of ammunition and food. General Sherman saw that the campaign ought to be one of rapid movement, and that in consequence the soldiers must be prepared for long and weary marches. Boots, shoes, and clothing were obtained, and the men, in their new uniforms, looked forward with glee to the day when they would be once more on the march—the last great movement of the war—for there was not a soldier in the army so dull of intellect as not to see that the conflict would soon be over.

Turning to the map of South Carolina, we see the rivers rising in the mountains of the western section of the State, and running south-east to the sea. The first streams of any magnitude in Sherman's path were the



BURNING THE STATION AT MCPHERSONVILLE.

Big and Little Salkehatchie, the Edisto, Saluda, and Santee. At Branchville, fifty miles west of Charleston, he would strike a railroad junction—one road leading west to Augusta, the other north to Columbia. By destroying these he would do great injury to the Confederates, and bring about the evacuation of Charleston. By keeping on to Columbia he would reach the capital of the State, which would be a humiliating event to the people who had inaugurated the war.

General Howard was shipping his troops on light-draught steamers from Savannah to Port Royal. The men from the prairies, who never had seen the ocean, were sea-sick, and told General Sherman
 Jan. 10, 1865. that they would rather march one thousand miles than be tossed for a single night on the Atlantic. (*) As fast as the division arrived they moved west, reaching Pocotaligo, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

The cavalry under General Kilpatrick crossed the Savannah River, and moved up the north bank to Sister's Ferry, thus enabling General Slocum, with the left wing of the army, to lay his pontoons at that place.

In conversation with the people of Savannah, General Sherman allowed them to infer that he was intending to move upon Charleston. (*)

Jan. 24, 1865. Rain had fallen, and the rivers were pouring down great floods, overflowing their banks. The Savannah was nearly three miles wide, and General Slocum was obliged to wait for the water to subside before he could cross. After many delays he reached the north

Feb. 1, 1865. bank, and the soldiers, finding themselves in South Carolina, were ready and eager for their northward march.

There can be little doubt that the men who had fought their way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, some of whom had suffered the horrors of Andersonville and Belle Isle, were ready to wreak their vengeance upon the people of South Carolina, whom they held responsible for bringing on the war. As I looked westward over the rice-lands on the South Carolina side I could see columns of smoke rising heavenward from buildings which had been set on fire by the advancing troops. In the Twentieth Corps were soldiers from Pennsylvania, who with bitterness remembered how Chambersburg had been wantonly set on fire by the order of General Early. ("Redeeming the Republic," p. 435.) The officer whose division had carried Fort McAllister by assault has given this record of the feeling among the troops towards the people of South Carolina:

"No sooner had we passed Pocotaligo than the demon of destruction seized possession of everybody. South Carolina had fired the first gun, and even the smallest drummer-boy seemed determined to get even. The

feeling was not confined to the army, nor even to the North. Often have I heard Georgians say, 'Why don't you go over to South Carolina and serve them this way? They started it.' We were not out of sight of Port Royal Ferry before the black columns of smoke began to rise. . . . A carnival of destruction began. There was scarcely a building far or near on the line of march that was not burned. Often have I seen this work going on in the presence of the highest officers, with no word of disapproval. I never could bring myself to aid in the destruction of private property, and always did all I could to prevent it. I called one day at a large, handsome house, and found a beautiful and refined lady in charge of it. She proved to be a relative of Dr. Brodie, of Charleston, formerly of the army, a very dear friend of mine, who had tended me in Texas, before the war, during a long sickness. The house was such a home as only a cultivated woman can make. She expected to be told at any moment that it was on fire, but never lost her perfect composure, though the effort of self-control showed itself in a slight quivering of the lip. I called a trusty officer and directed him to remain, with two orderlies, until the army and the stragglers had passed, and see that no harm was done to anything. I rode on feeling happy that I had done a good act. But at night the officer reported that, supposing he had fully executed his orders, he came forward, and was not out of sight of the house when it was in flames. Stragglers loitering behind, no doubt, had fired it. A day or so after this I entered a fine residence, and found it occupied by an old lady and her two daughters. They were seated in a plain room in the rear of the house, and were all knitting. They received my inquiries with a sullen and stolid manner, and showed no concern or interest in what was passing. I tried to save the place, and called my staff and orderlies to aid me; but the out-buildings were soon in flames. We then devoted our efforts entirely to the dwelling-house, but to no purpose, for it took fire in two or three places, and was consumed. The occupants walked quietly out without acknowledging my efforts in their behalf, and with apparent indifference to the ruin of their home. Thus our soldiers in South Carolina. An order prohibiting the destruction of property was of no effect beyond the immediate presence and power to enforce it."(*)

Sherman had sixty thousand men and sixty-eight guns, twenty-five hundred wagons, with six mules to each wagon, six hundred ambulances, and enough ammunition for a great battle, grain for seven days, and food for twenty days, besides a drove of cattle.

Although the army had been resting more than a month in Savannah, and although the Confederate Government had reason to suppose that the

march would be through South Carolina, not much had been accomplished towards collecting an army to oppose the movement.

General Beauregard, who had been west to see what could be done with the remnant of the Army of the Tennessee under Hood, hastened east, and met General Hardee at Augusta. They thought that an army of between thirty and forty thousand might be assembled. To gather such a force Hood's troops were to be sent from

Feb. 2, 1865.



THE TWENTIETH CORPS ENTERING BLACKVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a sketch made at the time.

Tupelo, Mississippi, which, with those under Hardee in Charleston, together with the cavalry, would make a force about half as large as that commanded by Sherman. The Confederate authorities in Richmond directed Hood's troops to hasten east, but no orders were issued for the concentration of the soldiers already in the State, for Jefferson Davis did not relish the thought that Charleston should be given up. General Beauregard sent this despatch to him :

"The fall of Charleston and Columbia would necessitate the abandonment of Wilmington and east North Carolina. If troops from there and

Virginia could be sent here to Columbia, with their transportation, I would defeat, and might destroy Sherman's army." (*) General Beauregard intended to overwhelm an army as large again as his own. It was in this wise:

There were four places on the Edisto which Sherman could use in crossing that stream. Beauregard intended to place dismounted cavalry, with two or three cannon, at three of them, which, he believed, would prevent the Union soldiers from crossing. He would offer no opposition at the place where the Seventeenth Corps was to cross, but when about two-thirds of that corps were on the north bank he would pounce upon them, and having defeated them, would himself cross the Edisto, and fall upon the rear of the Fifteenth Corps a little farther up-stream, and overwhelm it by a sudden and unexpected attack; and then, gathering up all his forces, would attack the other two corps in turn, and thus with about thirty thousand men annihilate the sixty thousand that had fought their way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and made the march thence to the sea! (*)

The army of Sherman began its march, each corps moving towards one common point at Blackville, on the South Carolina Railroad. General Sherman accompanied the Fifteenth Corps, commanded by Major-General

Feb. 3, 1865. Logan. When the troops of General Howard reached the

Salkehatchie they found the water flooding the swamps, and the current running swift and strong. The Confederates were upon the opposite bank ready to dispute their passage. General Mower's and Gen. Giles A. Smith's divisions found themselves in a swamp where the water was nearly up to their shoulders, but they waded through, reached dry ground, and opened fire upon the Confederates, putting them to flight, and compelling them to abandon the line of defence formed by that stream. The Fifteenth Corps laid its pontoons and crossed to the north bank. General Slocum reached the stream and crossed it. The cavalry, together with the foragers, pushed on in advance of the army to the railroad leading from Charleston to Augusta, tearing up the

Feb. 7, 1865. track. One of the foragers came riding back in great glee with the news, "We have got the railroad. Hurry up, general!" he shouted to General Howard. (*)

The whole army, with the exception of the Fourteenth Corps, was thus concentrated at Blackville. The next point which Sherman intended to reach was Columbia. The railroad was torn up, and the army moved on to the Edisto. At Orangeburg the bridge was gone, and the river deep. A Confederate battery opened fire from the opposite bank.

General Blair sent a division five miles farther down, and pontoons were laid. The water was waist-deep in the swamp, but the troops reached solid ground and advanced towards the town. The Confederates set a great quantity of cotton on fire and fled. The Union troops completed the work of destruction by setting the depot on fire, and tearing up more than fifty miles of the railroad.

General Sherman was only twenty-five miles from Columbia, the capi-



THE FIFTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE SOUTH EDISTO.

From a sketch made at the time.

tal of the State, and yet General Hardee, in Charleston, was expecting that his movement was only a feint covering his real intention—
 Feb. 17, 1865. that of suddenly turning eastward towards that city. General Sherman issued orders instead for all the corps to turn in the direction of Columbia, where he supposed the main body of Confederates were concentrated. General Beauregard was there, and so was Gen. Wade

Hampton with his cavalry ; but Beauregard and Hampton were as much in the dark as Hardee in regard to Sherman's probable movements. They thought that he was intending to move either towards Augusta or towards Charleston.

The Saluda and Broad rivers, which unite a short distance above Columbia, form the Congaree, which, near the ocean, becomes the Santee. The

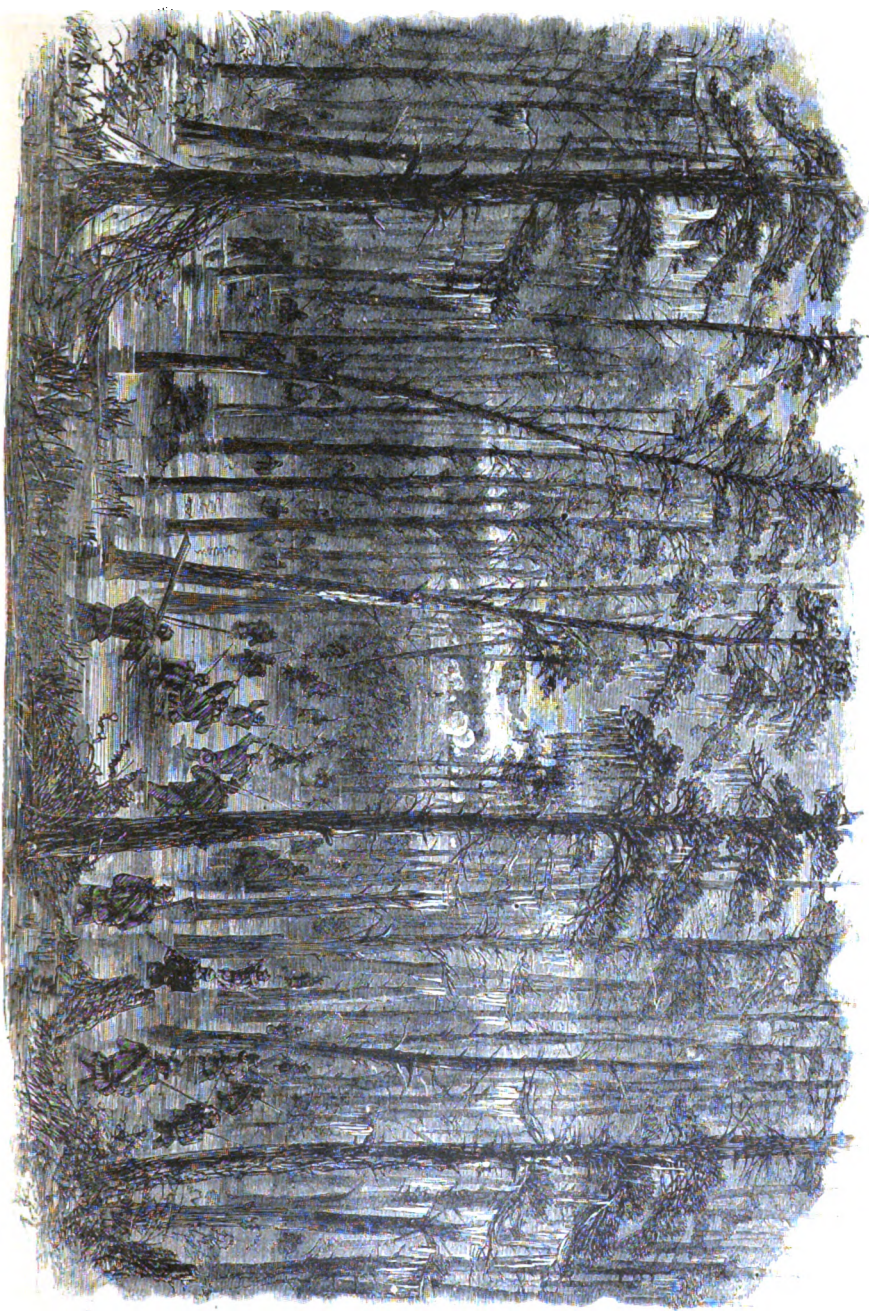
Feb. 16, 1865. current was swift and strong. The bridges crossing it had been saturated with turpentine, so that when set on fire they

would burn quickly. The Fifteenth Corps crossed the Saluda, and moved on to the Broad, skirmishing with the Confederate cavalry. The skirmishers saw the cavalymen ride across the bridge, which, a moment later, was on fire. One by one the wooden spans fell into the water, leaving the stone piers standing as monuments in the stream. The Union troops could see the granite walls of the unfinished State-house looming above the surrounding buildings. Captain De Gress, with his 20-pounder cannon, fired across the river at the Confederate cavalry. He thought that there was a body of infantry concealed behind them. General Sherman instructed him not to fire into the town, but told him that he might burst a few shells near the railroad station, to scare away the negroes who were helping themselves to the corn and meal which the Confederates had not removed, and which was wanted for the army ; and also to fire a few shots at the unfinished State-house. (")

The Fifteenth Corps moved up the south bank of Broad River four miles. The pontoons were taken from the wagons, placed in the stream, and Stone's brigade of Wood's division passed into the boats and soon were on the northern bank. When morning dawned the brigade formed in line of battle and approached the city, but before they reached it the Mayor, Mr. Goodwin, met them, offering its surrender. While the Mayor was on his way out to the Union lines, Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, of the Thirteenth Iowa Regiment, jumped into a boat with some of his men, crossed the river, and hoisted the flag above the State-house. (")

General Beauregard had only three thousand men, besides the cavalry, to oppose the entrance of the troops. The departing Confederates set the railroad station on fire. As General Sherman had been destroying the railroads, he was saved the trouble. With General Howard he rode into the city just before noon. They saw the station, and a warehouse and bales of cotton near the station, in flames.

The Mayor selected the house of Mr. Blanton Duncan for General Sherman's headquarters. Mr. Duncan was a citizen of Louisville, Kentucky, but he had gone South and joined the Confederacy, and was placed in



AT THE BALKHATCHIE.
From a sketch made at the time.

charge of the paper-money department. He had printed many million promises to pay, but his presses had come to a sudden stand-still. He had seen his paper dollars diminish in value, until a one-hundred-dollar bill would hardly pay for a breakfast. Night came on. A high wind was blowing. General Sherman saw that a building was on fire, and sent Major Nichols to see about it, who soon returned and said that it was a warehouse filled with cotton, near the station; that General Wood, with a large number of his troops, was trying to stop the spread of the flames. But the fire became brighter, the sparks and burning flakes of cotton rose high in the air, and were blown all over the city. "I despatched," wrote General Sherman, "message after message to generals Howard, Logan, and Wood, and received from them repeated assurances that all was being done that could be done, but that the high wind was spreading the flames beyond all control. These officers were on the ground all night, and Hazen's division had been brought in to assist Wood's division, already there. . . . The air was full of sparks and flying masses of cotton, shingles, etc., some of which were carried four or five blocks, and started new fires. The men seemed generally under good control, and certainly labored hard to prevent the fire spreading, but so long as the high wind prevailed it was beyond human possibility. Fortunately, about 3 or 4 A.M. the wind moderated, and gradually the fire was got under control; but it had burned out the very heart of the city, embracing several churches and the old State-house. Many of the people thought that the fire was deliberately planned and executed. This is not true. It was accidental, and, in my judgment, began with the cotton which General Hampton's men had set fire to on leaving the city (whether by his order or not is not material), which fire was partly subdued during the day by our men; but when night came the high wind fanned it again into full blaze, carried it against the frame houses, which caught like tinder, and soon spread beyond control."(")

Another Union officer (General Hazen) has written of what he saw: "We advanced," he writes, "along the main street, in which cotton bales had been piled in long lines, and it had been fired by the departing enemy. The engines were on the street, and had evidently been at work putting out the fire, which still smoked in a few places. The fire was completely under control."(") There is abundant evidence that the troops under Beauregard and Hampton deliberately set fire to the cotton piled in bales along the principal street, regardless of what might be the result.

"Many of the people," is the testimony of General Hazen, "were fraternizing with the soldiers, and even treating them, very unwisely, to wines and liquors, which were passed along the line in buckets and tin pans, and

in one instance in a large tin boiler such as is used on kitchen stoves. Many in the ranks (Wood's division) were already drunk. All this I noticed as we marched by. I observed that many shops had been gutted, and that paper, rags, and litter of all kinds lay scattered on the floors, in the open door-ways, and on the ground outside. I was told on good authority that this had been done by the Confederate troops before our arrival. . . . There were in the city a large number of Union officers—probably from one to two hundred—who were prisoners of war, belonging to a prison-camp over the river, but permitted to live in the city, who were liberated by our arrival. They had suffered great hardships, and were in a wretched condition, dressed for the most part in shirts and pantaloons, without hats or shoes. They were overjoyed at their deliverance, and justly indignant at their treatment. They spoke, however, with warm gratitude of the kindness of the ladies of Columbia. . . . At sundown a fire broke out in several places in a clump of isolated wooden buildings a little north of the principal hotel. A few men could easily have torn down the buildings. I met Col. W. B. Woods, who was provost marshal, and suggested that he take his guard and pull the buildings down. He told me that he could not get men enough together to do any good. This seemed to annoy him very much. I then rode to General Sherman's headquarters. He saw the darkness lit up with the lurid hue of the conflagration. He remarked, regretfully, 'They have brought it on themselves.' I mounted my horse and hurried to the city. The houses on the main street were now burning in many places along nearly its whole length. The fire could not have been communicated from the clump of houses I first saw burning. It was evident that incendiaries had been actively at work. The buildings were mainly of wood, and the wind sent large sheets of blazing siding and shingles high into the air, landing them hundreds of yards away on the roofs of buildings. All over the eastern part of the city the wind now set in with great force, much increased by the fire itself. Any general effort to stop the conflagration would have been useless." (")

Many of the Union officers and soldiers did what they could to save residences of citizens where they had been kindly treated. General Logan's headquarters were at the house of Mr. Preston, father-in-law of Gen. Wade Hampton, commanding the Confederate cavalry. It was a home embellished by rare works of art. General Logan placed a guard over the place, and not an article was injured by any Union soldier. (")

A great deal has been written in regard to the burning of Columbia. The subject has been investigated by an impartial commission under a



COLUMBIA ON FIRE.
From a sketch made at the time.

treaty of the United States with England, which reported that the destruction of property during the night could not be found to have been the result of any act committed by the soldiers of General Sherman. (") It never will be known whether or not the fire rekindled of itself from that set by the Confederate soldiers in the morning, or whether some of the Union soldiers, desiring to see the capital of the State wiped from the face of the earth, started the devastating flames.

The rising sun looked down upon an indescribable scene of desolation. A concourse of men, women and children, without a home, starvation staring them in the face, their fathers, husbands, and brothers in the army or at rest forever on the battle fields of Virginia; the cause to which they had given all their energies, their sympathies, and hopes fading away; the enemy whom they hated occupying their city; the future illumined by no cheering ray. This was war—far different from what imagination had pictured it when, four years before, they rejoiced over the secession of the State, and on an April morning in 1861 had held carnival over the humiliation of the Stars and Stripes at Fort Sumter.

The heart sickens as we attempt to picture the scene, as it does over the thought of what occurred in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; but there is this difference: at Chambersburg the torch was deliberately applied by the order of a Confederate officer in command of an army; at Columbia the first fire was deliberately kindled by the Confederates, regardless of what might come of it. No Union commander directed that the city should be burned; no certain proof has ever been adduced that it was destroyed by the soldiers of Sherman's army. It would not be strange if it were the revengeful act of the men whose lives had been fading away in the prison-pen. Revenge is sweet, it is said. Whether the flames which broke forth at sundown were started by a spark from the smouldering bales of the mid-day fire, or otherwise, will never be known. Columbia in ashes was the desolation of war.

One of the men of the Fifth Iowa, who had been in the prison-pen, made his way through the crowd to General Sherman as he sat on his horse, and gave him a paper. The commander of the army could not stop to read it at the moment, but at night, in Mr. Duncan's parlor, he saw that it was a song which Adjutant Byers had written.

"Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe;

When a rider came out of the darkness
 That hung over mountain and tree,
 And shouted, 'Boys, up and be ready,
 For Sherman will march to the sea!'

CHORUS.

"Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
 That echoed o'er river and lea;
 And the stars of our banner shone brighter
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

"Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
 Went up from each valley and glen,
 And the bugles re-echoed the music
 That came from the lips of the men;
 For we knew that the stars in our banner
 More bright in their splendor would be,
 And that blessings from Northland would greet us
 When Sherman marched down to the sea."

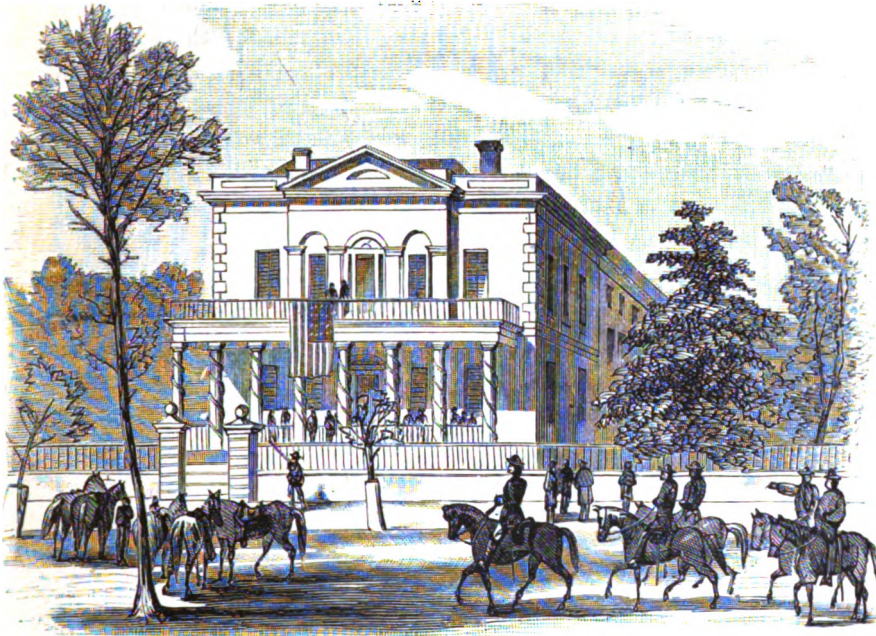
When the Union troops entered the city General Beauregard went north-east towards Chester, where he expected to be rejoined by the troops from Charleston. He arrived at Ridgeway, twenty-six miles from Columbia, that night.

It was a remarkable telegram which he sent to President Davis: "Should the enemy advance into North Carolina towards Charlotte and Salisbury, as is now almost certain, I earnestly urge a concentration in time of at least thirty-five thousand infantry and artillery at the latter point, if possible, to give him battle there and crush him; then to concentrate all forces against Grant, and then march to Washington to dictate a peace. Hardee and myself can collect about fifteen thousand men, exclusive of Cheatham and Stewart, not likely to reach in time. If Lee and Bragg could furnish twenty thousand more, the fate of the Confederacy would be secure." ("

Feb. 21, 1865.

General Beauregard at that moment had less than five thousand troops confronting Sherman. Stewart and Cheatham, with about six thousand men—the remnant of Hood's army—were somewhere in Georgia, making their way eastward, but would find it difficult to reach him, because Sherman in his northward march would destroy the only railroad leading west. Only by the utmost exertion would it be possible for him to gather an army of thirty-five thousand. He had few wagons for transportation of supplies. Such an army would be only a heterogeneous collection of men, unorganized and ineffective; and yet, with half the number of troops com-

manded by Sherman, General Beauregard proposed to crush him—to wipe from the earth sixty thousand disciplined troops, who had fought their way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and moved on unopposed to Savannah and northward to the heart of South Carolina. Having accomplished that undertaking, General Beauregard would join General Lee, and together they would annihilate the Army of the Potomac, which had fought its



HOME OF WADE HAMPTON, COLUMBIA.

From a sketch made in February, 1865.

way step by step from the Wilderness to the Weldon Railroad; and then, with triumphant banners, march northward, cross the Potomac, plant their cannon around Washington, capture the formidable intrenchments which Early had once attempted to assault, enter the city, and in the White House dictate the terms of peace to Abraham Lincoln! Were it not for the fact that the proposal is to be found in the narrative of the "Military Operations of General Beauregard," written since the war, and presumably revised by him, it would be charitable to believe, from its extravagance and absurdity, that the despatch was dictated by a disordered intellect. It is not known just how the message was regarded by Jefferson

Davis, but the telegraph flashed this from General Lee: "I have directed Gen. J. E. Johnston to assume command of the Southern army, and to assign you to duty with him. Together I feel assured you will beat back Sherman." (1)

When the flag of the United States was humiliated at Fort Sumter, in 1861, General Beauregard became the hero of the hour. Next to General

Lee he had taken a prominent part in the military operations; Feb. 22, 1865.

but we read between the lines of the despatch that there was a manifest want of confidence in him on the part of the authorities at Richmond. While he was planning the proposed crushing out of the armies of Sherman and Grant, and the dictation of peace at Washington, the Confederates were sadly bidding farewell to the heap of ruins in Charleston harbor, and preparing to evacuate the city where the Rebellion had its birth.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIV.

(1) Gen. Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. iii., p. 358.

(2) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 287.

(3) Idem, p. 241.

(4) Idem.

(5) Gen. W. B. Hazen, "Narrative of Military Service," p. 377.

(6) "Military Operations of General Beauregard." Appendix.

(7) Alfred Roman, "Military Operations of General Beauregard," p. 342.

(8) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 274.

(9) Idem, p. 278.

(10) Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, Fifteenth Iowa Regiment.

(11) "Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," vol. ii., p. 286.

(12) Gen. W. B. Hazen, "Narrative of Military Service," p. 249.

(13) Idem, p. 250.

(14) Idem, p. 252.

(15) Treaty of Washington. Report of Commission of Arbitration.

(16) General Beauregard to Jefferson Davis. "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii., p. 355.

(17) Idem, p. 357.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

IT is the verdict of history that the War of the Rebellion was inaugurated by the slave-holders for the establishment of a government under which slavery should ever be recognized as a beneficent institution ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. xi.). But all the world had come to comprehend the true meaning of the conflict. On the part of the North, at the beginning of the struggle, the controlling idea was the preservation of the Union; but from the issuing of the Proclamation of Emancipation, in 1862, after the battle of Antietam, the people of the North fought not only for maintaining the Union, but for the extinction of slavery. The proposition to employ colored troops for the suppression of the Rebellion aroused intense and virulent opposition on the part of those who called themselves Peace Democrats in the North (see "Marching to Victory," chap. xv.), while in the South it was received by an outburst of anger, and determination to inflict summary retaliation upon those captured in battle.

Mr. Miles, member of the Confederate Congress, introduced a bill into the House of Representatives providing that slaves who had escaped from service, and who had become soldiers in the Union army, if captured, should be returned to their masters; while officers commanding them, if captured, were to be hanged at once.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, introduced a resolution which declared that, "in the future conduct of the war, it is the duty of the Government of the Confederate States neither to ask quarter for its soldiers nor extend it to the enemy, until an awakened or created sense of decency and humanity, or the sting of retaliation, shall have compelled our enemies to adopt or practise the usages of war which prevail among civilized nations."(¹)

Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, presented a resolution which provided that after June 1, 1863, "commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Union army who may be captured shall be imprisoned at hard labor until the termination of the war; that officers commanding negro troops, if captured, shall suffer death."(²)

Mr. Chilton, of Alabama, introduced a bill which provided that Union officers should be "treated as felons, to be tried by court-martial, and if condemned, to be executed by being hanged by the neck until dead."(*)

Mr. Russell, of Virginia, prepared a bill providing that Union officers might be put to death, but giving Jefferson Davis authority to condemn them to be imprisoned instead.(')

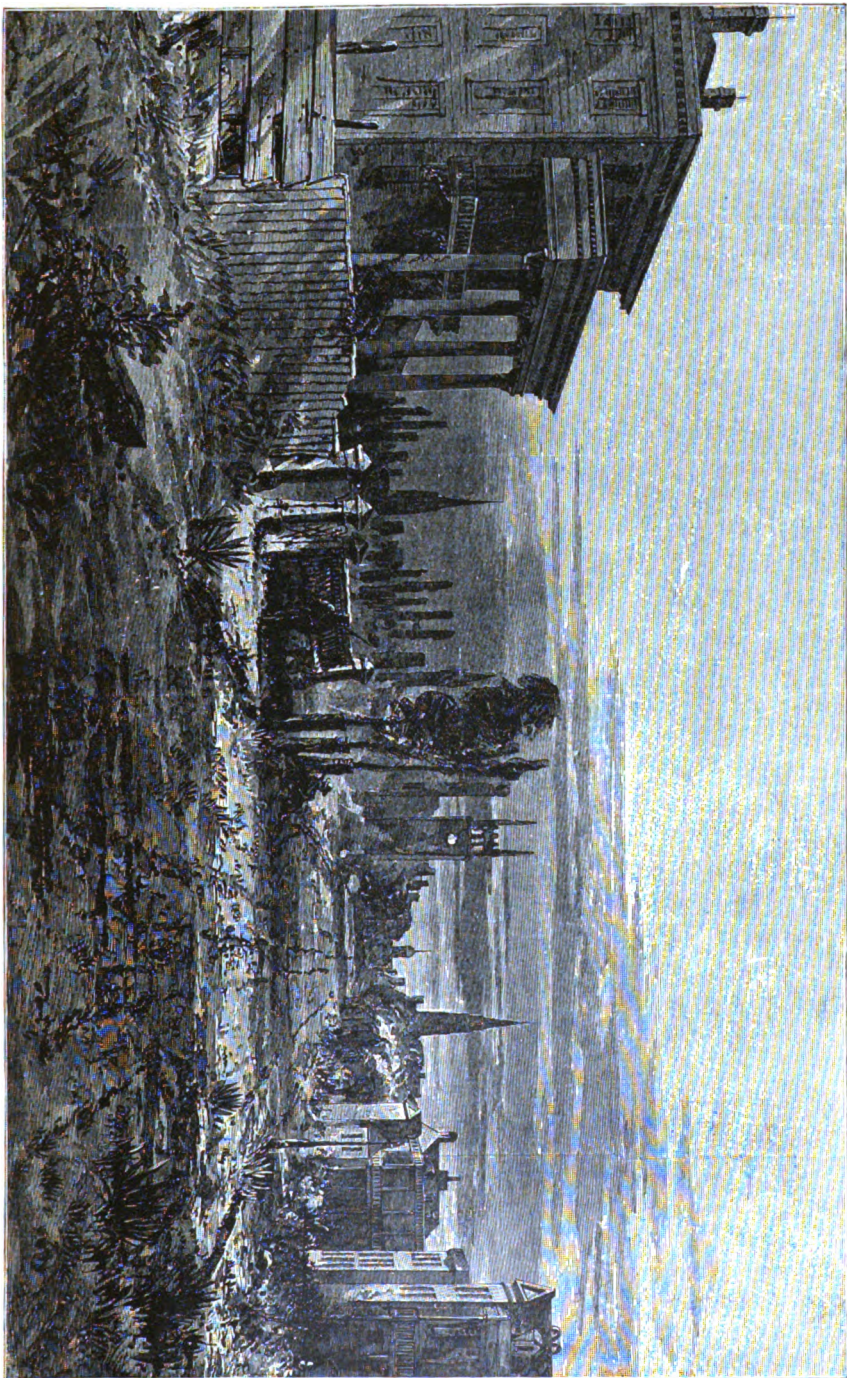
The bill presented by Mr. Garland, of Arkansas, provided that "officers and privates, or citizens, engaged in carrying out the Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, if convicted, should be hanged."(*)

The resolution of Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, not having passed, he prepared a bill which provided that every commissioned officer who should voluntarily aid negroes in any military enterprise, if captured, should be hanged.(')

The Confederate commander General Forrest captured in Alabama several Union officers and soldiers who were enlisting colored troops, whereupon Governor Shorter, of that State, wrote to Secretary Seddon, saying that they ought not to be treated as prisoners of war, and asking that they be turned over to him, to be dealt with under the laws of that State.(')

This is the reply of Mr. Seddon: "The privates, before the receipt of your letter, had been sent on under the cartel. Some of the officers of these companies, as well as of other regiments captured by General Forrest, remain, and they will suffice, perhaps, to exhibit the determination of the Government to serve as examples of the punishment which will be visited on such crimes. The measure of forbearance so long exhibited by the authorities and people of the South, under the atrocious violations of all the usages of civilized warfare by the enemy, has been at last exhausted, and it only remains to indicate by unavoidable retaliation the wrongs of our army and people, and, if possible, deter by fear our unscrupulous foes, insensible to all higher influences, from a repetition of their atrocities."(*)

Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the military department beyond the Mississippi, informed Mr. Seddon that he was about to make a movement against the Union troops, and received these instructions from the Confederate Secretary of War: "It is very probable that the forces employed by the enemy will consist in a large measure of negro troops. I have in previous communications intimated to you my own judgment that a most marked distinction should be made in the treatment, when taken, of those negro troops and of the whites leading them. *The latter had best be dealt with red-handed on the field immediately thereafter.* The



BUILDING IN WHICH UNION OFFICERS WERE CONFINED IN CHARLESTON.

From a sketch made at the time.

former, to be considered rather as deluded victims of the hypocrisy and malignity of the enemy, should not be driven by desperation, but received readily to mercy, and encouraged to submit and return to their masters, with whom, after their brief experience of Yankee humanity and the perils of the military service, they will be more content than ever heretofore in the service and under the protection of their legitimate guardians."(*)

We have seen ("Redeeming the Republic," p. 34) how General Forrest instructed his men to deal with prisoners. We have heard him say: "War means fight, and fight means kill. What is the use of taking prisoners to eat your rations?" We have seen negro troops massacred at Fort Pillow ("Redeeming the Republic," p. 42), and the murder of Major Booth in cold blood. Like atrocities were committed in other places under this authority from the Secretary of War. Notwithstanding the instructions of Mr. Seddon, the Confederate government could not enter upon a systematic course of retaliation so revolting to common humanity and repugnant to the civilization of the nineteenth century. Instead of hanging Union officers, as proposed by the members of Congress, they sent a large number to Charleston, and put them in confinement in that section of the city where the shells fired from Morris Island were exploding. Little did Mr. Seddon or Jefferson Davis imagine in midsummer, 1863, that in a little more than a twelvemonth the leading newspapers of the South, members of Congress, and they themselves would be in favor of arming the slaves as soldiers.

Revolutions once begun never go backward. Onward through the ages, from low to higher forms of society, has been the advancement of the human race. The most observant men of the South had little comprehension of the change that was taking place; that as a cyclone, leveling all before it, whirling solid structures from their foundations, so the war was sweeping the institution of slavery from the land, overturning the old forms of society, leaving ruin and desolation in its path. As the lightning-flash changes and purifies the atmosphere, so the cannon's flame and blaze of musketry was bringing about a marvellous change in the social atmosphere of the South. At first the subject of arming the slaves was mentioned in whisper, very little was heard in public. Planters, sitting beneath the verandas of their homes, opposed it. But what should be done? How should they fill up the armies—how beat back the invader? The question was ever-present. When General Sherman reached

Atlanta, and was preparing for his next movement, the government of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia,

Oct. 17, 1864.

Alabama, and Mississippi met in convention to discuss the question of employing slaves as soldiers, but returned to their homes without adopting any plan. They were carrying on the war to establish a government with slavery for its "corner-stone;" to employ slaves and grant them their freedom would be the destruction of the institution, and the world would see how false were their professions.

The Confederate Congress, after its summer vacation, assembled in Richmond and listened to a message from President Davis, who brought before them the question of employing slaves. A law had
 Nov. 7, 1864. been passed in February, 1864, giving the Government authority to impress twenty thousand slaves to work on the fortifications and in the army. President Davis wanted larger power. He thought that the Government ought to purchase the slaves from their masters; that it would be better for the Confederacy to own the slaves rather than to pay the masters for their services. But how should the slaves be held? What should be done with them? "Should he be retained in servitude?" asked Mr. Davis, "or should his emancipation be held out to him as a reward for faithful service? The policy of engaging to liberate the negro on his discharge, after service faithfully rendered, seems to me to be preferable to that of granting immediate manumission, or that of retaining him in servitude."(") President Davis did not think that the time had quite arrived when the negro should be armed as a soldier, but he said, "Should the alternative ever be presented of subjugation, or the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems to be no reason to doubt what should then be our decision."

As very few slaves had ever fired a gun, it would be necessary to train them before employing them as soldiers; and to that end President Davis advocated the passing of a law which would put forty thousand slaves in training.

The message astonished the people of the South. It became the theme of discussion everywhere.

A college classmate of Secretary Benjamin's, a prominent citizen of Charleston, addressed a letter to his old friend. He said:

"The extraordinary march of Sherman through the great State of Georgia is a melancholy revelation of our weakness, and while it may damage our cause abroad, may do us good if it directs us to the
 Dec. 11, 1864. adoption of a true policy—the employment of the negroes as soldiers. The soldiers who fight our battles must of course be free, and perhaps citizens. What is to be the status of their families? It is possible that this is the entering wedge of a great plan of emancipation. Is it

HANGING A SLAVE.



possible, even if we desire it, to preserve the institution of slavery? Is it not manifest that it is this which has withheld from us the sympathy of the great powers of Europe? Are we not fighting against the moral sense of the world? Can we hope to succeed in such a struggle? If we would keep our negroes under our control we must act at once, or the power of action will be taken away from us. Do you not think that if England and France could receive assurances of our determination to adopt this policy of prospective emancipation, that we should receive effectual aid from those great powers? that they would then on no consideration permit the restoration of the Union? It may be urged that the Confederate Constitution excludes any action. Can we sit down quietly and be destroyed because a constitutional scruple stands in the way of such action? In times of war and invasion the Constitution is dead. Perhaps this State may raise an outcry against such a measure, but I apprehend that in the course of this winter she will be scourged so as to make the voice of opinion very feeble. Now is the time for our Government to act."⁽¹⁾

This the reply of the Confederate Secretary of State: "It appears to me that the negroes will certainly be made to fight *against* us, if not armed for our defence. The drain of that source of our strength is steady, fatal, and irreversible by any other expedient than by arming the slaves as an auxiliary force. I agree with you that if they are to fight for our freedom they are entitled to their own. Public opinion is fast ripening on that subject. . . . The Confederate Government should become the owner of as many negroes as are required for the public service, and should emancipate them as a reward for their good services. The States should act upon the question of the proper status of the families of the men so manumitted. Cautious legislation, providing for their ultimate emancipation, after an intermediate state of serfage or peonage, would soon find advocates in different States. We might then be able to so modify the existing conditions of the inferior race, by providing for it certain rights of property, a certain degree of personal liberty, and legal protection for the marital and parental relations, as to relieve our institutions from much that is not only unjust and impolitic in itself, but calculated to draw down on us the odium and reprobation of civilized man."⁽²⁾

A meeting was held in Richmond to encourage enlistments for the army, which was addressed by Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, who wrote to General Lee in regard to his own speech on that occasion: "I proposed," he said, "that those slaves who

Feb. 11, 1864.

might *volunteer* to fight for their freedom should at once be sent to the trenches. From what I can learn this would add promptly many thousand men to your force. Although the proposal seemed to meet with decided favor from the meeting, some of the opponents of the measure are producing a strong impression against it by asserting that it would disband the army by reason of the violent aversion of the troops to have negroes in the field with them. It seems to me that if we could get from the army an expression of its desire to be reinforced by such negroes as for the boon of freedom will volunteer to go to the front, the measure will pass without further delay, and we may yet be able to give you such a force as will enable you to assume the offensive. If this suggestion meets your approval, the different divisions ought at once to make themselves heard, and there will be no further opposition in any of our legislative bodies, State or Confederate.” (“)

It was but a few weeks before the writing of this letter that the colored soldiers of the Union army had been massacred at Fort Pillow, and the officers commanding them murdered; but now, in order that the Confederacy might be established, Mr. Benjamin proposed to enlist slaves as soldiers! The war, let us remember, was begun for the perpetuation of slavery, but the boon of freedom now was to be granted to all who would fight for the cause!

While Mr. Benjamin was writing this letter to General Lee, Mr. R. M. T. Hunter was addressing one to Mr. Benjamin. Thus it read: “Dr. Dabney, of Hampden-Sidney College, Va., has written a book in defence of slavery which, in my opinion, is marked by great ability. It is a publication which, I think, would serve our cause abroad, and reflect credit on the scholarship of the South. The manuscript is in the hands of Mr. Mason (in London). It could be brought out for £500. I think that this sum might be well applied to that purpose.” (“)

The people of the South thought that slavery was right, that it was a beneficent form of society; but the people of Europe, in a far greater degree than the people of the North, had come to see, at the beginning of the war, that slavery was a curse instead of a blessing, and repugnant to all the noble instincts of the human race.

Mr. J. L. Pickett had been in Mexico as agent of the Confederacy, and was back once more in Richmond. He had travelled a great deal, and had come to understand that the sentiment of other countries was against slavery. He wrote a letter to President Davis. “Is there,” he asked, “no mode by which we may be able to neutralize the hostility existing throughout the world against our domestic institution? It is in vain to

attempt to correct the gross misapprehension prevailing in regard to it. The word slavery is sufficient to condemn it among the peoples. Can we not invent a better and more appropriate term for it?" (")

There was a long discussion in the Confederate Congress over the proposition to arm the slaves. A letter from General Lee was read advocating the measure. He thought that they would make efficient soldiers. "The enemy will certainly use them if we do not," he said. (")

A law was passed providing for the employment of two hundred thousand slaves as soldiers. No inducement was held out for the slave to volunteer to fight for the Confederacy. He was to receive no reward. The word *emancipation* was stricken out. Jefferson Davis was authorized to accept from the masters such slaves as they might choose to send into the army. That was all. The master was still to be master and owner, with power to compel the slave to fight for a government which was to keep him ever a slave.

March 9, 1865.

While Jefferson Davis was affixing his signature to the act a tragic scene was being enacted in Darlington, South Carolina. General Sherman's troops had just passed through the place, and Amy Spain, a slave-girl, clapped her hands for joy, and shouted, "Bress de Lord, de Yanks hab come!"

There was not a white man in the place; all had fled to the woods and swamps and out-of-the-way places. When the soldiers had gone they came from their hiding-places. In anger and revenge they seized the slave-girl, put a rope round her neck, and threw the other end over a limb of a sycamore-tree in front of the court-house.

"I am not afraid to die, and I shall wear a crown of glory," said the girl, whose body, a few moments later, was swaying limp and lifeless in the air. It was the barbarism of slavery which sent the woman to her doom. (")

The parchment upon which the law enacted by the Confederate Congress for arming two hundred thousand slaves as soldiers might as well have remained a blank sheet, for Sherman was moving through North Carolina, the port of Wilmington was closed to blockade-runners, and General Grant was biding his time—waiting for the moment when he could strike the blow which would crush the army of General Lee, and sweep slavery from the land.

The hanging of the poor slave-girl of Darlington was one of the last acts of the supporters of the institution of slavery, and is in strange contrast with the movement to enlist slaves in the military service of the Confederacy—a death-bed repentance that had no heart in it.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.

- (1) Journal of Confederate Congress, House of Representatives, October 1, 1862.
- (2) Idem.
- (3) Idem.
- (4) Idem, January 13, 1863.
- (5) Idem, January 28, 1863.
- (6) Idem, March 12, 1863.
- (7) Governor Shorter to Secretary Seddon. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (8) Secretary Seddon to Governor Shorter. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (9) Secretary Seddon to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, August 12, 1863. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (10) *Daily Sentinel*, Richmond, November 8, 1864.
- (11) F. A. Porcher to Secretary Benjamin. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (12) Secretary Benjamin to F. A. Porcher. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (13) Secretary Benjamin to Gen. Robert E. Lee. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (14) R. M. T. Hunter to Secretary Benjamin, February 10, 1865. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (15) J. L. Pickett, Memoranda. Unpublished Confederate State Papers.
- (16) Gen. Robert E. Lee to Senator Barksdale, of Mississippi. *Daily Sentinel*, Richmond, February 28, 1865.
- (17) *Harper's Weekly*, September 30, 1865.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF SLAVERY.

WE have seen in the first volume of this history ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. i.) how slavery caused the war; that the institution was declared by the Vice-President of the Confederacy to be its "corner-stone": we have seen ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. xv.) how the corner-stone began to crumble; that President Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Emancipation as a war measure. As the conflict went on it was seen that the *people* must act in their sovereign capacity; that there must be a change of the Constitution if they would sweep slavery forever from the republic. Congress had abolished it in the Territories, had declared that the negro soldiers and their families should be forever free, but it was plain that it must be prohibited in the States, and that such a prohibition must be more than an act of Congress.

The movement to bring about an amendment to the Constitution began with the assembling of Congress, December, 1863. It was at the right time, for the victories of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge had so inspired the people that they determined the war should go on till the flag of the country should wave everywhere as the emblem of the authority of the republic.

It was the hour of noon. The Speaker of the House of Representatives, after announcing the standing committees of the House, called in regular order the roll of the States for the presentation of resolutions or other papers. Mr. James M. Ashley, of Ohio, in response, submitted a resolution for an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery. Mr. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, also presented a similar resolution; both were submitted to the joint Judiciary Committee of the House and Senate. A few days later Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, in the Senate, presented resolutions which were referred to the same committee, of which Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, was chairman, who reported the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Dec. 14, 1863.

Feb. 16, 1864.

"Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Spring passed and no action was taken. President Lincoln was anxious that Congress should take up the question. He was far-seeing. He knew that in the approaching political campaign for the election of President it was necessary that the party which controlled the Government should occupy an impregnable position. Mr. E. D. Morgan, Senator from New York, was chairman of the National Committee of the Republican party. "I would like you," said Mr. Lincoln, "in your opening speech, when you call the convention to order, as its key-note, and to put into the platform as its key-stone, the amendment of the Constitution abolishing and prohibiting slavery forever." It was done, and while the soldiers were carrying on the struggle in the trenches of Petersburg and around Atlanta the people were resolving that slavery should be forever abolished, and manifested their determination in the re-election of Abraham Lincoln; but not till after the re-election of Mr. Lincoln did the debate upon the question begin.

The amendment, as proposed by Mr. Trumbull, came up for discussion in the House of Representatives. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, opposed it.

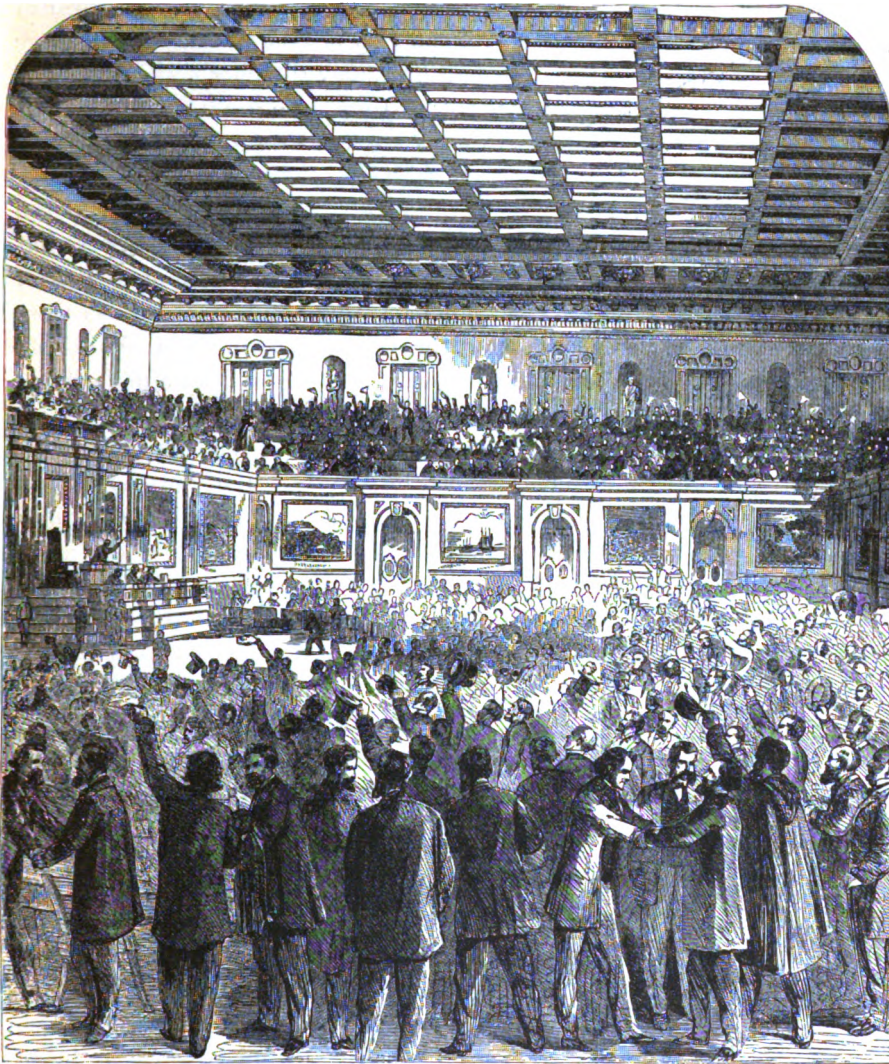
He said: "When the sky shall again be clear over our heads,
Jan. 6, 1865.

a peaceful sun illuminating the land, and our great household of States all at home, in harmony once more, then will be the time to consider what changes, if any, this generation desire to make in the work of Washington, Madison, and the revered sages of our antiquity."

Mr. Rollins, of Missouri, had been a slave-holder. He said: "I am no longer an owner of slaves, and I thank God for it. Missouri has adopted an amendment to her Constitution for the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in the State. If the giving up of my slaves without complaint shall be a contribution upon my part to promote the public good, to uphold the Constitution of the United States, to restore peace and preserve the Union, if I had a thousand slaves they would cheerfully have been given up. We never can have entire peace as long as slavery remains as one of the recognized institutions of the country."

A great crowd filled the galleries of the House of Representatives at the hour when the vote was taken. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania,

who had the amendment in charge, closed the debate. He
Jan. 13, 1865. said: "We have suffered for slavery more than all the plagues



PASSAGE OF THE AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION PROHIBITING SLAVERY.

From a sketch made at the time.

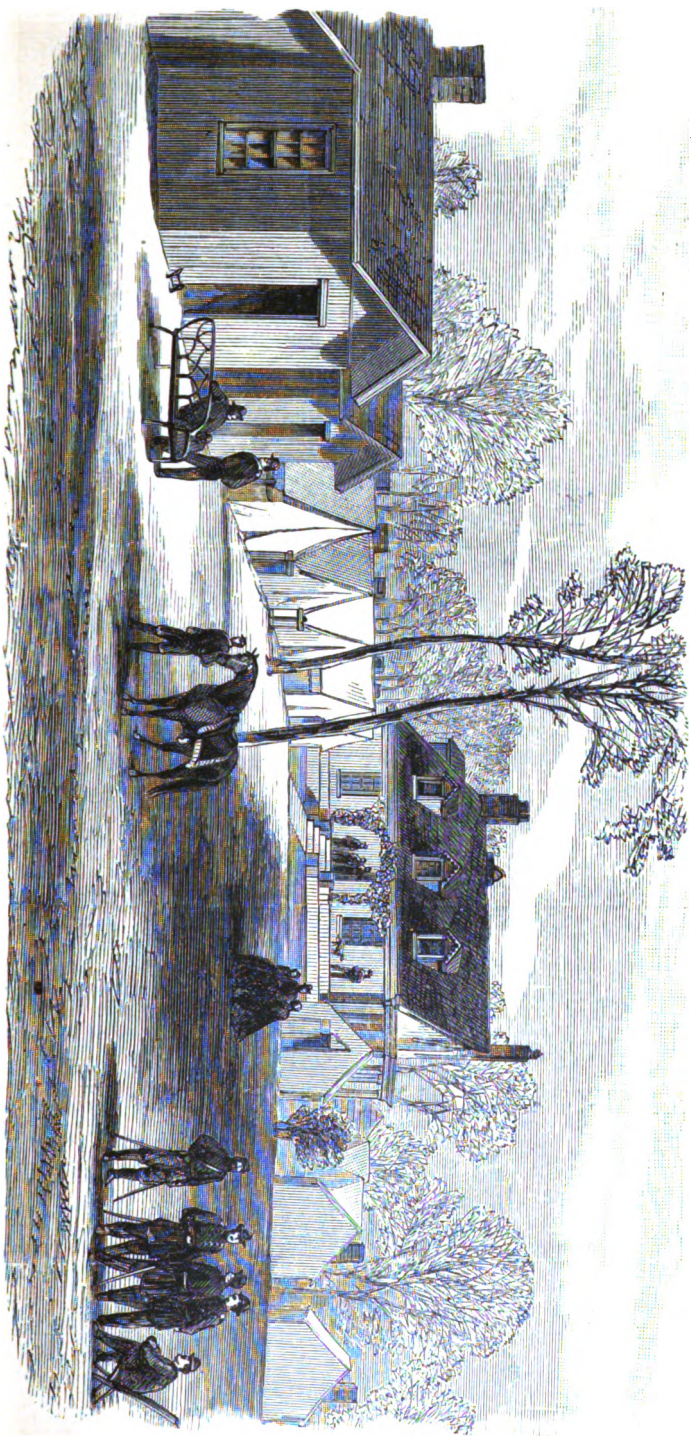
of Egypt. More than the first-born of every household has been taken. We still harden our hearts and refuse to let the people go. The scourge still continues, nor do I expect it to cease till we obey the behests of the Father of men. We are about to ascertain the national will by an amendment to the Constitution. If the gentlemen opposite will yield to the

voice of God and humanity and vote for it, I verily believe the sword of the destroying angel will be stayed, and this people be reunited. If we harden our hearts, and blood must still flow, may the ghosts of the slaughtered victims sit heavily upon the souls of those who cause it."

We are to remember that there were a great many people in the North who did not favor the war. We have seen the efforts of the Peace Democrats, as they called themselves, to thwart the Government and aid the Confederacy. ("Redeeming the Republic," chap. xviii.) They were bitterly opposed to the prosecution of the war, and to the attempt to abolish slavery. There were a few Democrats in Congress whose instincts were for freedom; it was not known, however, whether any of them would vote for the amendment, which, under the Constitution, must have a majority of two-thirds of the members present and voting.

Breathless the silence as the clerk called the roll—a silence broken by a low murmur, as the summer wind stirs the leaves of an aspen-tree, when Mr. English, of Connecticut, responded *aye*—a murmur bursting into applause on the floor, and echoed back in louder tones from the great throng in the galleries. Other Democrats from New York responded *aye*. One hundred and nineteen ayes, fifty-six noes! The great transaction was done. Upon their seats and desks stood the men who had voted aye, rending the air with their cheers, with the multitudinous chorus of the thousands in the galleries; while outside the Capitol building the thunders of brazen-lipped cannon announced to President Lincoln, to the sick and dying soldiers in the hospitals, and to all the people of Washington, that the deed was accomplished. In the evening a great crowd gathered at the White House, and President Lincoln, responding to their call, said, "I cannot but congratulate all present, myself, the country, the whole world, upon this great moral victory."

It is quite likely that there will always be busybodies in the world—men who officiously concern themselves with the affairs of others. There were such people during the war, who thought that they were somehow especially commissioned by Divine Providence, or by themselves, to bring the war to a close. Mr. Francis P. Blair, of Washington, came to the conclusion that he could render great service to the country. He was an old man, well acquainted with Jefferson Davis and the prominent men of the South. In his early years he had been an editor, and had done what he could in 1832, when South Carolina attempted to nullify the laws of Congress, to influence President Jackson to enforce the laws. His two sons occupied prominent positions; the elder was Mr. Lincoln's Postmaster-General, the other was commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps. The



GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.
From a photograph taken in January, 1865.

father had been a Democrat all his life, but had advocated the election of President Lincoln, and supported the war. He wanted to do more—to end it, and bring about peace. He thought that if he could sit down with Jefferson Davis for a while he could settle all the difficulty between the two sections of the country. Several times he hinted to the President that he thought he could be of service. The people, he said, were crying for peace. A great political party had demanded “peace at any price.” Horace Greeley, editor of a newspaper in New York, who had loyally supported President Lincoln, sent a letter to him. “I venture to remind you,” it said, “that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace—shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of future wholesale devastation, and of rivers of human blood.” The President wanted peace. He said: “I hope it will soon come, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth keeping for all future time. . . . There are two indispensable conditions—*national unity* and *national liberty*.”

General Sherman had possession of Savannah. General Thomas, by the victory of Nashville, had put it out of the power of the Confederates to renew the struggle in the west. General Grant was preparing for the final effort which would end the war, and so gave Mr. Blair a pass which permitted him to make a visit to Jefferson Davis, going from City Point under a flag of truce. He had a long talk with the Confederate President, and carried a letter back to Washington, which Mr. Davis addressed to Mr. Blair, in which he said that he was willing to send commissioners who should “enter into a conference, with a view to secure peace between the two countries.”

President Lincoln did not know anything about two countries—he was acquainted with only “our common country”—but wrote a letter to Mr. Blair, in which he said that he was ready to receive any agent having authority to confer upon the question of peace. So it came

about that President Davis appointed Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, R. M. T. Hunter, who had been Secretary of War, and John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, as commissioners. The pickets in front of General Grant’s lines saw a white flag fluttering on the Confederate intrenchments, and an officer went out to see what was wanted, to find that three commissioners had been appointed for a peace conference. Several days passed before all arrangements could be made for their reception at General Grant’s headquarters. The commissioners were surprised at what they

saw when they reached the hut in which the commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States had passed the winter. They

saw no luxurious surroundings. They did not know what to make of General Grant, who made no personal display, but who talked very freely. One of them has given this account:

"I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of anything like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or *mien* of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. . . . He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his despatch boats. The more I became acquainted with him the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently, and conversed freely upon various subjects—not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place." (')

The commissioners went to Fortress Monroe. President Lincoln authorized Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, to meet them, instructing him that there must be an acceptance by Jefferson Davis of the stipulation that the authority of the nation should be supreme in all the States; that there should be no more slavery; that there should be a disbanding of all the armies of the Confederacy. Mr. Seward was to hear what the commissioners might have to say, but he had no authority to conclude anything. In consequence of a despatch from General Grant, the President concluded that he himself would go to Fortress Monroe, and so went down the Potomac on the steamer *River Queen*.

The Confederate commissioners came on board the steamer. Mr. Stephens was a small man. It was midwinter, the air sharp and piercing, and very chilling to one so thin and spare. He had on three over-
Feb. 3, 1865. coats and a muffler. Mr. Lincoln saw him as he took off the muffler and then the overcoats, thin and pale, and but a boy in stature.

"That is a small nubbin for so big a shucking," he whispered to Secretary Seward.

Mr. Stephens was from Georgia. He had always believed that the authority of the State was superior to that of the nation. Before the war he was a member of Congress for sixteen years, and had been elected Vice-President of the Confederacy. In a speech made in Richmond, April 22, 1861, he justified the formation of the Confederacy, and declared that slavery was its corner-stone.

Mr. Hunter was from Virginia, had been member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and had served as Senator from 1847 to 1861. When Virginia seceded he did not resign, and was accordingly expelled from the Senate. Jefferson Davis, in the formation of his Cabinet, appointed him Secretary of State, but he had resigned the office to become a Senator in the Confederate Congress. Like Mr. Stephens, he believed that the authority of the State was greater than that of the nation.

Mr. Campbell was from Alabama. He had been a judge, and was Assistant Secretary of War. Mr. Seward was very well acquainted with all the commissioners, for he had met Mr. Hunter many times in debate, and knew Mr. Stephens as a member of the House of Representatives. There was a cordial shaking of hands.

No stenographer was present, but from the notes of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Seward, we can get at the drift of what was said.

"How shall we bring about peace?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I know of only one way: those who are resisting the law must cease to do so," was the reply of President Lincoln.

"Can we not stop fighting for the present, take up some question in which we all have a common interest, wait a while till we get cooled down, and then settle all our affairs amicably?" Mr. Stephens asked.

"I suppose you refer to something Mr. Blair may have said in reference to the French in Mexico," said Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Blair's plan was to have the North and South unite, and force Louis Napoleon and Maximilian to leave Mexico. (See "Marching to Victory," p. 28.)

"When Mr. Blair asked for a passport to visit Richmond," continued the President, "he said that he had certain ideas which he wished to talk about. I told him flatly that I did not want to hear them, but I was perfectly willing that he should have a talk with Mr. Davis. I have been willing to hear any proposal for peace, but I have always insisted that it must be on the ground of the full restoration of the Union."

"But," said Mr. Stephens, "we might have an armistice, and make a joint expedition to Mexico, which would show to the world that foreign nations would not be permitted to interfere with matters on this continent. By doing so we should establish the principle that the people of a country or of a State had the right to decide what sort of government they would have. If we were to do this towards Mexico, it was reasonable to suppose that the States which had seceded from the Union would of their own accord soon return." (*)

It would seem that Mr. Stephens said this to "make talk" rather than

with any expectation that President Lincoln would assent to such a plan. "I do not agree with Mr. Stephens," said President Lincoln. "I cannot entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms so long as the question of the reunion of the United States is unsettled. I cannot enter into any treaty or convention with the Confederate States so long as they are in arms against the national Government."

President Lincoln, whose entire term at school was less than one year—who had been a member of Congress for two years only—the plain country lawyer, in a half-dozen sentences swept away all the sophistry of the three politicians of the South, who regarded themselves, and were regarded by many people, as wise statesmen.

"There can be no war," he said, "without the consent of Congress; no treaty without consent of the Senate. I can make no treaty with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of the States. Even if we were to make a treaty without first settling our own troubles, we might quarrel while carrying on joint operation, and one party unite with the common enemy to destroy the other. I shall do nothing to suspend the conflict between ourselves for the specified purpose of ousting the French from Mexico."(*)

That settled the question, so far as Louis Napoleon and Maximilian were concerned.

"How, then, can peace and harmony be brought about?" asked Judge Campbell; and he added: "There are several very difficult questions—the Confiscation Acts of the Confederate States and of the United States, the Emancipation Proclamation, representation in Congress. Besides these, the State of Virginia has been divided."(*)

"The war will cease," said Mr. Lincoln, "the moment those who began it lay down their arms. As for myself, my opinion is that the States should again be represented in Congress, and I think that as soon as the authority of the United States is accepted all the States will be immediately restored. The courts will settle all questions as to property confiscated. The Proclamation of Emancipation was an exercise of the war power of the President under the Constitution. He did not know what the Supreme Court might finally decide in regard to it, but as for himself it never would be changed."

"May I call the attention of the commissioners," said Mr. Seward, "to the fact that Congress has just passed an amendment to the Constitution which, if it is ratified by three-fourths of the States, will bring about the immediate abolition of slavery?"

"I cannot take any action upon any of the topics presented," said the

President, "without first having a pledge that all armed resistance shall cease."

"I do not see how we can attain what we all desire," said Mr. Hunter, "unless we recognize the right and authority of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States, who has been elected with power to negotiate a treaty. We have a precedent in English history. Charles I. was a constitutional ruler; he held correspondence with his parliament, which was in arms against him."

"I am not up in questions of history, and must refer you to Mr. Seward, who knows all about it. My only recollection is that Charles I. lost his head," Mr. Lincoln replied. Mr. Hunter had nothing further to say. (*)

The conference lasted several hours, and I have given only the points of discussion. President Lincoln said:

"If I were you, Mr. Stephens, I would go home and persuade the Governor of the State to call the Legislature together, get them to recall the State troops from the war, elect members of Congress, and ratify the constitutional amendment prospectively, so as to take effect in five years. I have looked into the matter, and I think it would be valid. Your people must be convinced that slavery is doomed. It cannot last long, in any event, and the best course, it seems to me, for you public men to pursue would be to avoid as far as possible the evils that may come from immediate emancipation. This would be my course if I were in your place."

Mr. Stephens was very far from being such a statesman as was Abraham Lincoln. He was not great enough to comprehend or act upon such a view. He could only think of the scheme of Mr. Blair—to compel Louis Napoleon and Maximilian, with their imperialism, to leave Mexico.

"Will you not reconsider the proposition?" he asked.

"Yes, I will reconsider it, but I do not think my mind will change," replied the President, shaking hands with him. Mr. Stephens put on his overcoats and muffler, and, with Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hunter, passed out. So ended the Peace Conference of Hampton Roads.

The commissioners went back to Richmond and made their report to Jefferson Davis. They had gone to Fortress Monroe with high expectations of having the Confederacy recognized as a nation, and were greatly chagrined. They had accomplished nothing, and all their arguments and sophistry had been overthrown, not by any diplomatic utterances of Mr. Seward, who had taken very little part in the discussion, but by the unanswerable statements of the country lawyer from the West, who had had no training in the school of diplomacy.

Mr. Campbell comprehended the situation of affairs far better than

Hunter or Stephens. He saw how impracticable was the scheme devised by Mr. Blair, and which had been made the basis of the conference. He needed no argument to convince him that the end of the struggle could not be far away, and therefore advised that the result of the conference and the reason for its failure be kept secret. Jefferson Davis could not accept such advice. He had expected to be recognized as the head of a new nation; that the war was to be brought to a close, with all gained that the South had fought for, and transmitted a report to Congress.

Mr. Campbell could no longer consent to be identified with a cause which he saw was approaching its doom, and so resigned his position, and had nothing more to do with the war.

Jefferson Davis, in his message accompanying the report of the commission, said that the enemy had refused any terms except those which a conqueror might grant.

"We have had," said one of the newspapers, commenting upon the matter, "some peace men among us, but there are no peace men now. Not realizing the full enormity of our enemies, they have deemed it impossible that their devilish thirst for our blood was not yet slaked; that their rapacious designs upon our homes and property, and their desire to destroy our liberties, were not yet abandoned or abated; and hence they have been anxious that our Government should extend the olive branch. These questions are settled now. We have been pressed to the wall, and told plainly that there was no escape except such as we shall hew out with our manful swords. There is literally no retreat except in chains and slavery."(*)

With such words the attempt was made to fire the Southern heart as in 1861. (See "Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. ii.)

A mass meeting was held in the African Baptist church, called by Mr. Smith, governor of the State, who made a speech. "Virginia has suffered much, but she will sacrifice everything that remains to her sooner than surrender," he said.(')

He presented a series of resolutions, spurning "with indignation due to so gross an insult the terms in which the President of the United States has proffered peace to the people of the Confederate States. Men who grumble now deserve a lamp-post," he said, and the building rang with applause.

Jefferson Davis was received with cheers which lasted several minutes. He made a long speech. "If the spirit which animates you to-night," he said, "shall meet with a general response, as I have no doubt it will, I shall feel that we are on the verge of success. We shall not again be

insulted by such terms of peace as the arrogance of the enemy has lately proposed, but ere many months have elapsed our successes will cause them to feel that when talking to us they are talking to their masters.”(*) The great audience expressed its pleasure by clapping the hands, stamping the feet, and cheering.

A man in the War Department, who kept a diary (Mr. Jones), made this entry: “President Davis (whose health is so frail that he should have stayed away) denounced President Lincoln as ‘His Majesty Abraham the First.’”



POOR PEOPLE RECEIVING FOOD.

From a sketch made at the time.

While this was going on in Richmond, a great many poor people in Virginia, East Tennessee, Savannah, and other places in the South were being fed by the commissaries of the Union armies. There were pitiable scenes—men, women, and children, thinly clad, haggard, and hungry, sacrificing their sense of independence as they came, amid the falling snow, to receive their rations. War had desolated their homes. The remorseless conscription of the Confederate Government had swept husbands and sons into the army. They were fighting against the Government, but the people of the United States could not let the women and children starve, and so, through the winter, many thousands received their daily bread from the

hands of quartermaster and commissary. The republic fighting for its life was at the same time great in its benevolence and charity.

A portrayal of what was going on in the Confederate capital during these days, when Jefferson Davis, the Governor of Virginia, and those composing the Confederate Government were resolving never to surrender, is to be found in the war clerk's diary:

"*February 4th.*—The City Council is having green 'old field pine' wood brought in on the Fredericksburg Railroad, to sell to citizens at \$80 per cord—a speculation. The Quartermaster's Department is also bringing in large quantities of wood, costing the Government about \$40 per cord. Prior to the 1st inst. the Quartermaster's Department *commuted* officers' (themselves) allowance of wood at \$130 per cord!

"Yesterday much of the day was consumed by Congress in displaying a *new flag* for the Confederacy before the old one is worn out. Idiots!

"I got my barrel (2 bags) flour to-day; 1 bushel meal, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel potatoes (\$50 per bushel), and feel pretty well. Major Maynard, quartermaster, has promised a load of wood.

"*February 6th.*—Bright and frosty. As I supposed, the peace commissioners have returned from their fruitless errand. President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, it appears, had nothing to propose, and would listen to nothing but unconditional submission. The Congress of the United States has just passed, by a two-thirds vote, an amendment to the Constitution *abolishing slavery*.

"Now the South will soon be fired up again, perhaps with a new impulse, and *War* will rage with greater fury than ever. Mr. Stephens will go into Georgia and reanimate his people. General Wise spoke at length for independence at the Capitol on Saturday night amidst applauding listeners, and Governor Smith speaks to-night. General Breckinridge is here, and will take his seat to-morrow. Every effort will be made to popularize the cause again.

"General Wise's brigade has sent up resolutions consenting to a gradual *emancipation*—but never to reunion with the North.

"There is a more cheerful aspect on the countenances of the people in the streets. All hope of peace, with independence, is extinct, and valor alone is relied upon now for our salvation. Every one thinks the Confederacy will at once gather up its military strength, and strike such blows as will astonish the world. There will be desperate conflicts.

"Vice-President Stephens is in his seat to-day, and seems determined. Mr. Hunter is rolling about industriously. General Lee writes that desertions are caused by the bad management of the Commissary Department,

and that there are supplies enough in the country if the proper means were used to procure them.

"General Taylor sends a telegram from Meridian, Miss., stating that he had ordered Stewart's corps to Augusta, Ga., as Sherman's movement rendered a *victory necessary at once*. The despatch was to the President, and seems to be in response to one from him. So we may expect a battle immediately near Augusta, Ga. Beauregard should have some 20,000 men, besides Hardee's 15,000—which ought to be enough for victory; and then good-bye to Sherman!

"*February 7th.*—A snow four inches in depth on the ground, and snowing. Last night Governor Smith, President Davis, Senator Oldham (Texas), Reverend Mr. Duncan, Methodist preacher, and a Yankee Baptist preacher named Burroughs, I believe, addressed a large meeting in the African church on the subject of the peace mission and the ultimatum of the United States authorities. The speakers were very patriotic and much applauded.

"A grand assemblage is called for next Thursday, to meet in the Capitol Square. Congress will soon be likely to vote a negro army, and their emancipation after the war, as Lee favors it. There was some fighting near Petersburg yesterday and the day before; but the press is reticent—a bad sign. There is rumor that Charleston has been evacuated!

"General Lee again writes that desertions occur to an alarming extent for want of sufficient food. And he says there is enough subsistence in the country, but that the Commissary Department is inefficiently administered.

"Senator Haynes, of Tennessee, and Senator Wigfall, of Texas, denounced the President yesterday as mediocre and malicious, and that his blunders had caused all our disasters."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI.

(¹) *Century Magazine*, October, 1889, p. 846.

(²) Alexander H. Stephens, "War Between the States," vol. ii., p. 600.

(³) Judge Campbell. *Southern Magazine*, May, 1874, p. 19.

(⁴) *Idem*.

(⁵) A. H. Stephens, in Georgia newspaper, quoted in Arnold's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 400.

(⁶) *Richmond Sentinel*, February 6, 1865.

(⁷) *Idem*, February 8, 1865.

(⁸) *Idem*.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE SECESSION HAD ITS BIRTH.

AN unwelcome visitor made its way into the city of Charleston—a shell from the “Swamp Angel,” as the soldiers named the battery which, after much labor, had been constructed in the marsh on the west side of Morris Island.⁽¹⁾ It was the beginning of the bombardment of the city.

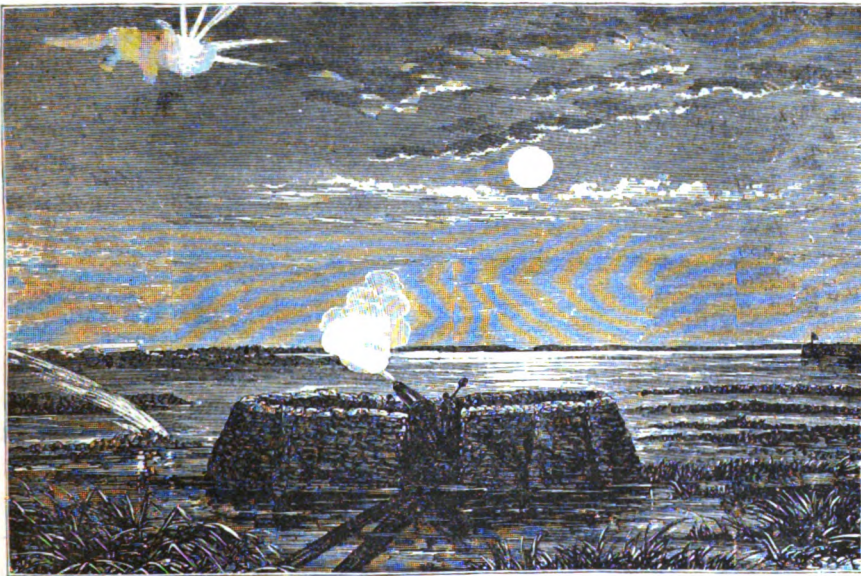
Aug. 21, 1863. The citizens, from April, 1861, when the first shot was fired from Morris Island at Sumter, had heard the cannonade between the vessels of the iron-clad fleet and the fort; they had become accustomed to the thunder of the great guns and mortars raining shells upon Fort Wagner. They had not dreamed that projectiles would come sailing through the air from cannon five miles away to explode in the streets. They had lived in security, but that first shell disturbed their peace, and those citizens whose palatial homes were shaded by the wide-spreading catalpa-trees along the beautiful esplanade, looking seaward towards Fort Sumter, suddenly found themselves under the necessity of fleeing to some place of safety. The “Swamp Angel” soon ceased its firing, however, having burst after sending thirty-six shells into the city;⁽²⁾ but after the evacuation of Morris Island by the Confederates, September, 1863, shells had been flying across the marshes and the waters of the bay, and exploding in the streets. Sumter had become a shapeless ruin, with every cannon dismounted. A small garrison still remained to hold the fort—to fire, morning and evening, defiantly, a single howitzer at the fleet, and the batteries which General Gillmore had erected at Cumming’s Point, on Morris Island. (“Marching to Victory,” p. 359.)

The iron-clad vessels bombarding Sumter had made no attempt to enter the harbor, for the Confederates had placed torpedoes in the channel. Charleston had no military importance, but the public sentiment of the people of the North demanded that no effort should be spared to capture the city in which secession had its birth, and which had begun the war, but it was far more important that the Confederate armies should be defeated. The remaining power of the Rebellion was in the army under

General Lee; with that defeated, and forced to give up Richmond, the war would end. To accomplish that result Sherman was marching towards North Carolina. General Gillmore, together with the fleet, in due time would have possession of the city.

The *Charleston Courier* had this for a head-line of one of its columns: "FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOURTH DAY OF THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON."

Feb. 15, 1865. There was defiance in the announcement—the inference that the siege having gone on so long would still go on. It is the irony of history that Charleston should receive its severest punishment, not from the cannon of the Union troops on Morris Island, but from the



THE "SWAMP ANGEL."

Confederate military authorities. The head-line of the *Courier* deceived no one. The people knew that sooner or later there would be distress in the city, and so prepared for it by secreting provisions. The same paper had the following editorial note: "Fifteen shots were fired into the city last night. The enemies now most to be dreaded are not the hirelings following Sherman or Gillmore, but the extortioners, cormorants, and blood-suckers who are hiding and hoarding flour, corn, sugar, and other necessities of life." (*)

The people knew that General Hardee was preparing to evacuate the city. He was sending away cannon and supplies, yet the *Courier* con-

tained this announcement: "There are no indications that our authorities have the first intention of abandoning Charleston." (')

Feb. 17, 1865. Notwithstanding the announcement the people began to leave the city. Carts, carriages, wagons, horses, mules, all were brought into use. The railroad trains were crowded. Men, women, and children fled, terror-stricken, broken-hearted, humbled in spirit, from their homes. How different from the 12th of April, 1861, when they stood upon the esplanade of the battery, sat upon the house-tops, clustered in the steeples, looking seaward, shouting and waving their handkerchiefs as the clouds of smoke and forked flames rolled up from Sumter! ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 46.)

General Hardee remained in the city till Friday night, the 17th, when he retired with the army, leaving a detachment of cavalry to destroy what he could not remove. Every building and shed in which cotton had been stored was fired on Saturday morning. The iron-clads *Palmetto State*, *Chicora*, and *Charleston* were also given to the flames. They lay at the wharves, and had each large quantities of powder on board. General Hardee knew that the explosions of the magazines would send a storm of fire upon the city. He knew it would endanger the lives of thousands; but the order was given that they should be destroyed. Governor McGrath called upon the people to destroy their houses. The newspapers pointed to Moscow as a sublime instance of heroic devotion.

The torch was applied early in the morning. The citizens sprang to the fire-engines and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in several

Feb. 18, 1865. places; but in other parts of the city the fire had its own way, burning till there was nothing more to devour. On the wharf of the Savannah Railroad depot were several hundred bales of cotton and several thousand bushels of rice. On Lucas Street, in a shed, were twelve hundred bales of cotton. There were numerous other buildings all filled. Near by was the Lucas mill, containing thirty thousand bushels of rice, and Walker's warehouse, with a large amount of commissary stores, all of which were licked up by the fire so remorselessly kindled.

At the North-eastern Railroad depot there was an immense amount of cotton, which was fired. The depot was full of commissary supplies and ammunition, powder in kegs, shells, and cartridges. The people rushed in to obtain the supplies. Several hundred men, women, and children were in the building when the flames reached the ammunition, and a fearful explosion took place, lifting up the roof and bursting out the walls, and scattering bricks, timbers, tiles, beams, through the air; shells crashed through the panic-stricken crowd, followed by the shrieks and groans of

the mangled victims lying helpless in the flames, burning to cinders in the all-devouring element. Nor was this all. At the wharves were the iron-clads, burning, torn, rent, scattered over the water and land—their shells and solid shot, iron braces, red-hot iron plates, falling in an infernal shower, firing the wharves, the buildings, and all that could burn.

Two magnificent Blakely guns—one at the battery, the other near the

gas-works on Cooper River—were loaded to the muzzle, and trains laid to burst them. The concussion shattered the houses in the immediate vicinity. All the buildings embraced in the area of four squares disappeared. The new bridge leading to James Island was destroyed, the fire eating its way slowly from pier to pier through the day. The citizens did their utmost to stay the flames; from sunrise to sunset on Saturday, through Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday, the fire burned.



MAJOR-GEN. QUINCY A. GILLMORE.

When General Sherman started from Beaufort on his northward march it was plain that the Confederates would be compelled to evacuate the city, and I made my way to the fleet commanded by Admiral Dahlgren, accompanying General Webster, of General Sherman's staff, on the steamer *Arago*, in the service of the Government, which was plying regularly between Beaufort and New York, calling at the blockading fleet off Charleston.

It was a little past the hour of noon when we reached the flag-ship. A boat from the fleet and one from Morris Island had been to Fort Sumter, and the Stars and Stripes were floating above the mound of debris of what in 1861 had been a symmetrical fortification.

Feb. 18, 1865.

The *Arago* in a few minutes would be on her way to New York. I had time to pen these words: "*The old flag waves once more over Sumter, Moultrie, and the city of Charleston.* I can see its crimson stripes and fadeless stars waving in the warm sunlight of this glorious day." A few words more and the *Arago* was steaming north with my despatch to the *Boston Journal*, in the hands of a friend who had specific instructions as to what was to be done with it upon his arrival at New York—that the telegraph was to flash it instantly to Boston. The despatches of other correspondents were intrusted to the purser of the steamship. Four days later, a little before nine o'clock in the morning, the *Arago* reached her pier in the city of New York. Her prow touched the wharf, and before a warp could be thrown out the messenger was on his way to the telegraph office. The clock on the Old South Church in Boston had just tolled the hour of nine when the despatch reached the newspaper office. Fifteen minutes later all Boston was ringing with the joyful news, and the telegraph was flashing it to Washington, to Abraham Lincoln, and Congress. The purser of the *Arago* the while was attending to his duties on the ship, with the all-important despatches to the newspapers in that city undelivered.

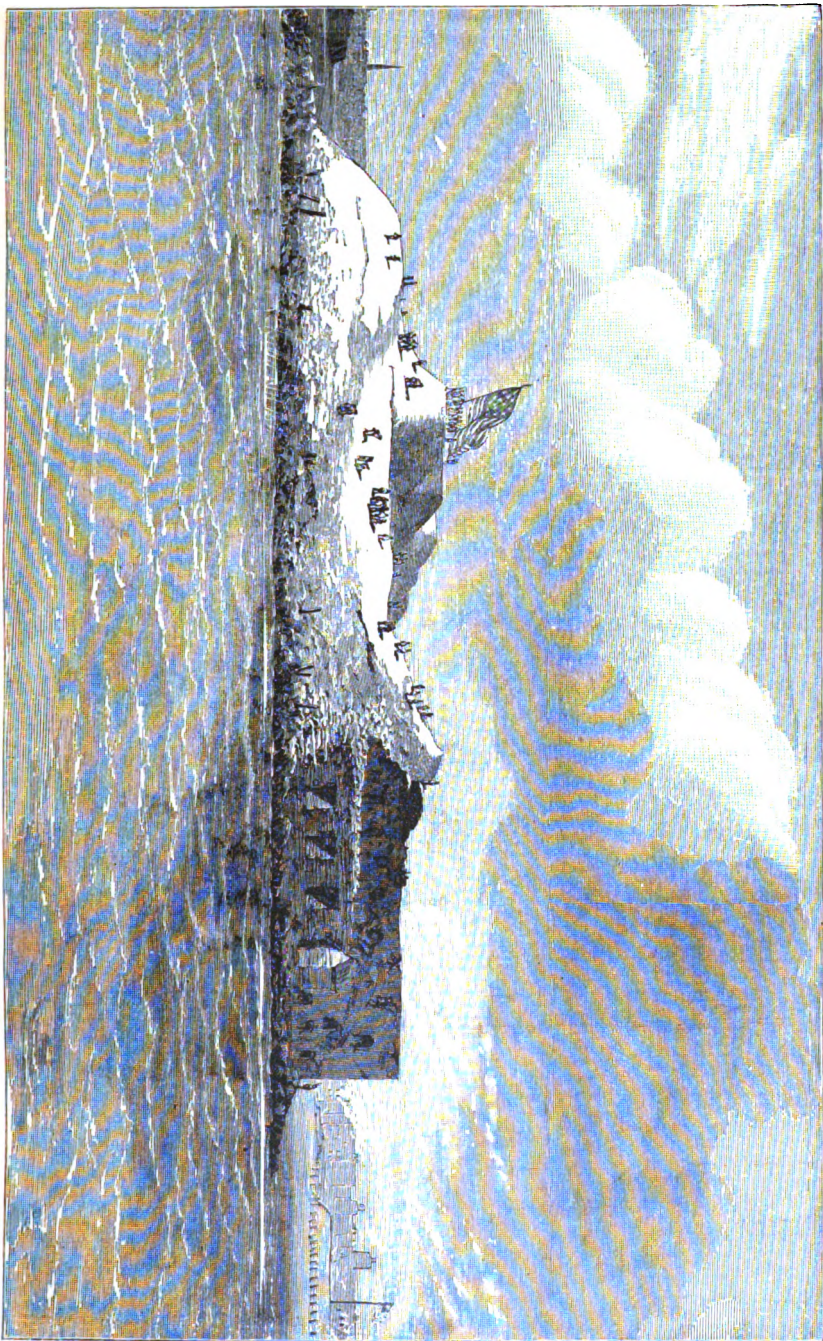
Colonel Bennett, commanding the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops on Morris Island, seeing signs of evacuation on Saturday morning, the 18th, hastened up the harbor in boats with his regiment, landing at the South Atlantic wharf.

"In the name of the United States Government," was his note to the Mayor, "I demand the surrender of the city of which you are the executive officer. Until further orders all citizens will remain in their houses."

The Mayor, meanwhile, had despatched a deputation to Morris Island with formal intelligence of the evacuation.

"My command," wrote Colonel Bennett, "will render every possible assistance to your well-disposed citizens in extinguishing the flames."

The Twenty-first United States Colored Troops was made up of the Third and Fourth South Carolina regiments, and many of the former had been slaves in the city of Charleston. They were enlisted at a time when public sentiment was against them—in the winter of 1862-63. I was at Port Royal then, and they were employed in the Quartermaster's Department. They were sneered at and abused by officers and men belonging to white regiments; but Colonel Bennett continued steadfast in his determination, obtained arms after a long struggle, in which he was seconded by Colonel Littlefield, Inspector-General of colored troops in the Department. Four companies of the Third had been organized and four of



EXTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

From a photograph taken at the time.

the Fourth. The two commands were united, and numbered as the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops. They went to Morris Island in 1863, took part in two or three engagements, and proved themselves good soldiers of the Union. It was their high privilege to be first in the city. The stone which the builders rejected once in the history of the world became the head-stone of the corner; and in like manner the poor, despised, rejected African race, which had no rights, against whom the city of Charleston plotted iniquity and inaugurated treason, marched into the city to save it from destruction! Following the Twenty-first was a detachment of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts.

"Let him lie buried beneath his niggers!" was the reply of the Confederates when the body of Colonel Shaw was asked for after the assault on Fort Wagner. Stung by the insult to the memory of their lamented commander, and by the sneer at themselves, would they not now wreak their vengeance on the ill-fated city? It was their hour for retaliation; but they harbored in their hearts no malice or revenge. Conscious of their manhood, they were glad of another opportunity of showing it.

The soldiers of the Fifty-fourth had proved their prowess on the field of battle; they had met the chivalry of South Carolina face to face, and shown their equality in courage and heroism, and on that ever-memorable day made manifest to the world their honor and humanity.

Let the painter picture it; let the poet rehearse it. With the old flag above them, keeping step to freedom's drum-beat, they marched up the grass-grown streets, past the slave-marts where their families and themselves had been sold in the public shambles, laid aside their arms, and worked the fire-engines to extinguish the flames (in the spirit of the Redeemer of men), to save that which was lost.

"It was the intention of some of our officers to destroy the city," said one of the citizens; "they not only set it on fire, but they double-shotted the guns of the iron-clads, and turned them upon the town, but fortunately no one was injured when they exploded."

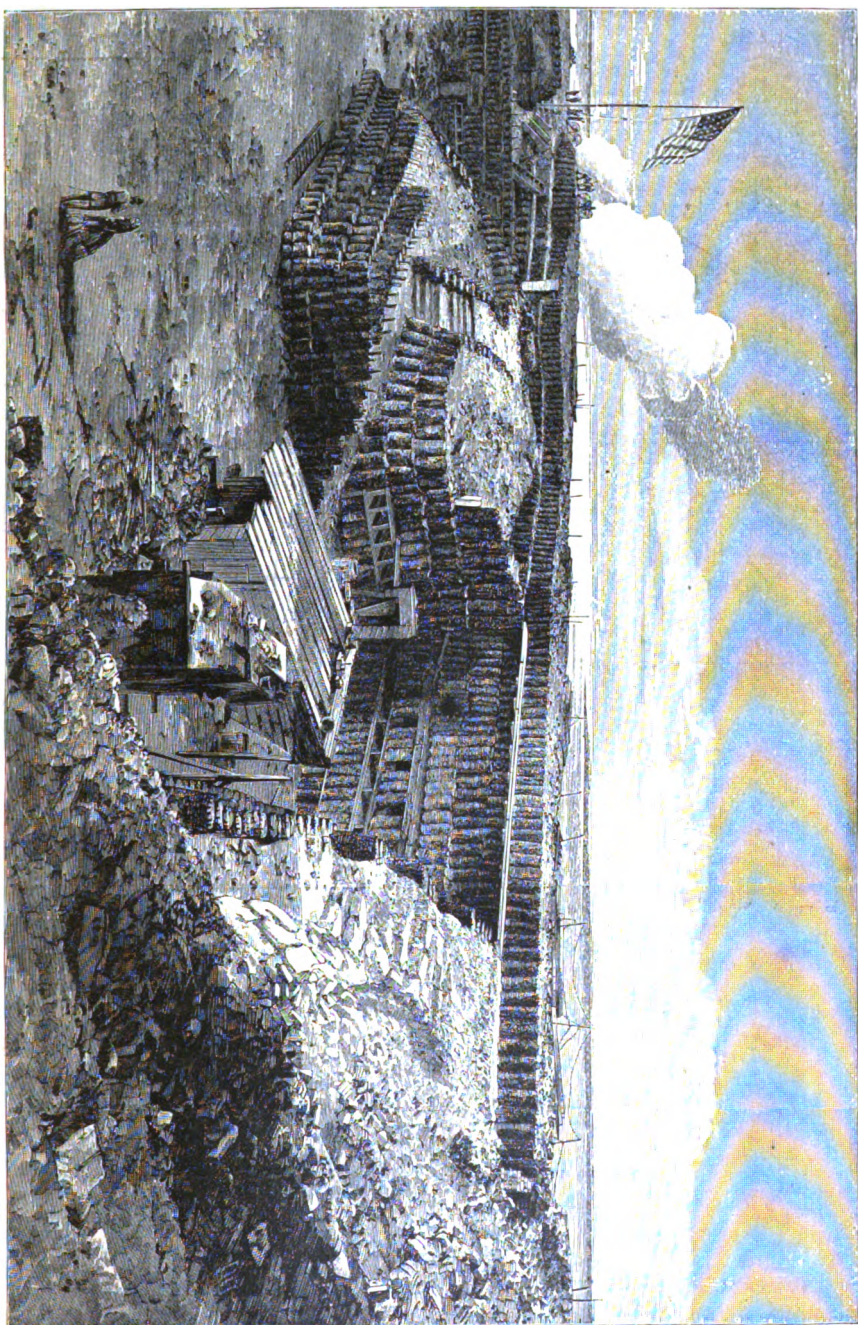
The lower half of the city was called Gillmore's town by the inhabitants. In 1860 the population was 48,509—26,969 whites, 17,655 slaves, and 3,885 free colored. The first flight was in December, 1861, when Port Royal fell into the hands of Admiral Dupont; but when it was found that the opportunity afforded at that time for an advance inland was not improved, most of those who had moved away returned. The attack of Dupont upon Sumter sent them flying again; but not till the messengers of the "Swamp Angel" dropped among them did the inhabitants think seriously of leaving. Some went to Augusta, others to Columbia or

Cheraw. Many wealthy men bought homes in the country. The upper part of the city was very much crowded.

The steamer *W. W. Coit*, bearing General Gillmore and staff, General Webster, of General Sherman's staff, and several newspaper correspondents, was making its way across Charleston Bar just as the sun appeared above the eastern horizon. Its level beams changed the rippling waves to liquid gold as the steamer came to anchor abreast of Sumter—no longer a fort, but a heap of crumbled masonry. It was an inspiring hour. A military band crashed out the notes of the "Star-spangled Banner" from cornet, trombone, and bugle as we stood beneath the old flag, waving once more where it had first been dishonored.

There treason had fired its first shot, there slavery had entered the lists against freedom and had met with defeat. How thrilling the emotions of the moment, with the four years of the war, like a panorama, unrolling before me! For four years the cannon of Sumter had hurled defiance to the fleets and armies of the Union. I recalled the silent landing of Major Anderson at the postern gate; the midnight prayer, and solemn consecration of the little band to defend the flag till the last; the long weeks of preparation by the Confederates; the *Star of the West* turning her bow seaward; the 12th of April; the barracks on fire; the supplies exhausted; the hopelessness of success; the surrender; the uprising of the people ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. ii.); the drum-beat in every village; the great resolve that the nation should live. Thrilling the emotions, vivified and quickened by the memories of Donelson, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and a score of battles; the heroism, devotion, suffering, sacrifice, patient endurance on the field and in the hospital; to know that Sumter was won, that the end of the rebellion was near; to think of all this, to look onward through coming years, and feel that our country was to be a great and undivided nation, that slavery was to disappear, that justice, right, freedom, and citizenship were to be secured to men, irrespective of race or color! It was a great hour in one's life.

Fort Sumter in 1861 was beautiful in its symmetry, but the cannon on Morris Island had reduced it to a shapeless pile, bearing little resemblance to its former appearance. None of the original face of the wall was to be seen except on the side towards Charleston and a portion of that fronting Moultrie. From the harbor and from Wagner it appeared only a tumulus—the débris of an old ruin. All the casemates, arches, pillars, and parapets were demolished. The great guns which two years before kept the monitors at bay, which flamed and thundered a while upon Wagner, were



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.
From a photograph taken at the time.

dismounted, broken, and partially buried beneath the mountain of brick, dust, concrete, sand, and mortar.

After Dupont's attack, in April, 1863 ("Marching to Victory," p. 88), a reinforcement of palmetto-logs was made on the harbor side, and against half of the wall facing Moultrie, and the lower casemates were filled with sand-bags; but when General Gillmore obtained possession of Wagner his fire began to crumble the parapet. The Confederates endeavored to maintain its original height by gabions filled with sand, but this compelled a widening of the base inside by bags of sand, thousands of which were brought to the fort at night. Day after day, week after week, the pounding from Wagner was maintained so effectually that it was impossible to keep a gun in position on the side of Sumter fronting it, and the only guns remaining mounted were five or six on the side towards Moultrie, in the middle tier of casemates. Five howitzers were kept on the walls to repel an attack by small boats, the garrison keeping under cover, or seeking shelter whenever the lookout cried, "A shot!"

Cheveaux-de-frise of pointed sticks protected the fort from a scaling party. At the base outside was a barrier of interlaced wire, supported by iron posts. There was also a submerged net-work of wire and chains, kept in place by floating buoys.

I had the curiosity to make an inspection of the wall nearest Moultrie, to see what had been the effect of the fire of the iron-clads in Dupont's attack. With my glass at that time I could see that the wall was badly honey-combed; a close inspection now proved that the fire had been very damaging. There were seams in the masonry, and great gashes where the solid bolts crumbled the bricks to dust. It was evident that if the fire had been continued any considerable length of time the wall would have fallen. Its effect suggested the necessity of filling up the lower casemates.

For four years the cannon of Sumter had flamed for secession, and for the perpetuation of the institution of slavery. But one by one they had been silenced, and tumbled from their carriages. They were lying with broken trunnions and splintered muzzles amid the débris.

Little did Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, who had a great plantation, with hundreds of slaves, on the banks of the James, dream of what would come of it when he fired the first gun at Sumter—that the time would come when his broad acres would be the camping-ground of the Army of the Potomac; his house would be but a heap of ashes; his slaves freemen and soldiers of the republic; that the cause for which he had given the fiery energy of his closing years would end in failure; that his own body would be a mangled corpse. At Amelia Court-house, Va., June 17, 1865, through

disappointment and mortification over the failure of the Confederacy, he pulled the trigger of the musket, loaded by himself, that ended his life.

We proceeded on to Charleston. No human being greeted us as we neared the wharf; no cheer or welcome, no hastening footstep, but silence as profound as that of Tadmor in the wilderness. I leaped on shore, and walked the streets deserted by human beings. A half-starved dog skulked round the corner of a building. Farther on I came upon a white-haired old negro, who on Saturday morning was a slave, but who on this Sunday morning was free.

"Good-morning, uncle," my salutation.

"Good-morning, massa."

"Are you not afraid of the Yankees, uncle?"

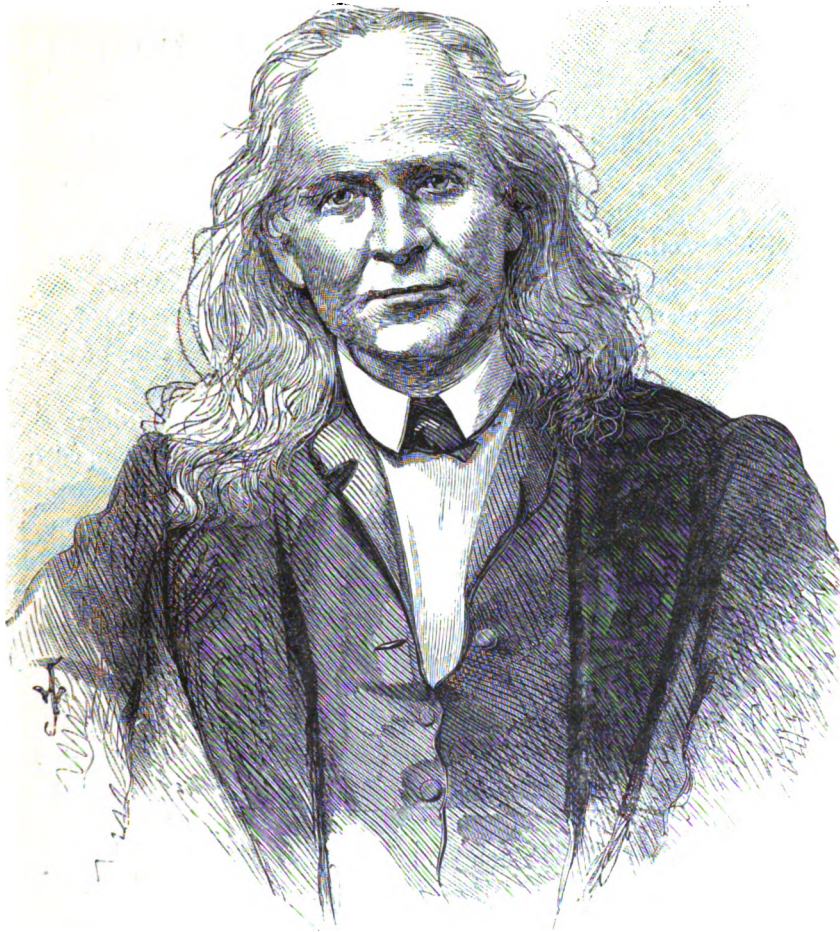
"No, massa, God bless you! I've been praying for you to come and the Lord has heard me. Glory!"

In his ecstasy he dropped upon his knees and clasped both arms around my legs. It was jubilee morning to him.

Before the war Charleston was rich, powerful, aristocratic, arrogant, and dictatorial; the great cotton mart of the South Atlantic States, with lines of steamships to Boston and New York. The wharves were piled with bales of cotton and tierces of rice for the markets of the North and across the sea. The city had become a great commercial centre; next to New Orleans it was the great slave-mart of the South. The banks, insurance offices, and moneyed institutions were as stable as those of Wall Street. Charleston was powerful in the system of political economy which had been advocated by John C. Calhoun, the exponent of the doctrine that the rights of the State were superior to those of the nation. The citizens were conscious of their influence. They proclaimed cotton "king" ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. i.), and believed sincerely and intensely that it was in their power to compel all the nations of the earth to do homage to that sovereign. In 1830 Charleston had attempted to nullify the laws of Congress. During the thirty years that elapsed between the presidency of Andrew Jackson and that of Abraham Lincoln, the planter-politicians who made the city their winter home had looked forward to the day when they could establish a government in which the few should rule the many.

I made my way to the office of the *Mercury*, in Broad Street, and beheld in front of the editorial window a transparency with the inscription, "*One voice and millions of strong arms to uphold the honor of South Carolina!*" There was a rude picture of two hands clasped. Not the honor of the nation, not that of all the people, but of South Carolina, the

demand. In the office I found a copy of the proceedings of the convention which carried the State out of the Union. Thus reads the address to the people: "Whilst constituting a portion of the United States, it has been *your* statesmanship which has guided its mighty strides to power



EDMUND RUFFIN, WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT FORT SUMTER

and expansion. In the field and in the cabinet *you* have led the way to renown and grandeur."

That dream of power had passed away. When the first shell came through the air from the "Swamp Angel" the *Mercury* removed its office.

As the bombardment went on a shell exploded in the editorial room, dumping cart-loads of brick and plaster in the edifice where secession had been inaugurated. When Sherman began his northward march the *Mercury*, fearing his entrance to the city, removed to Cheraw, right into his line of advance.

The *Courier* office, in Bay Street, had not escaped damage. A shell went down through the floors, ripping up the boards, jarring the plaster from the walls, and exploded in the second story, rattling all the tiles from the roof, bursting out the windows, smashing the imposing-stone, opening the whole building to the winds. Another shell had dashed the sidewalk to pieces, and blown a passage into the cellar wide enough to admit a six-horse wagon. The Union Bank, Farmers' and Exchange Bank, and Charleston Bank were costly buildings, fitted up with marble mantles, floors of terra-cotta tiles, counters elaborate in carved-work, and with gorgeous frescoing on the walls. There, five years before, the merchants of the city, the planters of the country, the slave-traders, assembled on exchange, talked treason, and indulged in extravagant day-dreams of the future glory of Charleston.

The rooms of the banking-houses were silent, the oaken doors splintered, the frescoing washed from the walls by the rains which dripped from the shattered roof; the desks were kindling-wood, the highly wrought cornice-work had dropped to the ground, the tiles were ploughed up, the marble mantles shivered, the beautiful plate-glass of the windows was in fragments upon the floor. The banks helped on the Rebellion—contributed their funds to inaugurate it, and invested largely in the State securities to place the State on a war footing. The three banks named held on January 6, 1862, six hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of the seven per cent. State stock, issued under the act of December, 1861.

The entire amount of the State loan of \$1,800,000 issued under that act was taken by the banks of the State. Every bank, with the exception of the Bank of Camden and the Commercial Bank of Columbia, subscribed to the stock. The seven Charleston banks at this early stage of the war had loaned the State permanently \$1,142,000. (*)

At this period of the war the State had 27,362 troops in the field, out of a white population of 291,000 by the census of 1860—nearly one-half of the voting population—so fiercely burned the fires of secession. But the flames had reached their whitest heat. Even at that time the people had grown weary of the war, and refused to enlist.

"The activity and energy had been already abstracted," writes the chief of the Military Department of the State; "they had stricken at the

sovereignty of the State; ignorance, indolence, selfishness, disaffection, and to some extent disappointed ambition, were combined, and made unwittingly to aid and abet the enemy, and to become the coadjutors of Lincoln and all the hosts of abolition myrmidons." (')

Passing from the banks to the hotels, I found a like scene of destruction. The doors of the Mills House were open. The windows had lost their glazing and were boarded up. Sixteen shots had struck the building. The rooms where secession had been rampant in the beginning, where bottles of wine had been drunk over the fall of Sumter, echoed only to our footsteps. The Charleston Hotel, where Governor Pickens had uttered his proud, exultant, defiant words, was pierced in many places. ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 47.) Dining-halls, parlors, and chambers had been entered by missiles from Morris Island. I gathered strawberry flowers and dandelions from the grass-green pavement in front of the hotel, trodden by the drunken multitude on that night when the flag of the Union was humbled in the dust.

No wild, tumultuous shoutings now, but silence, deep, painful, sorrowful. Our own voices only echoed along the corridors and balconies where surged the lunatics of that hour. Along the Battery, a beautiful promenade of the city, shaded by magnolias, and fragrant with the bloom of roses and syringas, overlooking the harbor, stood the residences of the "chivalric" men of South Carolina, as the owners complacently regarded themselves. From their balconies and windows the occupants had watched the first bombardment of Sumter. They had seen with joyful eyes the flames lick up the barracks, and the lowering of the flag of the Union; but now their palatial homes were doorless and windowless, and themselves fugitives; the elaborate centre-pieces of stucco-work in the drawing-rooms crumbled; the bedrooms filled with bricks, the white marble steps and mahogany balusters shattered; owls and bats might build their nests in the coming spring-time undisturbed in the deserted mansions.

The churches had not escaped the missiles sent from the Union cannon on Morris Island; the walls were pierced, the pews splintered, as were the pulpits from which ministers of the gospel had exalted African slavery as a missionary institution, ordained of God for the welfare alike of the white and colored races. ("Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. i.) Within the walls of St. Philip *Te Deums* had been sung over the victory won by the Confederacy at Bull Run, but its windows had been shattered by the shells. In the cemetery surrounding the church had been interred the remains of the great apostle of secession, Calhoun; but, fearing that the Union

soldiers might desecrate the grave, they had been removed. The yard was overgrown with weeds and brambles.

In 1861 the heart of the city was burned out by a great fire, which swept from the Cooper River to the Ashley. How it ignited no one has told. No attempt had been made to rebuild the waste. All the energy of the people had been given to prosecuting the war. There had been no sound of trowel, hammer, or saw, except upon the iron-clads.

The blackened area was overgrown with fire-weeds. A solitary rook cawed to us, perched on the vane of the court-house steeple. Spiders were spinning their webs in the counting-houses.

It was an indescribable scene of desolation—of roofless houses, cannon-battered walls, crumbling ruins, upheaved pavement, and grass-grown streets; silent to all sounds of business, voiceless only to a few haggard men and women wandering amid the ruins, reflecting upon a jubilant past, a disappointed present, and a hopeless future!

I visited the slave-pens, the auction-rooms in which the bodies and souls of men, women, and children had been knocked down to the highest bidder. The dealers set up their mart in a reputable quarter, within a stone's-throw of St. Michael's Church, close by the Guard-house, the Registry of Deeds, the Theological Library, Sunday-school Depository, and the Court-house. A shell had burst in the court-room, another had opened the entire front of the Sunday-school Depository. I entered the Theological Library through an opening made by a shell, and stood amid a pile of sermons, tracts, magazines, and papers, turning to pulp beneath the rain, which had full access through the shattered roof.

Amid such surroundings stood the Central Mart—a building with a massive iron gate opening to a large room, flanked on one side by a long table, upon which, on auction days, the slaves stood for inspection and sale, to be handled, felt of, as cows and pigs are handled at a country auction.

Adjoining the sale-hall was a room used for the inspection of women; where, disrobed in part of their clothing, they were exposed to the gaze of lascivious men. Beyond was the prison, with iron-grated cells, and a yard surrounded by high walls, in which the slaves were exercised while waiting for the day of sale.

A colored woman, Dinah Moore, entered the building.

"I was sold here two years ago," she said.

"You never will be sold again; you are free now," my reply.

"Thank God! Oh, the blessed Jesus he has heard my prayer! I am so glad; only I wish I could see my husband. He was sold at the same time into the country, and has gone I don't know where."

Entering the brokers' offices—prisons, rather—we walked along the grated corridors, looked into the rooms where the slaves had been kept. In the cellar was the dungeon for the refractory—bolts and staples in the floors, manacles for the hands and feet, chains to make all sure. There had evidently been a sudden evacuation of the premises. Books, letters, bills of sale, were lying on the floor.

Let us take a last look at the "beneficent missionary institution," as it was called by doctors of divinity, as seen in a letter-book in my possession :

"I know of five very likely young negroes for sale. They are held at high prices, but I know the owner is compelled to sell next week, and they may be bought low enough so as to pay. Four of the negroes are young men, about twenty years old, and the other a very likely young woman about twenty-two. I have never stripped them, but they seem to be all right."

C. A. Merrill writes from Franklin :

"If I can I will come and buy some of your fancy girls and other negroes, if I can get them at a discount."

A. J. McElveen writes from Sumterville :

"I send a woman, age twenty-two. She leaves two children, and her owner will not let her have them. She will run away. I pay for her, in notes, \$650. She is a house woman, handy with the needle; in fact she does nothing but sew and knit and attend to house business."

Another letter from the same :

"I met a man who offered me four negroes—one woman and three girls, all likely and fine size for the ages—thirty-six, thirteen, twelve, and nine. The two oldest girls are the same size; all right as to teeth and person—"

I cannot transfer to these pages what follows; decency forbids.

Thomas Otey writes from Richmond :

"This market is fine. They are selling from twenty-five to fifty per day, and at fine prices. A yellow girl sold this morning for \$1320. No qualifications; black ones at \$1150; men at \$1400. Small ones in the ratio." (?)

This is veritable history—the last glimpse of the barbaric side of the institution of slavery, which, before the approaching vernal equinox, was to disappear forever from the republic.

Washington's birthday was celebrated in Charleston as never before. In the afternoon a small party of gentlemen from the North sat down to

a dinner—Colonel Webster, Chief of General Sherman's staff,
Feb. 22, 1865. Colonel Markland, of the Post-office Department, several

officers of the army and navy, and four journalists, all guests of a patriotic gentleman from Philadelphia, Mr. Getty.

The table was spread in the house of a caterer who formerly had provided sumptuous dinners for the Charlestonians. He was a mulatto who well understood his art; for, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions in the city, he was able to prepare an excellent entertainment, set off with canned fruits which had been put up in England, and had run the gantlet of the blockade.

Sentiments were offered and speeches made, which in other days would have been called incendiary. Five years before, if they had been uttered there, the speakers would have been treated to a gratuitous coat of tar and feathers, or possibly would have been hung upon the nearest tree. A band of colored musicians was in attendance, and "Hail Columbia," the "Star-spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle" were sung.

We heard the sound of drums and a chorus of voices. Looking down the broad avenue, I saw a column of troops advancing with steady step and even ranks. It was nearly sunset, and their bayonets were gleaming in the level rays. It was General Potter's brigade, led by the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts—a regiment recruited from those who had been slaves. Jubilant the notes of the fife, stirring the drum-beat, deep and resonant the thousand voices singing their most soul-thrilling war-song—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave."

Mingling with the chorus were cheers for Governor Andrew and Abraham Lincoln.

They raised their caps, hung them upon their bayonets. Proud their bearing. They came as conquerors. Some of them had walked those streets before as slaves; now they were freemen—soldiers of the Union, defenders of its flag.

Around them gathered a dusky crowd of men, women, and children, dancing, shouting in ecstasy. Mothers held up their little ones to see the men in blue, to catch a sight of the starry flag, with its crimson folds and tassels of gold.

"O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb,
Waiting for God, your hour at last has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong."

Up the avenue, past the citadel, with unbroken ranks, they proudly marched, offering no insult, uttering no epithet, manifesting no revenge



THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FIFTH COLORED REGIMENT IN CHARLESTON.

for all the wrongs of centuries heaped upon them by a people now humbled and at their mercy.

The deepest humiliation to the white people was the presence of negro soldiers—the provost guard of the city, with their headquarters in the citadel. Whoever desired protection papers or passes, whoever had business with the marshal or the general in command, rich or poor, high-born or low-born, white or black, man or woman, must meet a colored sentinel face to face and obtain from a colored sergeant permission to go about his business. They were first in the city, and it was their privilege to guard it, their duty to maintain law and order.

An officer who had given his parole, but who was indiscreet, was quietly marched off to the guard-house by these soldiers. It was galling to his pride, and he walked with downcast eyes and subdued demeanor.

Neither the white nor the black people comprehended the change which had taken place in their fortunes. Now and then a citizen forgot that he could no longer oppress a slave. Passing down Rutledge Street, I saw a crowd around the door of a building. A white man had been whipping a colored woman. Her outcries brought a sergeant of the provost guard and a squad of men, who quietly took her away.

There were a few Union men in the city, who through the long struggle had been true to the old flag. They were mostly Germans. Union officers escaping from prison had been kindly cared for by these faithful friends, who had been subjected to such close surveillance that secretiveness had become a marked trait of their character.

I saw a small flag waving from a window, and wishing to find out what sort of a Union man resided there, rang the bell. A man came to the door, of middle-age, light hair, and an honest German face.

“I saw the Stars and Stripes thrown out from your window, and have called to shake hands with a Union man, for I am a Yankee.”

He grasped my proffered hand. “Come in, sir. God bless you, sir!”

Then suddenly checking himself, he lowered his voice, looked into adjoining rooms, and peeped behind the doors, to see if there were a listener near.

“We have to be careful; spies all about us,” he said, not fully realizing that the soldiers of the Union had possession of the city. He showed me a large flag.

“Since the fall of Sumter my wife and I have slept on it every night. We have had it sewed into a feather-bed.” And he gazed upon it as if it were the most blessed thing in the world.

He had aided several soldiers in escaping from prison; and on one

occasion had kept two officers secreted several weeks, till an opportunity offered to send them out to the blockading fleet.

If it was an hour of exultation it was also one of sadness as I stood amid the scenes of desolation. The cause that was dearer than all things else was triumphant, but around me was ruin and woe indescribable. It seemed a city of a past age and generation. And it was. The Charleston of former days was as dead as Palmyra or Mizraim. Old things had passed away. The foundations of society had been overturned. The civilization of other days, with its wide distinctions, its class conditions, its imperiousness and power, had gone down forever, and a new and better life begun.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVII.

- (¹) Report of Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore.
- (²) Idem.
- (³) *Charleston Courier*, February 15, 1865.
- (⁴) Idem.
- (⁵) Report of the Treasurer of South Carolina for 1862.
- (⁶) James Chestnut, Chief of Military Department, Report January 1, 1862.
- (⁷) Letter-book of Z. B. Oakes, in possession of the Author.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAND STRATEGIC PLAN.

IN playing checkers, he who maintains his own king row unbroken while he breaks that of his antagonist, is pretty sure of winning the game. The march of Sherman to Savannah was like reaching the king row. It broke up the lines of communication in the Confederacy between the east and the west. This, with the defeat of Hood at Nashville, made it impossible for the Confederate Government to recover its lost ground.

General Grant, at City Point, was still keeping a vigilant watch upon the army under General Lee, but at the same time was carrying out far-reaching plans to put an end to the war. The army under

Jan. 14, 1865.

General Thomas had followed Hood in his retreat, and was at Clifton, on the Tennessee River, in Alabama. The telegraph flashed an order to Thomas to send Schofield's corps to the Potomac. General Grant did not intend that his troops should march back across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky; he had a far better plan. Telegrams were sent to St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati for steamboats, and a few days later a fleet of steamers loaded with troops, cannon, and horses was going down the Tennessee River to the Ohio, and up that stream to Cincinnati, where trains were waiting. It was in midwinter: the mercury had been down to zero, and the river was full of floating ice, but day and night the steamers and cars were moving on, and on the last day of the month the whole of Schofield's corps was at Annapolis, in Maryland, where a fleet of sea-going steamers had gathered to transport the troops to North Carolina, to join those already there, and thus consolidate a force sufficient to capture Wilmington—for although Fort Fisher had been taken, the Confederates still held the city, and had erected strong fortifications on both banks of Cape Fear River between the city and the sea. General Grant intended that the army under General Schofield, after capturing Wilmington, should push inland, so as to prevent the concentration of a Confederate army against Sherman. So confident was he as to what would be the result, that he ordered a large supply of railroad iron to be shipped

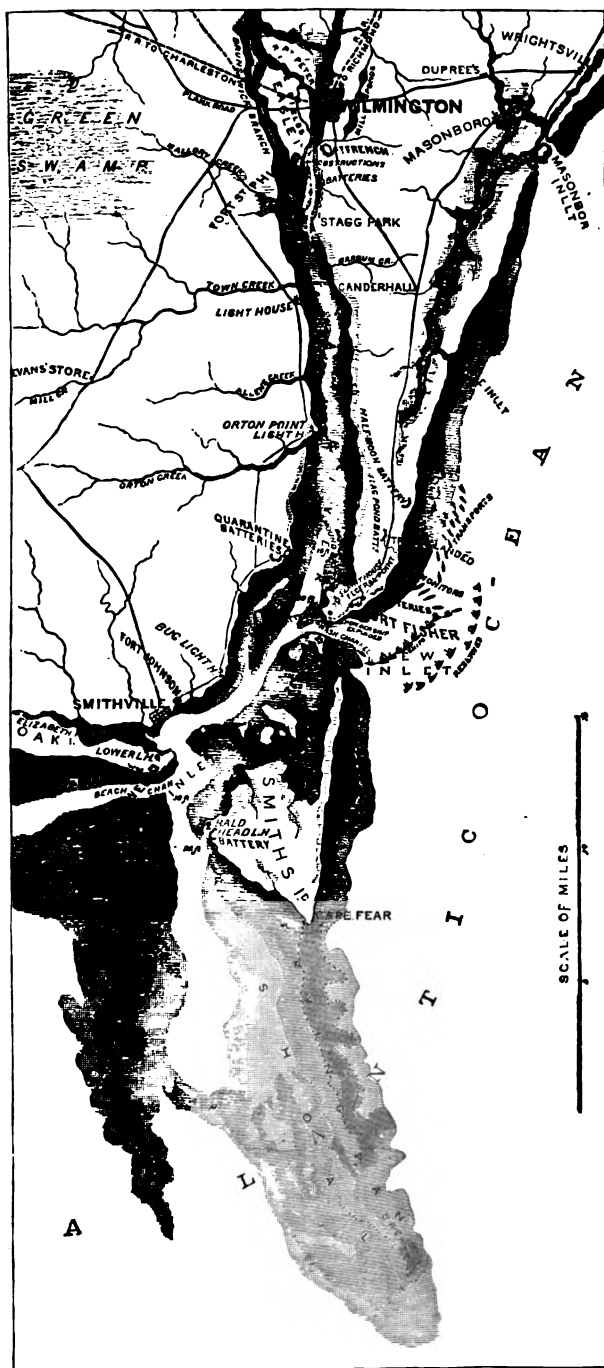
to Newbern, for repairing the railroad leading west from that point to Kinston. These his instructions to Schofield: "The first point to be gained is Wilmington; Goldsborough will then be your objective point, moving either from Wilmington or Newbern or from both, as you deem best. Should you not be able to reach Goldsborough, you will advance on the line or lines of railway connecting that place with the sea-coast, as near to it as you can, building the railroad behind you. The enterprise has two objects; the first is to give General Sherman material aid, if needed, in his march north; the second to open a base of supplies for him on his line of march. You will commence the accumulation of twenty days' rations for sixty thousand men, and forage for twenty thousand animals."

As there was no longer any need for a large body of troops in the Shenandoah Valley, Grover's division was sent from northern Virginia to Savannah to hold that city after the departure of General Sherman.

The troops from Tennessee on board the steamers had a rough time of it before reaching Fort Fisher. The wind blew a gale, but none of the vessels were lost, and the soldiers landed, joining those under General Terry.

General Hoke was in command of the Confederate forces around Wilmington and along Cape Fear River. General Schofield saw that if a body of troops could be taken up the coast and landed, they might march across the point of land to Myrtle Sound, and that by laying pontoons across that sheet of water he could gain Hoke's rear. The troops marched up the beach in the night, but the sea was so high that the floats could not be sent ashore, and they went back to their camps.

Once more, on a dark night, they started with the boats on wagons, but the wheels sunk into the sand so deep that the horses and mules could not draw their loads. The moon rose, and the Confederates saw what was going on. Their drums beat, and Hoke soon had his men in position to prevent the laying of the pontoons, and the project was abandoned. General Schofield was not the man to give up a project when once undertaken, and turned his attention to the other bank of Cape Fear River. He saw that there were many creeks, swamps, lakes, and ponds, and that the Confederates had fortifications to protect every avenue leading to the city. The first was Fort Anderson, on the bank of the river. The troops landed at Smithville. It was a weary march which they made through the sand. They encountered the Confederate cavalry, which fired upon them from behind fences, trees, and sand-hills, and then galloped away.



WILMINGTON.

A reconnoissance showed that Fort Anderson had ten heavy guns, and that a breastwork and ditch extended across a strip of land to Orton's

Feb. 17, 1865. Pond, or Lake, which is several miles long, and that only by

marching up the west bank of the pond could the Union soldiers get in rear of the intrenchments. When the troops deployed in front of the intrenchment cannon flashed from the embrasure, and dark



BOMBARDING FORT ANDERSON.

lines of men stood ready to open fire with their muskets. In front of the fort was a formidable abatis. It was seen that an assault would involve a great sacrifice of life. General Schofield did not intend to have his men slaughtered if he could help it, and so, leaving two brigades to make a feint of attacking at that point, he moved with the larger part around Orton's Pond. Through the day the gunboats rained solid shot and shells upon the fortifications. When the Confederates discerned the movement they fled in haste from the fort, which, with its cannon, fell into the hands of Schofield.

The Union troops were on both sides of the river—Generals Terry and Ames on the east bank, and General Cox on the west. The gunboats kept pace with the army. Gradually, without any pitched battle, General Schofield made his way towards the city, the Confederates being compelled by his superior tactics, and by the gunboats, to abandon position after position.

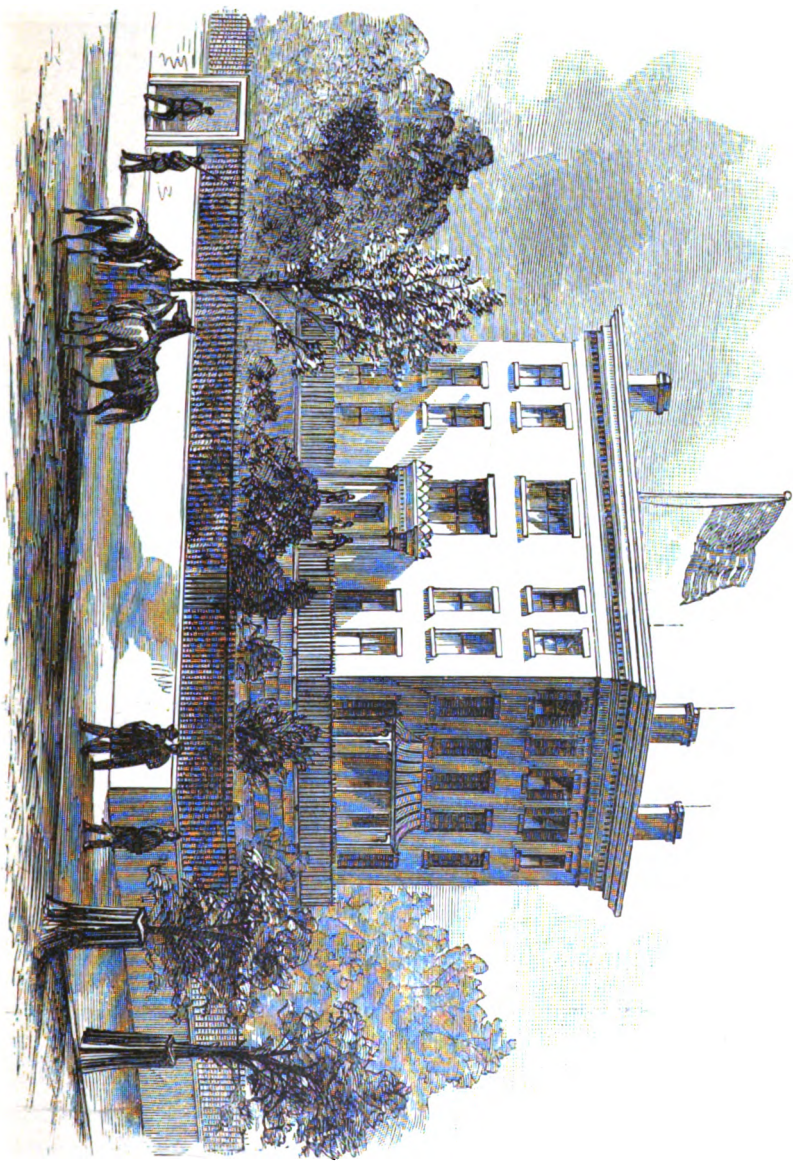
General Cox, on the west side, found himself on the bank of a creek in a swamp. The Confederates had not thought it possible for the Union troops to cross at the point where they stood, but they waded through the water and gained the other side, coming upon Haygood's brigade of South Carolina regiments under Colonel Simmonson. The Union soldiers made a charge, and captured three hundred and seventy-five men and two cannon. The rest of the brigade fled, burning all the bridges across the creeks behind them. At one stream there was a pontoon-bridge, which, in their haste to reach Wilmington, was only partially destroyed, and General Cox soon had it in place and his regiments crossing the stream.

Feb. 20, 1865. Generals Schofield, Terry, and Ames were making their way up the east bank. Word came that Hoke had received a large number of reinforcements. During the night the Confederates seemed preparing for battle, but it was only a feint; they were getting ready to retreat. When morning dawned clouds of smoke rose from the city—the burning of tar, turpentine, and military supplies which could not be removed. So, with very little fighting or loss of life, Wilmington, which, next to Richmond, had been the most important city of the Confederacy, was lost to Jefferson Davis.

When General Sherman was about to leave Atlanta he selected only those soldiers who were strong and hearty. All the sick and weak ones were sent north. Several thousand of them were now ready to join their regiments, and came to Washington, from which they were sent to Newbern. General Ruger, whom we have seen at Franklin and Nashville, was placed in command of them; and the Twenty-third Corps was also sent to that place. So it came about that while Sherman was moving north a large force under Schofield was at Wilmington, and another force at Newbern, ready to co-operate with him.

Colonel Wright, who had with great efficiency kept the railroad from Nashville to Atlanta in operation, came to open the railroad.

Newbern is on the river Neuse. It had been captured by the Union army in 1862, under General Burnside, assisted by the gunboats. Several times the Confederates had attempted to recover it, but had failed, partly because it could not be easily approached by an army from the west, for the great Dover Swamp, as it is called, extends nearly all the way from Newbern to Kinston, a distance of twenty-five miles. The railroad crosses the swamp in a straight line. Vine Creek winds through the northern section, flowing north to the Neuse. Three miles farther west is Southwest Creek. The land is higher between these two creeks than nearer



GENERAL SCHOFIELD'S HEADQUARTERS, WILMINGTON.

Newbern, and this section is called Gum Swamp. There are several roads crossing it, one leading south to the village of Trent; one called the British road, which runs parallel with the Neuse; a third, which is called the Dover road, running east and west. The junction of the last two roads is known as Wise's Forks. The Union troops were obliged to



GENERAL MOWER FIRING A BLAKELY GUN ACROSS THE PEDEE.

From a sketch made at the time.

advance along the railroad, twenty-five miles through Dover Swamp, and the men under Colonel Wright laid the ties and rails behind them. They reached Gum Swamp, and, being on firm ground, could spread along the wagon roads. General Cox wanted to get across South-west Creek

as soon as he could, that he might be on still better ground. March 7, 1865. He knew that a Confederate force was gathering at Kinston, and that there was an iron-clad vessel—the *Neuse*—on the river, patterned after the *Albemarle*, which Lieutenant Cushing had destroyed. General Cox had only a small force of cavalry, which he sent out to watch the crossings along South-west Creek, a narrow but deep stream with fords at the crossings of the roads.

We are not to think that Jefferson Davis and General Lee were not aware of the actual state of affairs in the Confederacy; on the contrary, they were doing all they could to bring about a concentration of forces to oppose Sherman, and to head off the operations of Schofield. When General Hood reached Tupelo, in Mississippi, after his retreat from Nashville, and resigned his command, Gen. Richard Taylor was appointed in his place. They saw that General Thomas would not be likely to go south of the Tennessee River, and so it was decided to break up the army under Taylor, and to send the divisions of Stewart, S. D. Lee, and Cheatham to confront Sherman in his northward march. They had reached North Carolina, and we have the spectacle of both the Union and



LIEUTENANT GRINNELL AND ENSIGN COLBY CARRYING SHERMAN'S DESPATCH.

Confederate troops, which had fought at Nashville and on other battlefields in the West, meeting once more in North Carolina. General Cox had three divisions, commanded by General Palmer, General Carter, and General Ruger. Palmer was on the railroad, Carter one mile south on the Dover road. Ruger's division was three miles in their rear. Had we been in the Confederate lines we should have seen General Johnston, who

had succeeded Beauregard in command after the burning of Columbia, acting with a good deal of energy. General Bragg was at Goldsborough, and Johnston sent him the troops of General Hoke, which had been compelled to evacuate Wilmington, and a portion of the troops of General



OPENING COMMUNICATION WITH SHERMAN.

Hood, commanded by Gen. D. H. Hill and General Clayton. The cars were kept running conveying the troops to Kinston. General Bragg had between twelve and fifteen thousand men. Scouts gave information of the position of the Union divisions—that there was a gap of a mile between Palmer and Carter, except that two regiments, under Colonel Upham, had been placed at Wise's Crossing.

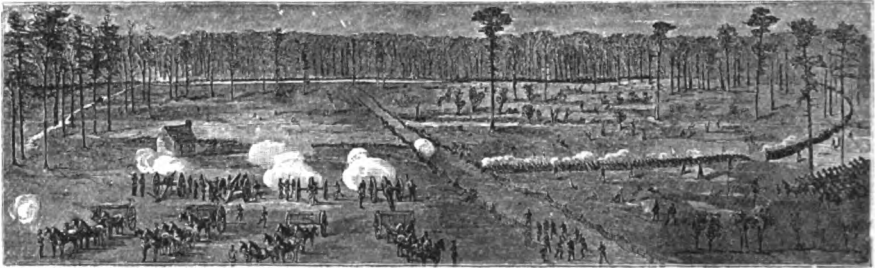
The breath of spring was in the air. The soldiers of Upham's two regiments were smoking their pipes after breakfast when suddenly shells came screaming upon them. The pickets had not done their duty in keeping a sharp lookout, and the Confederates had crossed South-west Creek, and were advancing to sweep Upham out of the way, gain possession of Wise's Crossing, and so separate Palmer and Carter.

General Schofield had just arrived from Newbern, and was talking

March 8, 1865.

with General Cox, when the uproar of the cannonade and musketry broke the stillness. He was quick to act, and ordered Ruger to advance to the sound of the firing, and himself with General Cox hastened forward to find that the Confederates had rushed upon Colonel Upham's two regiments; that one had been saved—the Fifteenth Connecticut—but the other had been captured; that the Confederates were falling upon Carter. General Palmer sent a brigade upon the run down to Wise's Crossing, and the Confederates were repulsed. The Union troops set themselves to work, and in a very short time had a line of intrenchments. Bragg advanced once more, but was again obliged to fall back.

The Confederate commander resolved upon a more vigorous attack.



THE BATTLE OF AVERYSBOROUGH.

From a sketch made at the time.

He rebuilt the bridges across South-west Creek so that he could move his troops easily. He did not think it prudent to attack directly in front, but upon the left flank of Carter. General Hoke's troops led the assault, but McQuiston's brigade came upon the double-quick to Carter's support, and the Confederates retreated. The Union troops advanced rapidly, and captured a large number of prisoners. Bragg withdrew to Kinston, but could not remain there, for General Johnston needed his troops to resist Sherman.

We have seen the Army of the West in Columbia, and we have also seen General Hardee, in command of the Confederate troops from Charleston, retreating to Cheraw. Hardee, under the belief that Sherman was going to Charleston, had sent his military supplies to Cheraw, which fell into the hands of Sherman, together with twenty-four cannon, two thousand muskets, and thirty-six hundred barrels of powder. By the carelessness of a soldier the powder took fire, and there was a terrific explosion, which destroyed several houses and some of the troops.

General Sherman's army crossed the Pedee River after a delay of



BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

several days on account of the high water, and began its northward march. From the inhabitants along the roads it was learned that General Schofield had captured Wilmington. General Sherman sent two trusted men

by different routes with a message to Schofield. "We are
 March 8, 1865. marching," read the letter, "for Fayetteville; will be there Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and then will march for Goldsborough. If possible send a boat up Cape Fear River. I expect to reach Goldsborough by the 20th."

One of the scouts secured a boat and went down the river; the other started across the country. The army began its march towards Fayetteville. General Kilpatrick, in command of the cavalry, narrowly escaped being captured by General Hampton, but he rallied his men and in turn charged upon Hampton, who crossed Cape Fear River and burned the bridge.

The entire army of Sherman was at Fayetteville. Sunday morning dawned. The troops had been building roads, marching through swamps, and needed rest. The soldiers were cooking their dinners
 March 12, 1865.

when they heard a shrill whistle, and saw a tugboat, with the Stars and Stripes streaming in the wind, approaching. A great shout went up from the army. The couriers had reached Wilmington in safety and delivered their messages to General Terry, who at once complied with Sherman's request. It was a joyful day in camp, for the soldiers, who had been on the march for six weeks, had had no news from the outside world. General Sherman was very busy during the afternoon in writing letters to Secretary Stanton, General Grant, and General Terry. More than twenty thousand negroes and refugees had flocked to him, and were a great hindrance. He could not let them starve, and must be rid of them before he could go on. A steamboat was captured, and arrangements made for sending them to Wilmington. "I want you," read the letter to General Terry, "to send me all the shoes, stockings, drawers, sugar, and flour you can spare: finish the loads with oats and corn. Have the boats escorted, and let them run at night at any risk." At six o'clock in the evening a tugboat was plunging its way down Cape Fear River. Two days later

two gunboats and several steamers were at Fayetteville putting Sherman once more in communication with his new base
 March 14, 1865. of supplies at Wilmington, one hundred miles distant. The negroes and refugees were sent by land, escorted by two hundred soldiers. The next day the army crossed Cape Fear River and began its march towards Goldsborough, the Seventeenth Corps on the right, then the Fifteenth, Fourteenth, and Twentieth, with the cavalry on the left flank.

Going over to the Confederate side, we see General Johnston in com-

mand, with Beauregard and Hardee as his subordinates. Johnston saw that Sherman might move on Raleigh, and also on Goldsborough, and so sent Hardee to hold the road leading from Fayetteville to Raleigh, along

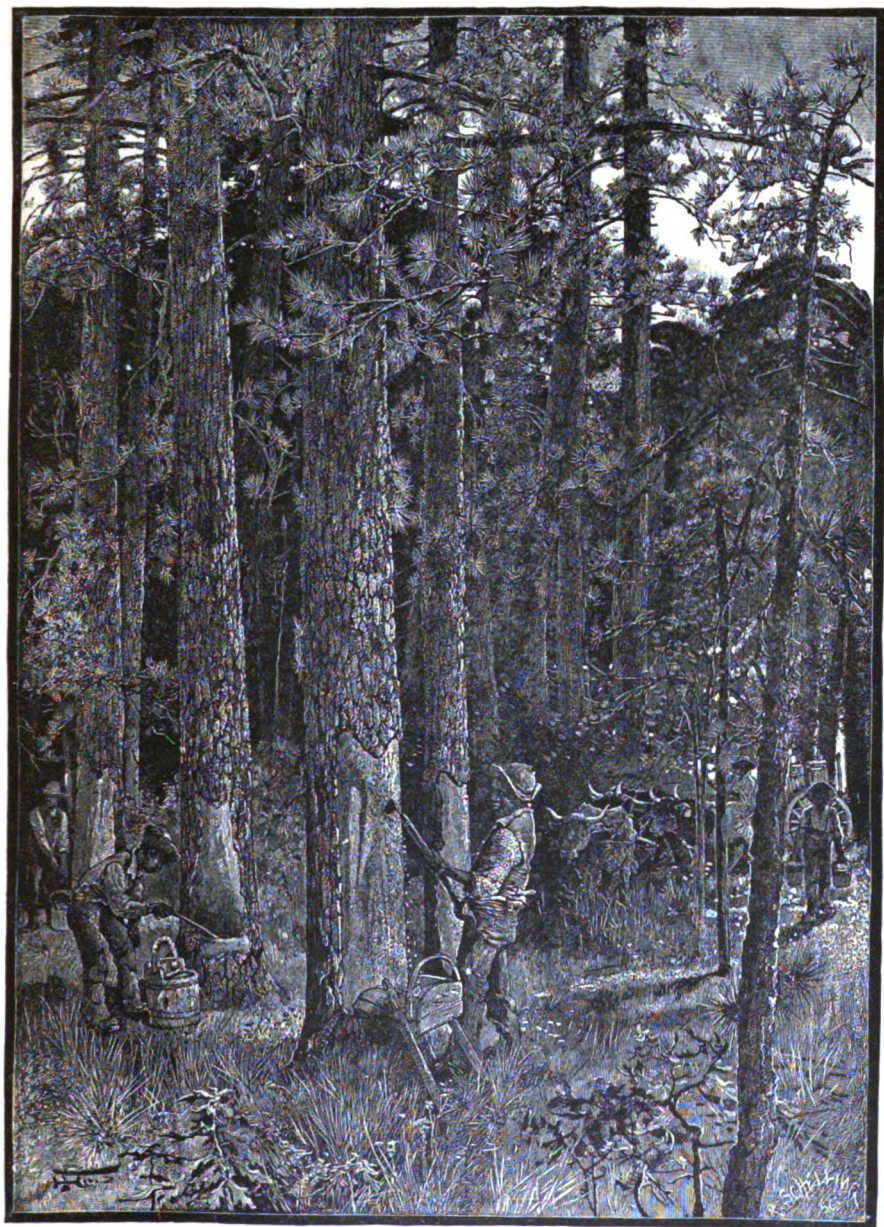
March 16, 1865. which Slocum was marching. Near Averysborough Jackson's division of the Twentieth Corps, with part of Ward's division, came upon Hardee, who had formed his men in two lines in a very strong position which could not be flanked. There was a sharp engagement, ending in the retreat of the Confederates, who lost three cannon and several hundred men.

General Sherman, instead of going on towards Raleigh, thirty miles north, turned his entire army eastward towards Goldsborough, which is nearly forty miles from Averysborough, on the road leading through Bentonville, where General Johnston had concentrated his troops, to prevent, if possible, a junction of Sherman with Schofield, who was advancing from Kinston.

It is not known just how many troops Johnston had. Quite likely he himself did not know, for his army was made up of divisions, brigades, and regiments from all quarters—Hoke's North Carolina troops, regiments from General Lee's army, divisions under Hardee, those from Hood's army under Cheatham and S. D. Lee. The entire Confederate force was nearly fifty thousand, though Johnston did not have them all concentrated at Bentonville.

General Slocum was nearly fifteen miles west of Howard, marching in an easterly direction. Johnston, learning from his scouts the relative situation of the two wings of the Union army, resolved to throw himself against Slocum, and so we see the troops of Hardee marching to the village of Bentonville, and coming into a strong position. The Union cavalry leading Slocum found themselves face to face with a large force of Confederates. The blow came first upon Carlin's division of the Fourteenth Corps. The Confederates attacked with great vigor, capturing three cannon, and compelling Carlin to fall back. General Slocum quickly deployed his other divisions, and the men soon had a line of intrenchments thrown up. Kilpatrick formed on the left flank. Johnston advanced and made repeated assaults, but was repulsed. A messenger reached Sherman, who was with the right wing, who sent word to Slocum to stand on the defensive. He directed Howard to march west towards the sound of the cannonade.

This the position of the two armies: Slocum was facing east, Johnston west. Howard was marching west, and would be in position to strike the Confederates' rear, which compelled Johnston to form his lines in the shape



PRODUCING TURPENTINE.

of the letter V, making a sharp angle, which rested on the road leading from Averbsborough to Goldsborough. Swamps protected the Confederate flanks. Although it was a strong position, General Johnston saw that if either of his lines was broken, it would be difficult for him to get his army safely across Mill Creek, a small stream in his rear, and he made preparations to retreat.

General Sherman was not inclined to attack the Confederates. He had only a small quantity of food, and so started his wagons for Kinston to obtain more. Schofield was rapidly advancing towards Goldsborough, and he thought it would be better to stand on the defensive for the moment.

Rain was falling, but that did not prevent General Mower, of Howard's command, who was eager to attack, from falling upon the enemy in his front, and pushing with his division straight towards the
March 21, 1865. bridge on Mill Creek—that which Johnston must use in his retreat. He made the movement on his own judgment, and was ordered back by Sherman, who afterwards saw that he himself had made a mistake; that if he had thrown the whole force under Howard upon Johnston's line in all probability he would have completely crushed him. Very frankly has General Sherman acknowledged his error. "I think," he says, "that I made a mistake. I should have followed rapidly Mower's lead with the whole right wing, which would have brought on a general battle, and it could not have resulted otherwise than successfully to us by reason of our superior numbers; but at the moment I preferred to make junction with Generals Terry and Schofield before engaging Johnston's army, the strength of which was utterly unknown."

Johnston did not think it prudent to attempt to hold the position which he had taken, and retreated, leaving his wounded on the field. He fell back so secretly in the night that he left his pickets to be captured.

The battle of Bentonville was the last to be fought by the army which had made its way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Savannah, and to that out-of-the-way village in North Carolina. The Union loss was about fifteen hundred, the Confederate between two and three thousand.

At Goldsborough the army of Sherman was joined by that under Schofield. It was necessary that the railroad should be opened to New-
March 25, 1865. bern before Sherman could advance. Eastern North Carolina is a region for the production of tar and turpentine, and is not rich in agricultural products. An army must be fed, and only by opening communication with the ocean could the troops receive supplies.

During the summer of 1864 General Butler, in command of the Army of the James, had a large number of negroes at work cutting a

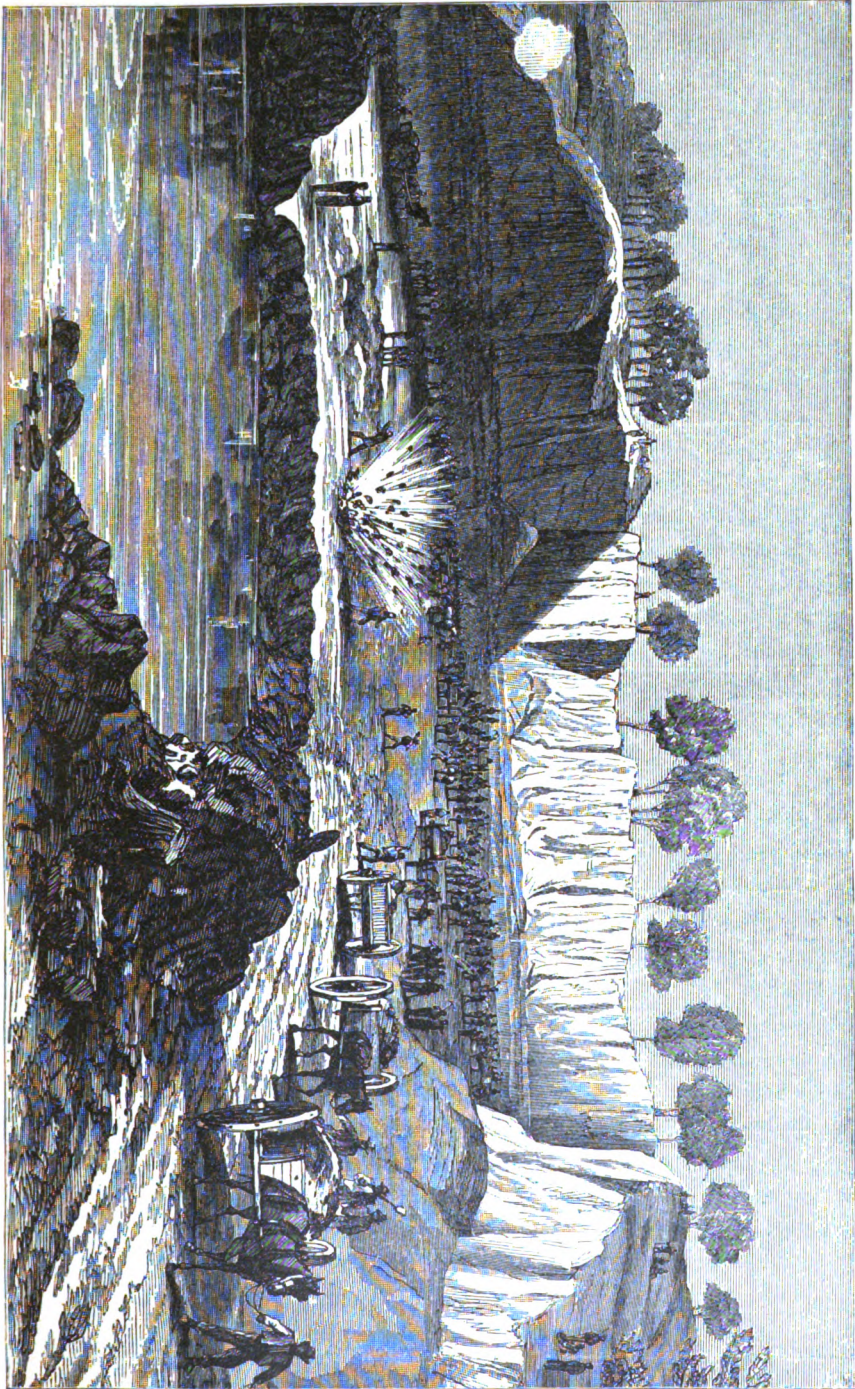
canal at Dutch Gap, as it was called—a narrow strip of land between the Appomattox and Richmond. The Confederates had a powerful battery on a bluff that commanded the river for a long distance. General Butler saw that the batteries could be rendered of no account against the iron-clads if a canal was excavated across the narrow peninsula, and so set the negroes at work. The canal was fifteen hundred feet in length, sixty feet wide, sixty-five feet below the surface of the bluff, and fifteen feet deeper than the surface of the water. It was completed with the exception of the bulkheads. On New-Year's Day twelve thousand pounds of powder were exploded to blow them out, but the earth, instead of being scattered far and wide, fell back into its place. It could not be dredged, because the Confederates had obtained accurate aim, and with their cannon could prevent any further work. Since the war the earth has been removed, and vessels now pass through the gap, saving nearly seven miles in ascending or descending the river.

Through the winter General Sheridan had remained at Winchester, Virginia, with ten thousand cavalry. It was easier to obtain supplies and horses there than at City Point; besides, General Grant had mapped out a plan for cavalry operations. With the opening of spring he intended to wield this powerful force in a way that would render efficient service.

It was a long column of horsemen that started southward for a movement up the Shenandoah. The soldiers were well acquainted with the ground. Custer and Devin were the commanders of the two divisions, and Merritt the chief commander under Sheridan. The troopers had rations for four days in their haversacks. In the wagons were thirty pounds of oats for each horse. There was a pontoon train—sufficient boats to build a small bridge. General Grant directed Sheridan to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad, the James River Canal, and capture Lynchburg. Having done that, he might use his discretion in moving south to join Sherman, or turn east and join the Army of the Potomac.

Notwithstanding the condition of the roads, from the rains and the melting snow, two days saw Sheridan sixty miles south of Winchester.

General Early was still in the valley with three thousand men, who took a position at Waynesborough behind breastworks. General Custer looked at the position, sent three regiments to gain the left flank of Early, and then dismounting part of the other two brigades, advanced rapidly, charging upon the breastworks—the mounted troops sweeping like a whirlwind upon the astonished Confederates, most of whom threw down their arms and surrendered. Eleven cannon, two



DUTCH GAP CANAL.

hundred loaded wagons, and sixteen hundred prisoners were captured. The rest escaped to Lynchburg.

On account of the swollen streams from the incessant rains Sheridan did not think it wise to attempt to capture Lynchburg, but the railroad leading to Gordonsville was destroyed, and the locks on the James River Canal. He desired to cross the James, but did not have a sufficient number of pontoons. His scouts informed him that a division of infantry under Pickett, and Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry, had hastened from Richmond to confront him at Lynchburg, so that he must give up all thought of joining Sherman. He must either return to Winchester or move east, north of Richmond, and join General Grant. There was no reason why he should return to Winchester, but if he pushed east he could live upon the country and further embarrass Lee. He moved towards Ashland. He thought it likely that a Confederate force would advance to that point to intercept him, and he was not mistaken. Longstreet, with Pickett's and Johnson's divisions, were there. He formed one of his brigades in line of battle, but he was not there to bring on an engagement; he only desired to join General Grant. While the Confederates were forming Sheridan was crossing the North Anna River and moving towards the White House. When General Longstreet discovered what was going on he moved through Hanover Court-house to intercept the Union troops, but had no pontoons and could not cross the river, and Sheridan moved on to the White House, where he found supplies which General Grant had sent to that point.

During the march Sheridan's loss did not exceed one hundred men. He had captured seventeen cannon, sixteen hundred prisoners, destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad. It was a damaging blow to
March 19, 1865. General Lee, but one of great value to General Grant.

It will be seen that General Grant was carrying out a grand strategic movement. Sherman had moved north to Goldsborough, Schofield west from Kinston to that point, and now Sheridan, with a great and powerful body of cavalry—the largest and most efficient corps of mounted men assembled during the war, was in position to join the Army of the Potomac. The two great armies were in position, after the long march of Sherman, to co-operate in any movement which General Grant should direct for putting an end to the war. The plan was so far-reaching and comprehensive that it will ever stand as one of the most complete and effective in the annals of military history.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DECISIVE HOUR.

ONCE more I was with the Army of the Potomac at the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. I was sitting in the office of the adjutant-general, looking down the plank walk that led to the cabin which General Grant had occupied during the winter, and saw him step from the door, followed by President Lincoln, General Sherman, March 20, 1865. General Meade, General Ord, and General Crook. They came into the room where I was sitting.

"Good-morning! What news have you?" said the President as he shook hands with me.

"I have just arrived from Charleston and Savannah," I replied.

"Indeed! Well, I am right glad to see you. How do the people like being back in the Union again?" he said, as he sat down.

"I think that some of them are reconciled to it," I replied, "if we may draw conclusions from the action of one planter, who, while I was there, came down the Savannah River with his whole family—wife, children, negro woman and her children, of whom he was the father—and with his crop of cotton, which, of course, he was anxious to sell."

The eyes of the President sparkled. "Oh yes; I see," he said; "patriarchal times once more—Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, and Ishmael, all in one boat." He chuckled a moment, and added, "I reckon they'll accept the situation, now that they can sell their cotton."

He turned to the map lying on the table, showing the situation of the two armies—that of the Potomac reaching to Hatcher's Run, ready to make its final move; that under Sherman at Goldsborough, ready to advance northward.

"We are in position to catch Lee between our two thumbs," said Sherman, who was doing pretty much all the talking.

While the President was inspecting the map the great army of horsemen—thirteen thousand—under Sheridan was in motion between City Point and the lines in front of Petersburg, getting into position to carry

ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN.



out the last scene in the great strategic plan. General Sherman was of the opinion that the Army of the Potomac should make no movement, but wait till he could crush Johnston; and then, uniting his army with that of Grant, Lee could at once be overwhelmed. General Grant did not agree with him. He felt that the Army of the Potomac was able to strike the final blow. If he were to wait for the troops from the Western States they might be unduly exalted, and out of it would come a feeling of triumph and prowess which would be harmful in its results. The Army of the Potomac had been called upon to meet the most powerful of all the Confederate armies—that under General Lee—and it was right that the soldiers composing it, unaided by any other army, should have the privilege of winning the final victory. General Rawlins, General Grant's chief of staff, was very emphatic in his expressions favoring such a course.(') That the troops might move quickly, a corps of pioneers cut a road in rear of the intrenchments towards Hatcher's Run—a path so wide that two wagons might travel abreast, enabling the several corps to move without any obstruction.

I was awakened early in the morning, before the first glimmer of the dawn, by a rattle of musketry and then the outburst of a quick cannonade.

March 25, 1865. In all the camps there was a beating of drums and orders to "fall in." Soldiers sprang to their feet, and took their places in the ranks, wondering what was going on. We must go into the Confederate army to see just what had happened.

In a biography of General Lee we have an account of the state of affairs when Alexander H. Stephens, Mr. Hunter, and Judge Campbell returned from their interview with President Lincoln. "When they reported the ill success of their mission," writes the biographer,(') "a sense of disappointment was felt throughout the land. This was succeeded by an indignant determination to carry on the contest to the bitter end." But where should the struggle go on? We are not to think that General Lee did not comprehend the military position. He knew that a crisis could not be far away; that the time would come when he could no longer hope to hold Richmond and Petersburg. The only chance for success would be an abandonment of those cities, and a union of his own army with that of Johnston in south-western Virginia. To that end he directed that his surplus supplies should be sent to Amelia Court-house.(') His biographer says that "he had actually taken steps to adopt a plan that offered the only chance of success, but this was overruled. The soundest advice in the land was disregarded, and it was decided that the Confederacy should live or die at Richmond."(') Jefferson Davis decided it. Possibly he

saw, what General Lee did not see, that to give up Richmond was to give up the Confederacy. Confederate historians would have us believe that if General Lee could have brought about a junction of his own and Johnston's troops he could have carried on the war successfully. General Lee himself thought that if he could concentrate both armies behind Staunton River he could prolong the war indefinitely.(')

It is stated that General Lee had at this time less than forty thousand men, but it is probable that the troops in the trenches defending Petersburg and Richmond numbered more than sixty thousand. It is evident that if, as a member of General Lee's staff>(') asserts, he had but thirty-five thousand, there was little chance of success in attempting to hold a line behind any river, when confronted by an army of nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand men under General Grant.(')

From the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, to the last of March, 1864, General Lee had stood upon the defensive, except at Reams's Station and the Boydton plank road. He had not exposed his troops in the open field, but the time had come for a new line of operations. He resolved to take the offensive—to break through General Grant's lines, divide the Union army, and destroy the vast amount of stores at City Point. The place selected for the assault was Fort Steadman, the second in the line of Union intrenchments south of the Appomattox, and directly east of Petersburg. General Lee selected Lieutenant-General Gordon to carry out his plan, and gave him a part of A. P. Hill's troops and part of Longstreet's, with a cavalry force—in all nearly one-half of the army. The attack was well arranged. Nearly every night some of the soldiers, seeing that the cause was destined to end in failure, deserted to the Union lines, carrying their arms with them. General Gordon determined to take advantage of it, and selected several men, who were to pretend to be deserters, to advance with their guns and capture the Union pickets. That done, men with axes were to run forward and cut openings in the abatis, to be followed by the troops.

It was a little past four o'clock in the morning when the Union pickets in front of Fort Steadman saw several men coming towards them as if to surrender, but a moment later found themselves prisoners. Then there was a clattering of axes in the darkness, and a rush of troops, who in a minute were swarming into the fort, overpowering and capturing the slumbering Union soldiers. General Gordon formed his assaulting column in three detachments, which were to be followed by a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry. The infantry were to sweep along the intrenchments southward, to be joined by other divisions as they drove

out the Union troops. The cavalry was to dash up the rising ground to the military railroad, cut the telegraph wires, ride to the Appomattox and destroy the pontoon-bridge, then make their way to City Point and seize the stores. It was only after a spirited contest that the Confederates gained Fort Steadman. The uproar awakened every soldier in the connecting lines. General Willcox's division of the Ninth Corps were veterans of many battles, and, instead of running, manfully stood their ground. General Meade being absent, General Parke was in command. The Confederates gained the railroad and cut the telegraph wires; but General Tidball, in command of the artillery, quickly had a line of batteries in position. General Willcox saw the Confederates advancing towards the railroad, and charged upon them with such vigor that General Gordon, instead of moving on to City Point, found it difficult to hold what he had gained. The shells from the Union batteries were making havoc in his ranks. Reinforcements could not be sent to him. It was a quarter to eight o'clock when the troops of the Ninth Corps with a hurrah leaped over the embankment of Fort Steadman and recaptured the works, together with a large number of prisoners. General Gordon's attempt had ended in failure, with a loss of four thousand men.

General Grant was considering a plan of action—to leave a portion of the army to hold the intrenchments east of Richmond and Petersburg, covering City Point, and to move with the larger part of the troops upon the two railroads leading west from Petersburg and Richmond. By such a movement he would either destroy the railroads or compel General Lee to come out from his fortifications and fight a battle in the open field. The troops were to carry four days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and food for eight days in wagons. He would use the cavalry under Sheridan to the best possible advantage. General Weitzel with fifteen thousand men would hold the intrenchments from the Appomattox to Cold Harbor, and the Ninth Corps the intrenchments east of Petersburg. The entire force which he would have for the movement would exceed eighty thousand men.

Three divisions of the Army of the James, under General Ord, left their intrenchments north of the river James so quietly that the Confederate pickets did not know of their departure. They turned
 March 27, 1865. south, crossed the pontoon-bridge, and the next forenoon were between the Weldon Railroad and Hatcher's Run, which is an affluent of Rowanty Creek, crossed by three main roads leading south-west from Petersburg—the Vaughn road, farthest east, then the Squirrel Level road, and lastly the Boydton plank road.

Were we to stand upon the bridge where the plank road crosses the stream, and look north-east, we would obtain a view of the extreme left of the Confederate lines. The bridge was in Lee's possession, also the toll-gate on the south side, also a portion of the White Oak road, which branches from the plank road near the toll-gate and leads west.

The country is densely wooded, mostly with pine, with occasional clearings. Several steam saw-mills had been erected, which cut timber for the Petersburg market. The plank road leads to Dinwiddie Court-house, which is fifteen miles from Petersburg. Just beyond the Court-house is Stony Creek, which has a south-east course, with a branch called Chamberlain's Run coming down from the north, having its rise in a swamp near the head of Hatcher's Run.

To understand the direction of General Lee's line of fortifications, let us start from Petersburg and go down the plank road. We face south-west, and walk in rear of fort after fort nine miles to Hatcher's Run, where a strong work has been erected on the north bank of the stream. We cross the bridge and find another on the south bank near the toll-house and Burgess's tavern. Here we leave the plank road, and, turning west, walk along the White Oak road, with Hatcher's Run north of us a mile distant. Eleven miles from Petersburg we come to Five Forks, where five roads meet. This point, although so far away from the town, and apparently of no importance, was in reality the most vital point of all. There is no stream immediately behind or before it, but a mile south is the swamp along Chamberlain's Run; a mile north are the low lands of Hatcher's Run, but here firm, hard ground. If Grant can break through at this point he can tear up the rails of the South Side road, have unobstructed passage to the Danville road, and Richmond and Petersburg are his. It is three miles from the Forks, north, to the railroad.

General Grant, after thinking the matter over, concluded to modify his plan: instead of moving westward towards Burksville with the larger part of the army, he decided to maintain his lines as they were, and use the cavalry and the Fifth Corps as a movable force. He changed his own headquarters from City Point to Gravelly Run. "I feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you to cut loose and go for the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push round • the enemy if you can, and get on his right rear," he said to Sheridan. (")

The night was cloudy, and at midnight rain began to fall. Through the following day the drops pattered upon the last year's leaves in the forest, but the cavalry was in motion towards Dinwiddie Court-house, south of Five Forks. General Lee at the same

March 29, 1865.

moment was sending three brigades from Pickett's division. Just what General Lee intended to accomplish by sending Pickett and the cavalry south of Five Forks is not apparent, for it isolated the force for the time being from the rest of the Confederate army.

The sun was shining once more, but the ground was saturated with the rain, and the thousands of horses soon made all the roads quagmires.

March 31, 1865. Although the mud was deep, General Merritt's and General Crook's divisions at nine o'clock began to move west, and at noon came upon Mumford's division of Confederate cavalry. It was the



SHERIDAN RIDING ALONG THE LINES.

From a sketch made at the time.

beginning of the battle of Dinwiddie Court-house, fought on the Union side wholly by the cavalry, most of whom were dismounted, and by the Confederate cavalry under Fitz-Hugh Lee, W. H. F. Lee, and Rosser, with Pickett's division of infantry. The Confederates outnumbered the Union troops, and Sheridan, to hold his ground, was obliged to throw up intrenchments. His left was in the woods, about half a mile west of the Court-house, and the breastworks extended north-east in a semicircle through the fields to a piece of woods near the Boydton plank road. Sheridan had fallen back about two miles during the afternoon, and Pickett had pressed after him with a good deal of zeal.

The sun was almost down when Pickett formed his men for a charge upon the works. Sheridan knew that he was outnumbered, and to encourage his men, accompanied by Merritt and Custer, rode along the lines. The men received him with a cheer. General Sheridan has given this account :

"Our enthusiastic reception showed that they were determined to stay. The cavalcade drew the enemy's fire, which emptied several saddles—among others, Mr. Theodore Wilson, correspondent of the *New York Herald*, being wounded. In reply our horse artillery opened on the advancing Confederates, but the men behind the barricades lay still till Pickett's troops were within short range, then they opened fire—Custer's repeating-rifles pouring such a shower of lead that nothing could stand up against it. The repulse was very quick; and as the gray lines retired to the woods from which they had so confidently advanced, all danger of their taking Dinwiddie, or marching to the left and rear of our infantry line, was over, at least for the night."

It will be seen that some of the correspondents of the newspapers exposed themselves on the battle-field that they might be eye-witnesses of what was going on.

General Sheridan sent an officer to report to General Grant what had been done, and that he proposed to stay where he was till forced to let go. He saw, as did General Meade, that Lee was doing just what General Grant wanted him to do—leave his intrenchments and come out into the open field. Pickett had advanced nearly four miles from his line of intrenchments, and was in a false position.

General Meade, after hearing Sheridan's report, sent this despatch to General Grant: "Would it not be well for Warren to go down with his whole corps and smash up the force in front of Sheridan?"

This the reply of General Grant: "Let Warren move in the way you propose, and not stop for anything."

General Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, was directed to move at once, and to report to Sheridan and be under his direction. He was at the house of Dr. Boisseau, north of Gravelly Run.

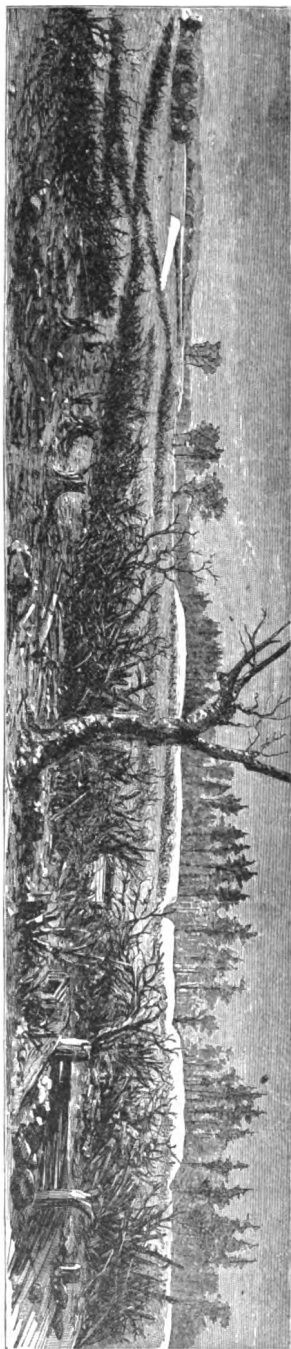
It was three o'clock in the morning when General Sheridan sent a despatch to General Warren directing him to attack the left flank of Pickett

at daylight. "You are in rear of his line," read the despatch, April 1, 1865. "and almost on his flank. I will hold on here. Possibly they may attack Custer at daylight; if so, attack instantly and in full force. Attack at daylight, anyhow, and I will make an effort to get the road this side of Adams's house, and if I do we can capture the whole of them."

But this plan for capturing Pickett was not to be carried out. The Confederate commander saw that he was in an isolated position and in danger from Warren, and before daylight was retiring towards Five Forks. General Sheridan was chagrined, and laid the blame on General Warren for allowing Pickett to get past him before attacking. General Grant was disappointed, and, with Sheridan, thought that Warren did not exhibit enough energy. He sent Colonel Babcock with a despatch giving Sheridan authority to remove Warren from command if he thought best.

We are to remember that General Grant had matured a plan of action. He saw that the time had come when a blow could be given which would be decisive in its results. He was fearful that Johnston, from North Carolina, might appear at any moment in his own rear. We are also to remember that Sheridan was quick and energetic in all his actions, and expected his subordinates to execute his orders promptly and with the utmost energy. We are not to forget, on the other hand, that General Warren, by his energy, quickness, and promptness at Gettysburg, without orders from General Meade, had seized Little Round Top at a critical moment, and that through his action that battle had been made a turning-point in the history of our country. ("Marching to Victory," p. 245.) More than this, we are to keep in mind the fact that General Warren had been selected to command the Fifth Corps, and that he had done so without censure, and with ability, in all the battles from the opening of the campaign at the Wilderness to that hour. In forming any judgment of his conduct, we are to remember that the

CONFEDERATE INTRENCHMENTS AT FIVE FORKS.



order of Sheridan was dated three o'clock in the morning; that it was nearly five miles to the headquarters of Warren, and the road knee-deep with mud. Day was breaking when the order was received.

April 1, 1865. At that moment Pickett was falling back. Neither Sheridan nor Grant knew what was taking place in the Confederate lines, and it would seem that it was beyond Warren's power to have prevented the falling back of Pickett.

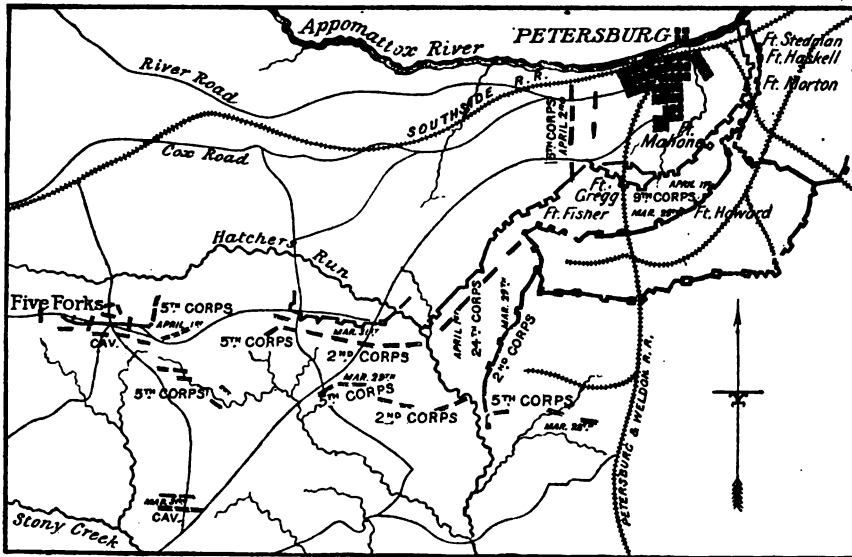
It was mid-afternoon when I reached General Sheridan's headquarters near Five Forks. The Confederates were behind their intrenchments along the White Oak road. General Pickett had formed his line with Mumford's cavalry, dismounted, nearest Hatcher's Run, east of Five Forks; then, in sequence, Wallace, Ransom, Stewart, Corse, and W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry. Rosser was in reserve, guarding the trains on the Ford Church road, leading north to the railroad. General Warren came up and joined Sheridan, who informed him as to his plan of attack. Merritt, with two divisions of cavalry, was to form the left wing, and was to attack Pickett's whole front, and to make a feint of turning his right flank. The Fifth Corps was to fall upon Pickett's left. That Warren might be protected from any force coming from the direction of Petersburg, along the White Oak road, Mackenzie's division of cavalry was to cover his flank and rear. General Warren, after receiving his instructions, rode back to his troops, which were near Gravelly Run Church, two miles from Sheridan's headquarters.

It was nearly four o'clock before the Fifth Corps troops were in position. Ayres's division was first engaged, and the battle at once became a continuous roar of musketry. In one of the New York regiments four color-bearers in succession fell, and Colonel Snipes, in command, himself seized them and rallied his men.

Through the afternoon the dismounted cavalry under Merritt had been gradually advancing, and now, encouraged by the presence of the Fifth Corps, attacked with vigor. In the advance Crawford's division became separated from Ayres's, and the Confederates for a short time took advantage of the mistake; but Crawford quickly rectified it. Griffin, farther out, marched steadily on, driving the dismounted Confederate cavalry before him till he reached the house of Mr. Young on the Ford road, in Pickett's rear. When soldiers in battle hear the rattling of musketry behind their backs they usually become nervous, and anxious for their own safety. So it came about that Pickett's men, at the angle of the intrenchments in front of Ayres's division, began to be troubled when they found that Crawford's and Griffin's divisions were cutting off their retreat. They

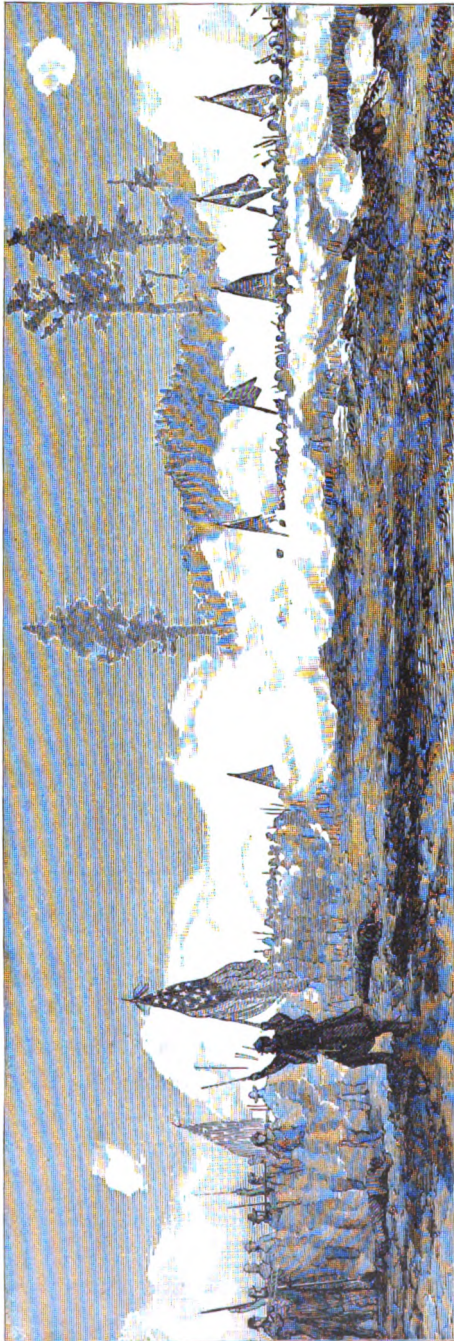
lost heart at the moment when they needed the most courage, for Ayres's brigades, together with Devin's dismounted cavalry, suddenly came swarming over the intrenchments, and six thousand of Pickett's men found themselves prisoners. Six cannon and thirteen battle-flags were captured. Pickett, with the troops on his right, retreated towards the Appomattox. It was nearly dark—too late to permit pursuit on the part of Sheridan.

General Grant was six miles away, near Dabney's Mills, sitting on a camp-stool. He had heard the volleys of musketry, which suddenly



MOVEMENT TO FIVE FORKS.

ceased. He knew that the battle was over, but he did not know who was victorious. A little later he heard a cheer from the troops of the Second Corps. A messenger was telling them the news—Col. Horace Porter, who had been with Sheridan, and who was riding back to headquarters. General Grant heard his story, entered the tent, sat down at his little writing-desk, and wrote these words, "Assault along the whole line." It was a message to General Meade. "I have ordered everything to advance, to prevent concentration against Sheridan," his message to President Lincoln at City Point. And then despatches went flying over the telegraph wires to the commanders of the several corps. It was cheering news to them, and very enthusiastic were their replies.



BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

From a sketch made at the time.

"My troops will go into the enemy's lines as a hot knife into melted butter," the answer from General Ord.

"We will make the fur fly," telegraphed General Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps.

"I believe," Grant telegraphed to Meade, "that with a bombardment beforehand, the enemy will abandon his works."

"An attack is ordered at four in the morning at three points on the Petersburg front—one by the Ninth Corps, between the Appomattox and the Jerusalem plank road, one west of the Weldon road, and the third between that and Hatcher's Run," was the information to Sheridan.

The time had arrived when the whole army was to take part. The hour for which General Grant had waited had come at last, and his mind took in every feature of the situation. In response to his command, at ten o'clock in the evening the cannonade began; and through the night, from siege-gun, mortar, and field artillery, along the entire line from James River to the extreme left of the



MAJOR-GEN. CHARLES GRIFFIN.

army, solid shot and shells were hurled in showers upon the Confederate intrenchments.

"Send up the provost brigade," was Grant's despatch sent to City Point. The Sixty-first Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, and other regiments, and Sheridan's dismounted cavalry, were out at daybreak and on the march.

"Send up the marines to guard the prisoners," was his second despatch, and the blue-jackets from the gunboats, with carbines, were sent

ashore. The time had come for the mustering of every available man. The sailors took cars at City Point, and sang all the way to Hatcher's Run, as if they were having a lark.

The prisoners were stowed in the cars with the sailors on top. "The Johnnies are in the hold, and we are on the quarter-deck," said the sailors.

General Sheridan, as we have seen, was very much dissatisfied with General Warren for not having been in position to prevent Pickett's escape from Dinwiddie, and for not having brought his troops into position earlier than four o'clock; and so, when the battle was over, he removed him from command, and appointed General Griffin in his stead. It seemed to General Warren, and to many others, an unwarranted act on the part of Sheridan—a cruel blow to one who had commanded a corps, and who had never faltered through all the campaigns from the Wilderness to Five Forks. General Grant indorsed the action of Sheridan. General Warren demanded a court of inquiry into his own conduct, which he was not able to obtain till fourteen years later.

The verdict of history, I think, will be that General Warren might possibly have brought his troops earlier upon the field, but that when there his assault was vigorous and effective; that having won the victory, it would have been better for Sheridan's own reputation not to have removed him. Justice, magnanimity, and generosity are virtues that never fade away, but, like the stars, shine on evermore. He who does not exercise them will never have the full sympathy of his fellow-men; and so the action of General Sheridan in dismissing in disgrace, in the hour of victory, an accomplished and able subordinate, who had rendered the country faithful service, is likely to be regarded as detracting from his own true greatness.

The battle of Five Forks was not a sanguinary conflict—the killed and wounded numbered far less than on many other fields—but it was momentous in its results, and so must be regarded as one of the most important of the war.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX.

(1) General Rawlins to Author.

(2) Gen. A. L. Long, "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," p. 403.

(3) *Idem*.

(4) *Idem*.

(5) *Idem*.

(6) *Idem*.

(7) Returns of the Army of the Potomac.

(8) Gen. Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. II., p. 453.

CHAPTER XX.

BREAKING UP OF THE REBELLION.

GENERAL LEE was at his headquarters in Petersburg. He was in trouble, for he had lost six thousand men, and in a few hours Sheridan would be tearing up the rails of the South Side Railroad. He sent a message to General Longstreet, who was in command north of the James, to hurry to Petersburg with Field's division. The Confederates had three pontoon-bridges crossing the stream—one at Warwick's, one at Wilton's farm, and the third at Chapin's Bluff. It was eleven o'clock at night when the telegraph operator handed Longstreet a despatch from General Lee.⁽¹⁾ An hour later Field's division had broken camp, and the men were tramping by the light of the moon across the James, Longstreet and his staff leading the column.

Let us look at Lee's lines at midnight on Saturday. Johnson, Pickett, Wise, and W. H. F. Lee's cavalry are retreating towards the Appomattox, beyond Hatcher's Run; A. P. Hill is holding the line east of the run; Gordon occupies the fortifications from the Jerusalem road to the Appomattox; Longstreet is hastening down from Richmond; Ewell is north of the James, commanding the troops still in the trenches. In Richmond the church-bells are ringing, and the citizen soldiers—the clerks in the several departments—are hurrying on their clothes and hastening to the breastworks to take the place of the departing troops.⁽²⁾ Through the night the thunder of the cannonade has been heard by the people of Petersburg and Richmond, who are fearful that a crisis is approaching. Ever since the failure of Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell to bring about peace, they have seen that the time was not far distant when, in all probability, Richmond would be evacuated. Mrs. Davis, wife of the President, with her children, has left the city. This the observation of a citizen—the entry in his diary: "Mrs. President Davis has left the city for the south. I believe it is her purpose to go no farther at present than Charlotte, N. C.—rear of Sherman. Mrs. Davis sold nearly all her movables, including presents; she sent them to different auction-rooms."⁽³⁾

The people of Richmond, when they sat down to breakfast on Sunday morning, did not know of the disaster that had fallen upon Lee at Five Forks. There is no evidence that Jefferson Davis or General Breckinridge had been informed of it. They only knew that there had been a battle; that the Union artillery had been thundering through the night. They were not specially alarmed when the bells rang for the citizen soldiers to assemble, for many times had they been so summoned.

It does not appear that General Lee on Sunday morning saw that he must leave his intrenchments; on the contrary, he was ready to continue the struggle where he was, and thought that by placing himself at the head of Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's troops he could fold back Sheridan and regain what had been lost. (*)

Through the night the Union soldiers, cheered by the news from Sheridan, were preparing for the assault ordered by General Grant. The moon had gone down, and the daylight was just appearing, when the troops of the Ninth Corps fixed their bayonets for the assault. General Willcox, near the Appomattox, was to make a demonstration to deceive the Confederates, while Hartranft's division, north of the Jerusalem plank road, and Potter's, south of it, were to make the real assault. The troops knew that there was abatis to be cut away before they could gain the intrenchments, and so we see men with axes ready to run ahead at a given signal and do the work assigned them.

The hands of the watch moved on to the appointed minute—half-past four. In a moment the troops were upon the pickets of the enemy, seizing them as prisoners. Then the clattering of axes, the flaming of cannon, flashing of muskets, bursting of shells; but a few moments later they are leaping over the breastworks, seizing twelve cannon and capturing eight hundred men. The outer line of Lee's defences had been carried, but there was an inner line, which General Parke did not think it best to assault.

The Sixth Corps, beyond the Weldon Railroad, was in position. The uproar of the battle east of Petersburg stimulated the men. They stood in silence, waiting for the signal. The Confederates were not asleep, but were expecting a battle, and the breastworks became a line of light in an instant; but the Union troops were soon in possession of the fortification, the Confederates abandoning their cannon and fleeing towards Petersburg.

By sending Sheridan to Five Forks General Grant had opened, as it were, a back door. It was not possible for General Lee to retrieve the disaster. He could not regain that position. He had no reserve troops



CAPTURE OF FORT MAHONE.
From a sketch made at the time.

to strengthen his lines. Without doubt the loss of Five Forks had a dispiriting effect upon his army.

The Second Corps, through the night, had been working nearer to the enemy's intrenchments. General Humphreys, at six o'clock, assaulted the fortifications along Hatcher's Run, south-west of Petersburg, capturing them, taking a large number of prisoners and three guns. Sheridan was advancing at the same moment from Five Forks, and so the whole army south of the Appomattox was closing upon Petersburg.

As I watched the movements of the different corps, and saw the white battle-clouds rising along the lines as they moved on, I thought of the fishermen who draw their seines to the shore. Willcox, east of Petersburg, on the banks of the Appomattox, was holding fast to one end, while Parke, with the other divisions of that corps, and Wright, Ord, Humphreys, and Sheridan were drawing it closer around the doomed army of General Lee. I hastened east in season to see the last assault of the day—the attack upon forts Mahone and Gregg, two strong works in the interior line of intrenchments.

It was by the troops of the Ninth Corps, the column of brigades, as they moved on, receiving the fire of the Confederate cannon and the volleys of musketry. Men dropped, but the gap in the ranks closed, and then came a hurrah, distinct and clear above the din of battle, as the troops swarmed over the breastworks of Fort Mahone. Then the din died away, and the sulphurous cloud disappeared, and the Stars and Stripes were waving in the sunlight. There was a longer struggle for the possession of Fort Gregg, which was enveloped in smoke and flame, in which the troops were lost from sight. Men fired into each other's faces, made deadly stabs with the bayonet, beat out the brains of those opposing them with the butts of their muskets. There were between three and four hundred Confederates in Fort Gregg, of whom fifty-seven were killed, and two hundred and fifty taken prisoner. The cannon in the fort were turned upon Fort Baldwin, the next in the line of defence, and the garrison surrendered.

A little before five o'clock in the afternoon General Grant sent this despatch to President Lincoln at City Point: "The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand, and probably fifty pieces of artillery."(*)

This is but an outline of some of the principal events of the day. The sun of this eventful Sunday went down with the army intact from the Appomattox east of Petersburg round to the same stream west of it. The troops had been under arms eighteen hours, had won victory after victory,

and were in position to renew the contest in the morning, provided General Lee should attempt to remain.

During the battle of Saturday Gen. A. P. Hill, one of General Lee's most efficient officers, had come unwittingly upon a dozen or more Union soldiers. He ordered them to surrender; their answer was a volley of musketry, and he reeled from his horse, instantly killed. General Lee keenly felt the loss. But had he escaped it would have made little difference in the final result, for no man could have turned back the hour of doom that had come to the Confederacy.

Let us go into Richmond on this Sunday morning. The church-bells in the early hours of the day have called the citizen soldiers to the breastworks, and at ten o'clock they swing again in their belfries inviting the people to worship, and old men, bowed beneath the weight of years, and women in mourning for husbands and sons laid to rest upon the battle-fields, obey the summons, having no knowledge of what had occurred at Five Forks, or what was going on around Petersburg. The latest information was of the assault of Gordon upon Fort Steadman: "The morning train," writes a Confederate historian (*) "the day before, brought from Petersburg the wonderful rumor that General Lee had made a night attack, in which he had crushed the enemy along his whole line."

The newspapers had published the news, and nothing was said of the retaking of the fort and the disastrous result to Lee—the loss of four thousand men. No despatch had been received in regard to the loss of Five Forks. It was known that General Longstreet, with Field's division, had gone to Petersburg during the night; but many times during the siege troops had been hurried from one part of the line to another.

General Breckinridge was in his office in the War Department. The bells had ceased their swinging, the choirs were singing their hymns, the melody and harmony floating out upon the air. Those who listened could hear far away beyond the James the thunder of the cannonade. They had heard it many times; it was an old familiar sound. The telegraph was clicking in the War Department, and this was the message that came from General Lee:

"It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position to-night, or run the risk of being cut off in the morning." (*)

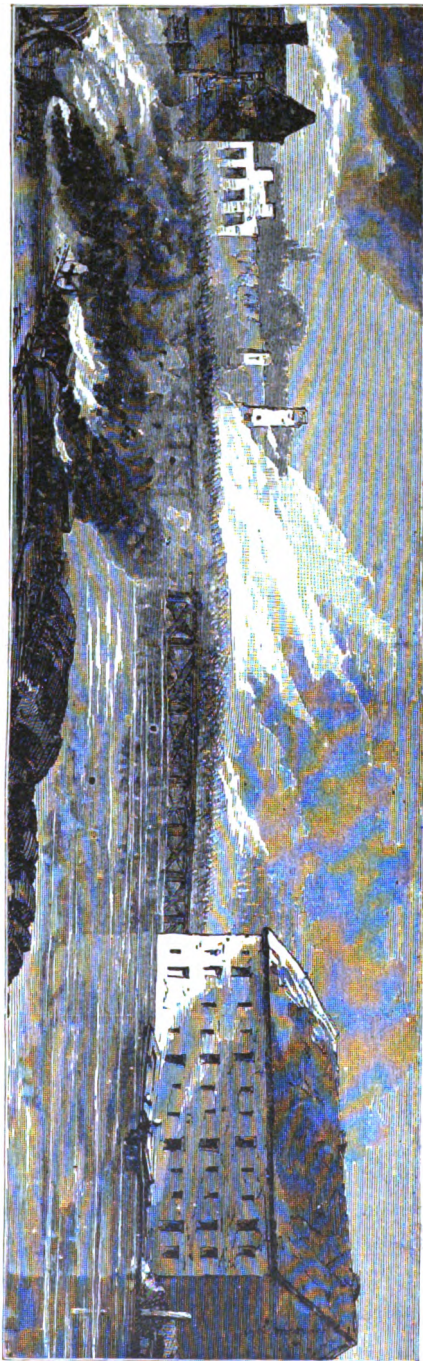
Jefferson Davis was attending worship in St. Paul's Church when the despatch was placed in his hands. The congregation saw him read it, and then with a quick movement leave the church. Other people left—so many, and with such concern on their faces, that the rector, Rev. Mr.

Minegerode, abruptly concluded the service. Richmond to be evacuated! People were astonished. There was hurrying here and there. One who was there has pictured the scenes:

"As the day wore on clatter and bustle in the streets denoted the progress of the evacuation, and convinced those who had been incredulous of its reality. The disorder increased each hour. The streets were thronged with fugitives making their way to the railroad depots; pale women and little shoeless children struggled in the crowd; oaths and blasphemous shouts smote the ear. Wagons were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes and trunks, and driven to the Danville depot. In the afternoon a special train carried from Richmond President Davis and some of his Cabinet. At the departments all was confusion; there was no system, no answer to inquiries; important officers were invisible, and every one felt like taking care of himself. Outside of the mass of hurrying fugitives there were collected here and there mean-visaged crowds, generally around the commissary depots; they had already scented the prey; they were of that brutal and riotous element that revenges itself on all communities in a time of great misfortune."(*)

The railroad leading to Dan-

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY CROSSING THE APOMATOX AT PETERSBURG.



ville and the James River Canal were the only avenues by which the Confederate Government could leave the city. Coaches, wagons, carts, vehicles of every description were brought into use. It was the harvest-time for hackmen, who could demand hundreds of dollars for a fare; but the Confederate money would soon be of no more account in trade than the last year's leaves of the forest. At the railroad there was a pile of boxes, chests, trunks, valises, carpet-bags—filled with documents from the departments, and the private baggage of Jefferson Davis, the members of the Cabinet, and of gentlemen not in public life; a crowd of excited men red in the face and perspiring as never before; women with dishevelled hair, unmindful of their wardrobes, wringing their hands and adding to the confusion by their lamentations; children lost in the crowd and crying for parents; sentinels with fixed bayonets guarding the entrances to the train, pushing back all except the privileged few, giving precedence to Jefferson Davis and the high officials of Government.

Within pistol-shot of the executive mansion stood a dark and gloomy building with iron-riveted door and grated windows, the prison-house of the slave-trader Mr. Lumpkin. Out from its cells came a gang of slaves—fifty or more men, women, and children with clanking chains—the last slave-coffe of the Confederacy, the last vestige of its corner-stone, of the institution for the preservation of which the war had been inaugurated. Down to the train marched the slave-gang, but there was no place for slave-driver Lumpkin in the car, or upon the train which was to bear the President of the Confederacy from the capital, with several million dollars in gold, packed in nail-casks from a hardware store—the gold of the Treasury Department. Those bodies and souls owned by Mr. Lumpkin would have commanded fifty thousand dollars in the market a few days before, but with the rising of to-morrow's sun they will not be worth a cent to him. In the turmoil of the night the "corner-stone" will crumble to dust. The sun goes down, and the train with the President and his secretaries, several doctors of divinity, who have preached eloquently in support of slavery as an institution divinely ordained by Almighty God for the welfare of the human race, moves out from the station, leaving a struggling, panic-stricken crowd behind. In the Sunday evening twilight the governor of the State, William Smith, and the members of the Legislature hasten to the upper basin of the James River Canal, and embark on canal-boats for Lynchburg. On all the roads leading north and west were processions of carts, carriages, wagons, men and women on horse-back and on foot carrying huge bundles, scarcely knowing whither they are bound or where they can find a resting-place, fleeing in terror from



GOVERNOR SMITH LEAVING THE CITY ON THE CANAL.

the imagined atrocities which would fall upon the city with the coming in of the Union troops.

Little did the panic-stricken multitude forecast what was about to take place—that those from whom they were to suffer greatest loss were those whom they had implicitly trusted; that the soldiers of the Union were not coming to destroy, but to save, to be their true friends in the hour of their calamity. General Ewell had been placed in command in Richmond, with orders to withdraw his troops during the night, destroy the iron-clads in the river, set the great warehouses filled with tobacco on fire, that it might not fall into the hands of the Union army, and burn the bridges. One who remained in Richmond, and who was in a position to know what was going on, says: “To the rear-guard of the Confederate force on the north side of James River, under General Ewell, had been left the duty of blowing up the iron-clad vessels in the James, and destroying the three bridges that spanned that river. General Ewell, obeying the letter of his instructions, had issued orders to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city; one of them, the Haxall, situated near the centre of the city, side by side with the Gallego flour-mills, just in a position from which a conflagration might extend to the business portion of Richmond. In vain Mayor Mayo and a committee of citizens had remonstrated against this reckless military order. The warehouses were fired; the flames seized on the neighboring buildings, and soon involved a wide area; the conflagration passed rapidly beyond control; and in this mad fire, this wild, unnecessary destruction of their property, the citizens of Richmond had a fitting souvenir of the impudence and recklessness of the departing administration.”(*)

It is not known whether the order to Ewell was issued by General Breckinridge, Secretary of War, President Davis, or Adjutant-General Cooper; but in all probability General Ewell received his instructions from one of them, and he executed it regardless of what might come of it. History will hold one of the three as responsible for the horrors of the night.

A soldier of the Confederate army has portrayed the events as he saw them: “The adjutant-general informed me that the general did not intend to leave till four or five o'clock in the morning, and as it was then but two, I gained permission to stroll uptown. No large body of troops had yet passed through the city, but the wagons had been moving all night, and the artillery was then rumbling over the stones, while squads of men were straggling in every direction—some few in discharge of duty, but many more in pursuit of plunder. As I passed the old market-house I

met a tall fellow with both arms full of sticks of candy, dropping part of his sweet burden at every step. 'Stranger,' said he, 'have you got a sweet tooth? Then go up to Antoni's and get your bellyful, all for nothing.' I directed my steps towards the store of the principal Richmond confectioner on Main Street, near the American Hotel. A squad of soldiers, led by ill-disposed citizens, had demanded admittance, and upon being refused by the proprietor the door had been broken down. On discovering that he was to lose his wares the merchant dealt out all his sweetmeats. When I reached the scene of the riot he stood upon the counter surveying with gloomy countenance the ruins of his stock. Broken glassware, candy, oranges, cakes and jellies, fancy goods and children's toys had been trampled underfoot. A by-stander gave me about a pound of cream candy, which I crammed into my coat-pockets, and walked off well satisfied, expecting to sell it for a good sum in the country. I had just stepped out upon the pavement, when I saw about a dozen men walking rapidly upon the opposite side of the street. They seemed to be soldiers, but only two or three carried muskets. They seemed to be much excited. 'Show us a shoe store! a hat store! Let us make a raid on the speculators!' they shouted. Just as I joined them some one shouted: 'Here is a hat store! Who is for a new head-gear?' We were in front of the establishment of J. Dooley, the largest hat manufacturer in the city. Two men, seizing the door-knobs, shook them fiercely. Others kicked and banged the window-shutters. In the confusion the report of a gun was heard, sounding as if from the window directly above the door. The soldiers now believed, or affected to believe, themselves aggrieved, and became more determined. Three sturdy fellows advanced and commenced a series of rapid blows with the butts of their muskets. The point was gained. Instantly there was a rush, and with a yell one man cleared the breach. Turning on a full blaze of gas, he ran to the shelves to make his choice, but ere this was accomplished a dozen men were in the room. At the risk of torn breeches and bleeding fingers I crawled over the broken glass. Hats, caps, beavers, military and civic, were kicked from one room to another. My choice was soon made, and with an artillery and navy cap, and a parson's beaver, I elbowed my way through the crowd to the door. By the time I reached it my navy cap had been trampled underfoot, and when I gained the street the beaver alone remained. I kicked my plunder into the street, and turned away in disgust. As I did so a citizen passed me with his arms full of hats and caps.

"'It is every man for himself, and the devil for us all to-night,' he said.

"'How many have you?' I asked.

" 'Fifteen hats and three caps.'

" 'You might spare a few to a soldier.'

" 'What! haven't you any?'

" Without another word he handed me an artillery cap covered with gilt, and a splendid 'Kossuth,' which would have brought at least three hundred dollars in Confederate scrip.

" I passed by a jeweller's store. His shelves were empty, and the broken glass and mashed wood-work told me that it had been done by violence. I turned into Thirteenth Street, and from thence into Cary, when a strong odor of whiskey greeted my nasal organ. Just before me a voice cried, 'Look out below!' And a moment after a barrel of whiskey was hurled from the third story of a warehouse used as a commissary store. It was dashed to pieces against the pavement, the liquor running in streams down



RICHMOND—LOOKING TOWARDS THE CAPITOL.

From a sketch made in 1865.

the gutter. A crowd was gathered around the door of the medical purveyor's office, where stood a guard with fixed bayonets. From this building barrels of liquor were rolled into the streets and knocked to pieces. The streets literally ran with whiskey. A lieutenant informed me that it was to prevent the Yankees from getting tight when they should enter the city. Unfortunately, the Confederate officers were allowed full liberty to fill their canteens, or the offence was winked at. Many of the extreme measures of the night may be attributed to this cause. Drunken officers were unable to maintain any authority over the excited men, who roamed at will over the city." (10)

Citizens who could not get away, during these scenes of pillage were secreting their plate and money in out-of-the-way places, in expectation that when the Union troops entered every house would be searched and robbed; but there was to be a marked contrast between the action and

demeanor of the incoming and the outgoing troops. The writer already quoted gives this picture of the departure of the Confederates:

"Mounting our horses, we rode off towards Mayo's Bridge, which crosses the James from Fourteenth Street. We halted on the Richmond side while long trains of wagons, artillery, and straggling men of the infantry and cavalry passed over. . . . Barrels of tar were now placed at intervals from one end to the other of the bridge, and camphene and turpentine were spread over the planks. While our officers were superintending this the column of infantry made its appearance, and at half-past four began to cross. Custis Lee's division came first, many of the men singing at the top of their voice, others joking, but the majority tramped on silently, evidently depressed by the great disaster. Lee's forces were about forty-five minutes in passing, and then came Kershaw's division—a much larger body of troops. Old women and girls were constantly passing and repassing the bridge, their backs bending low beneath the weight of heavy sacks of flour, meal, sugar, bolts of cloth, and cotton goods. Some loaded their carts with plunder; some returned again with their wheelbarrows; while many more were rolling barrels of bread-stuff or meat. From a warehouse at the end of the bridge large quantities of gray cloth were given out to citizens, but soldiers were refused even a yard, although many took it by force. . . . While Kershaw's division was passing the bridge General Ewell came over from Richmond. The appearance of this distinguished veteran was by no means prepossessing as he sat on his horse, with his old black hat pulled over his brows, rising to a peak at the top, with firmly compressed lips, and a little keen eye glancing from point to point with the greatest rapidity. He rode an old gray horse, wearing a faded cloak, and carrying in his hand a stout walking-stick. His manner of speaking was short, and indeed rather rude, though the latter, of course, was unintentional. Shortly after I recognized the well-known form of Gen. J. C. Breckinridge crossing the bridge. He, too, halted and reviewed for a few moments the passing troops. He wore a suit of plain black, with a short cape, or talma, thrown over his shoulders. He was attended by several officers in dress-uniform. My soldiers recognized the familiar face of 'Old Breck,' and acknowledged his presence by hearty cheers, which the Secretary returned by touching his cap. . . . At length the last straggler crossed, and, as delay was now deemed dangerous, the order to fire the bridge was given, and in a few moments the whole structure was enveloped in a broad sheet of flame. We still lingered to view for the last time the Confederate capital. With what intense sadness did we view the beautiful city in the defence of which so many precious lives had been sacrificed; for the

capture of which millions of money and thousands of men had been thrust forward by a people anxious for its subjugation, and determined in their purpose to occupy it though the James should run with blood. The point had been gained. There she stood, with not an armed soldier within her limits, waiting for the entrance of the conquerors. Oh, how many hearts were at that hour swelling with anxiety to know their fate! How many tears were shed by Southern matrons and Southern maids as they dwelt upon the unhappy termination of the four years' siege! How many prayers were ascending to Heaven in behalf of those left to the uncertain mercy



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CUSTOM-HOUSE IN PETERSBURG.

of the victors! Their protectors had left them. Fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers were now far away, marching southward under the banner of the Confederacy.

"As we mounted our horses flames suddenly burst from the windows and roof of one of the tallest buildings. Haxall's mills were burning, and a moment after we perceived that Crenshaw's mills and a great tobacco warehouse were wrapped in flames. The laboratory was now on fire, and explosion followed explosion in quick succession." (")

I was awakened on this Sunday morning by a roar of thunder—the blowing up of the iron-clad rams of the Confederates in James River. I comprehended its meaning, as did every soldier in the army. A few moments later I was exploring the Confederate intrenchments east of Petersburg. The Union troops were already in column entering the city, raising the flag over the Custom-house and other buildings. President Lincoln came from City Point in the cars. General Grant had horses and an escort waiting for him at Meade's station on the military railroad. I had talked

with him a day or two before. He was careworn then, but on this morning there was cheerfulness in his face so marked that memory went back to my first interview with him in his own home in Springfield, the day after his nomination to the Presidency in 1860. The troops cheered him as they moved on with swinging step.

Through the night the Confederates had been on the move. There had been a ceaseless rumbling of cars upon the railroad, and of wagons across the bridges spanning the Appomattox. General Lee was on his way towards Amelia Court-house. The blow at Five Forks had fallen so suddenly that he had not had time to distribute rations, and the Confederate troops had only two days' supply in their haversacks to begin the retreat. He had directed that the railroad trains from Richmond should carry supplies to that point, but the Confederate Government had seized the trains. Jefferson Davis had his own carriages and horses upon a platform car, while his secretaries and their families, with trunks, boxes, and packages of movables, occupied the space in the freight cars, together with the gold belonging to the Confederacy and the banks of Richmond. During the night the tobacco warehouses of Petersburg had been set on fire, and a cloud of smoke rose heavenward. General Lee had destroyed the bridges across the Appomattox, which made little difference to General Grant, who had foreseen the line of retreat which Lee would be forced to take, and had issued his orders accordingly. After a hasty survey of what was going on at Petersburg, I was on my way to Richmond, riding solitary and alone from City Point, entering it by the New Market road, overtaking a division of the Twenty-fifth Corps. The city was a sea of fire—eight hundred houses in flames. On Main Street I came upon a company of negro soldiers who had stacked their guns, and were manning a fire-engine to stay the flames. I dismounted from my horse at the Spotswood Hotel. No one welcomed me. The clerk was walking in the deserted hall, looking out upon the surging flames. "Can I have a room?" "You can have the whole hotel, but you will be burned out in a very few minutes," he said. Upon the desk lay the open register, with a long list of names with the prefix of Colonel, Major, Captain, and affix C.S.A. I wrote my own—the first from the "foreign country," as the newspapers of Richmond had been accustomed to speak of the United States. Ascending the stairs, I took possession of a commodious room and looked out upon the scene. The flames were at that moment leaping from the windows of a building so near that I could have tossed a biscuit across the intervening space. From the arsenal, near the James, came explosions from bursting shells.⁽¹⁾ We are to remember that the fire had not been



THE NINTH CORPS ENTERING PETERSBURG.
From a sketch made at the time.

kindled by Union troops, but by the orders of some one connected with the Confederate Government. The flames had been lighted to prevent a few thousand hogsheads of tobacco from falling into the hands of the Union army, and in consequence the heart of the city was being eaten out, and only by the heroic efforts of the Union troops was the remaining portion saved. I walked to the Capitol, in which the Confederate Congress had held its deliberations. The surrounding grounds were piled with furniture brought from the burning houses. Old men, leaning heavily upon their staves, weeping women, haggard and woe-begone, barefooted children were there, enduring untold agonies. The cause which they had espoused had gone down never to rise again, the army that had defended



RUINS ON MAIN STREET, RICHMOND.

From a photograph taken at the time.

them was in flight, their houses heaps of ashes. Where for them food and shelter? Where for them sympathy, compassion, and relief? Negro troops—men who had been sold on the auction-block—who had been inmates of Lumpkin's prison—with shouldered muskets were guarding them from pillage, or working the fire-engines to extinguish the flames. Military order reigned. No soldier, white or colored, became a plunderer; no maiden had occasion to resent insult or rudeness. Above the Capitol waved the Stars and Stripes, placed there by Private Duncan, of the Ninth Vermont Regiment of Infantry. (")

All of the business portion of the city—the banks, insurance-offices,

depots, bridges, founderies, flouring-mills, workshops, churches, dwellings of the poor—thirty squares—were on fire.

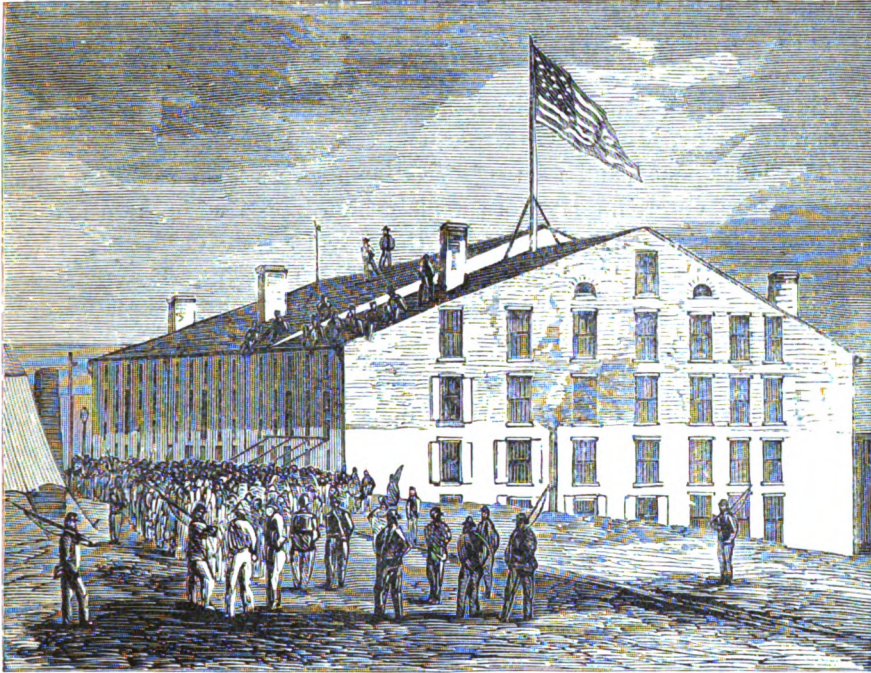
In the outskirts, on the Mechanicsville road, was the almshouse, filled with the lame, the blind, the halt, poor, sick, bedridden creatures. Ten rods distant was a magazine containing fifteen or twenty kegs of powder, of little value to a victorious army with full supplies of ammunition, which might have been rolled into the creek near at hand, but the order to blow up the magazines was peremptory and must be executed.

"We give you fifteen minutes to get out of the way," was the sole notice to that crowd of helpless beings, lying in their cots, at three o'clock in the morning. They begged it might not be done, but their cries were in vain. The officer in charge of the matter was inexorable. The inmates ran in terror from the spot to seek shelter in the ravines; those who could not run rent the air with their shrieks. The match was applied. The concussion crushed in the side of the house as if it had been pasteboard. Bricks, stones, timbers, beams, and boards were whirled through the air. Trees were twisted off like withes in the hands of a giant. The dozen poor creatures whose infirmities prevented their leaving the house were horribly mangled; and when the fugitives who had sought shelter in the fields returned to the ruins, they found only the remains of their fellow-inmates.

It was a little past four o'clock in the morning when Major Ather-ton H. Stevens, of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, reconnoitred the Confederate lines east of the city. He found the intrenchments evacuated and the guns spiked. A mile and a half out from the city he met a carriage containing the Mayor and Judge Meredith, of the Confederate States Court, tendering the surrender of Richmond. The cavalry moved on, two companies in column. Major Stevens proceeded to the Capitol, ascended the roof, pulled down the State flag, which was flying, and raised the guidons of the two companies upon the building. The people seemed stupefied by the events of the night, and were utterly powerless to arrest the progress of the flames. The fire-engines were manned, soldiers posted to preserve order. At eight o'clock the infantry, with General Weitzel at the head of the column, entered the city, the colored soldiers singing,

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on."

With even ranks and steady step, colors waving, drums beating, the columns passed up Main Street, flanked with fire, to the Capitol, stacked



VIEW OF LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND.

From a photograph taken in April, 1865.

their guns, laid aside their knapsacks, sprang to the engines, mounted the roofs, poured buckets of water upon the shingles, tore down buildings, and did everything in their power to save valuable property. When I entered the city soldiers from General Devens's command were on the roof of the Capitol, governor's house, and other buildings, ready to extinguish the flames. The Capitol several times caught fire from cinders.

"If it had not been for the soldiers the whole city would have gone," said a citizen.

The colored soldiers in Capitol Square were dividing their rations with the houseless women and children, giving them hot coffee sweetened with sugar, such as they had not tasted for many months. There were ludicrous scenes. One negro had three Dutch-ovens on his head, piled one above another, a stewpan in one hand and a skillet in the other. Women had bags of flour in their arms, baskets of salt, and pails of molasses, or sides of bacon—supplies from the Confederate commissary. No miser ever gloated over his gold so eagerly as they over their supply of provisions. They had all but starved, but now they could eat till satisfied.

On April 3d I visited the Capitol building, which, like the Confederacy, had become exceedingly dilapidated, the windows broken, the carpets faded, the paint dingy.

General Weitzel was in the Senate Chamber issuing his orders; also General Shepley, Military Governor, and General Devens.

The door opened, and a smooth-faced man with a keen eye, firm, quick, resolute step, entered. He wore a plain blue blouse with three stars on the collar. It was he who opened the way to New Orleans, and who fought the battle of the Mobile forts—Admiral Farragut. He was accompanied by General Gordon, of Massachusetts, commanding the Department of Norfolk. They heard the news Monday noon, and made all haste up the James, landing at Varina. It was a pleasure to take the brave admiral's hand, and answer his eager questions as to what Grant had done. Being latest from Petersburg, I could give him the desired information. "Thank God it is about over!" he said.

It was nearly noon when I strolled down to Libby Prison, the great tobacco warehouse with grated windows, in which thousands of Union soldiers had been confined—the one building above all others whose every brick, if voiceful, could rehearse a tale of woe. The Stars and Stripes were flying above it, but its doors were opened wide. I strolled on down the bank of the canal to the landing on the James. I saw a boat approaching rowed by twelve sailors, and recognized President Lincoln, Admiral Porter, and the President's little boy. With them were two or three officers—Captain Adams, Captain Penrose, and Lieutenant Clemmens. The President asked if I could direct him to the headquarters of General Weitzel. I informed him that I could. Near at hand a dozen or more negroes were at work, under the direction of a lieutenant, building a bridge across the canal.

"You were a slave, I suppose," I said to one.

"Yes, massa."

"Would you like to see the man who made you free?"

"What, massa?"

"Would you like to see Abraham Lincoln? There he is, that tall man."

"Be dat President Linkum?"

"Yes."

He clapped his hands, leaped into the air, and shouted, "Mars Linkum, he's come! Mars Linkum!"

The boat reached the landing. One of the officers stepped on shore, then six sailors in blue jackets and caps, armed with carbines, followed by the President and Admiral Porter, and, lastly, six other sailors. Around



PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

stood a rapidly increasing throng. I indicated to Captain Adams the direction, and the procession began its march up the street leading towards Capitol Hill, the crowd increasing, and shouting, "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" I recall a woman who could find but one word to express her joy: "Glory! Glory! Glory!" Another was repeating "Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!"

All the tropical sentiment characteristic of the African race burst into full flowering. Need we wonder? Abraham Lincoln was their savior, their Moses, who had brought them through the Red Sea and the desert to the promised land; he was their Christ and their Redeemer. They leaped into the air, hugged and kissed one another, ran hither and yon in a wild delirium of joy. Without doubt they would gladly have prostrated themselves before him and allowed him to walk upon their bodies if by so doing they could have given expression to their ecstasy. We reached the base of the hill upon which stands the Capitol. Mr. Lincoln was wearing his overcoat; the afternoon was warm, the sun shining, and he halted for a brief rest. The crowd had greatly increased. A cavalryman dashed away to General Shepley's headquarters for an escort. While thus halting, an aged negro, wearing a few rags, barefooted, without a coat, his tattered garments made from gunny-cloth, whose white crisp hair appeared through his crownless straw hat, which he lifted from his head, and half kneeling, with clasped hands, gave utterance to the benediction, "May de good Lord bress and keep you safe, Massa President Linkum!"

The President lifted his own hat from his head and bowed to the old man. The moisture gathered in his eyes; he wiped it away, and the procession moved on, meeting on Broad Street a half-dozen cavalry with General Shepley. We reached the headquarters of General Weitzel—the mansion purchased by the Confederate Government for Jefferson Davis, from which he had taken his departure on Sunday evening. The sailors formed in two lines, presented arms, and the President and Admiral Porter, the officers and the correspondent, passed in. Mr. Lincoln dropped by chance into a chair, before which stood a writing-table—the chair, as I was informed, usually occupied by President Davis.

Such the unheralded entrance. He manifested no exultation. A few hours before I had seen him in Petersburg, his face radiant and joyful, but at this hour, in the capital of the late Confederacy, in the executive mansion, there was upon his countenance a deep concern and weariness, a far-away look. Without doubt he was forecasting the future, thinking over the course of action which he must pursue towards the people of the South.

A few moments later the Mayor and Judge Campbell, whom we have seen in the conference at Fortress Monroe, entered and were cordially received.

President Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, General Weitzel, and General Shepley, rode through the city, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, followed by thousands of colored people shouting "Glory to God!" They had seen great hardship and suffering. A few were well dressed. Some wore trousers of Union blue and coats of Confederate gray. Others were in rags. The President was much affected as they crowded around the carriage to touch his hands. He visited Libby Prison, breathed for a moment its fetid air, gazed upon the iron-grated windows and the reeking filth upon the slippery floors, and gave way to emotions which he could not suppress.

Visiting the prison the next morning, I found it occupied by several hundred Confederates, who were peering from the grated windows, looking sadly upon the desolation around them. A large number were upon the roof, breathing the fresh air, and gazing upon the fields beyond the James, now green with the verdure of spring. Such liberty was never granted Union prisoners. Whoever approached the prison bars, or laid his hand upon them, was fired upon by the sentinels. All was changed. Women with pails and buckets stood at the windows, giving the prisoners provisions and talking freely with their friends, the good-natured sentinel allowing conversation without restraint. Vile odors arose from old rags and dirty garments, from puddles of filthy water, which dripped through the floor and ran down the walls. From this prison fifteen hundred men were hurried to the flag-of-truce boat on Sunday, that they might be exchanged before the evacuation of the city. Many thousands had lived there month after month, wasting away, starving, dying of fever, of consumption, of all diseases known to medical science—from insanity, despair, idiocy—having no communication with the outer world, no food from friends, no sympathy, no compassion—tortured to death through rigor of imprisonment, by men whose hearts grew harder from day to day by the brutality they practised.

Having heard that a brigade of colored troops had been enlisted in Richmond for the Confederate army, I made inquiries to ascertain the facts.

"How many colored men enlisted?" I asked of a negro.

"'Bout fifty, I reckon, sir. Dey was mostly poor Souf Carolina darkies—poor heathen fellers, who didn't know no better."

"Would you have fought against the Yankees?"

"No, sir. Dey might have shot me through de body wid ninety thousand balls before I would have fired a gun at my friends."

"Then you look upon us as your friends?"

"Yes, sir. I have prayed for you to come, and do you think that I would have prayed one way and fit de other?"

"I'll tell you, massa, what I would have done," said another, taking off his hat and bowing: "I would have taken de gun, and when I cotched a chance I'd 'a' shooted it at the Rebs and den run for de Yankees."

I ascended the steps of the Capitol, and stood on the roof of the building to gaze upon the panorama, the combination of city, country, valley,



HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN RICHMOND.

From a photograph taken by the author.

hill, plain, forest, and foaming river. The events of four years came to remembrance; the secession of the State on the 17th of April, 1861, by the convention which sat with closed doors in the hall below, the threats of violence uttered against the Union delegates from the western counties, the wild tumult of the "People's Convention," so called, in Metropolitan Hall—a body assembled to browbeat the convention in the Capitol; and when the ordinance was passed, the appearance of John Tyler, once President of the United States, who said that Virginia and the people of the South had submitted to aggression till secession was a duty, and that the Almighty would smile upon the work of that day. Vehement the words of Governor Wise, who imagined that one of his sons was being retained as a hostage.

"If they suppose," said he, "that hostages of my own heart's-blood will stay my hand in a contest for the maintenance of sacred rights, they are mistaken. Affection for kindred, property, and life itself sink into insignificance in comparison with the overwhelming importance of public duty in such a crisis as this."

Mason, the lordly Senator, afterwards the unrecognized Confederate Minister to England, and Governor Letcher, the executive of the State, addressed the crowd, fired to madness by passion and whiskey.

On that occasion the Confederate flag was raised upon the staff on the roof of the Capitol, although the State had not joined the Confederacy. The people were to vote, and yet the convention had planned the seizure of the Norfolk Navy-yard and Harper's Ferry Arsenal. Three days after the passage of the ordinance of secession troops from other States were parading in the yard around the Capitol, and A. H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and Ex-President Tyler, and Governor Letcher were negotiating an alliance offensive and defensive between the sovereign State of Virginia and the States already confederated to establish a slave-holding republic, followed by the arrival of President Davis and the Government of the Confederacy. Then the hurly-burly—the rush of volunteers, the coming of troops, welcomed with cheers and smiles, the streets through which they passed strewn with flowers by the ladies of Richmond. The Confederate Congress and heads of departments came—Stephens, Toombs, Cobb, Floyd, Wigfall, Memminger, Mallory—with thousands of place-hunters, filling the city to overflowing, putting money into the pockets of the citizens—not gold and silver, but Confederate currency, to be redeemed two years after the ratification of the treaty of peace with the United States. Beneath the roof on which I stood Stuart, Gregg, and Stonewall Jackson—dead heroes of the Rebellion—had reposed in state, mourned by the weeping multitude.

I beheld Libby Prison and Belle Isle. What wretchedness and suffering there! Starvation for soldiers of the Union, within sight of the fertile fields of Manchester, waving with grain and alive with flocks and herds. I looked down upon the prison of the slave-driver Lumpkin, the key of which I had wrenched from its lock and was holding in my hand. Its grated door never again would close upon a manacled human being. Nevermore would its former owner sell the bodies and souls of men at auction. There was no longer a Confederacy or a market for slaves in this Western World.

Before me was the stone edifice erected by the United States Government, where for four years the Confederate secretaries Benjamin, Mem-

mingers, Toombs, Mallory, Seddon, Trenholm, and Breckinridge had exercised authority, dispensing places of profit to their friends, who came in crowds to find exemption from conscription. Beyond, and on either side, was the forest of blackened chimneys, tottering walls, and smoking ruins. How terrible the retribution! The Christian and Sanitary Commissions had entered the city, erected their tents in the Capitol grounds, and men, women, and children were receiving food and clothing from the kind-hearted delegates, upon whose lips were no words of bitterness, but only the song first heard above the green pastures of Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XX.

- (¹) "A Confederate Courier's Experience." *Watchman*, February 3, 1866.
- (²) J. B. Jones, "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," vol. ii., p. 465.
- (³) Idem.
- (⁴) Gen. Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. iii., p. 508.
- (⁵) Idem, p. 526.
- (⁶) E. A. Pollard, "Lost Cause," p. 693.
- (⁷) Lee to Breckinridge. Gen. A. L. Long, "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," p. 691.
- (⁸) E. A. Pollard, "Lost Cause," p. 695.
- (⁹) Idem, p. 696.
- (¹⁰) "A Confederate Courier's Experience." *Watchman*, February 3, 1866.
- (¹¹) Idem, February 10, 1866.
- (¹²) Author's Note-book.
- (¹³) Report of Capt. G. A. Bruce to Major-General Devens.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAST BATTLES.

THE Confederate army was making its way west from Richmond and Petersburg. General Lee had selected Amelia Court-house, on the railroad leading south-west from Richmond to Danville, as the point where the divisions could be best concentrated. Long lines of wagons were moving over the roads, followed by the troops, numbering more than fifty thousand. He was intending to make his way to Danville, a little more than one hundred miles from Richmond. If he could reach that point and be joined by Johnston he would still have a formidable army of more than eighty thousand.

April 3, 1865.

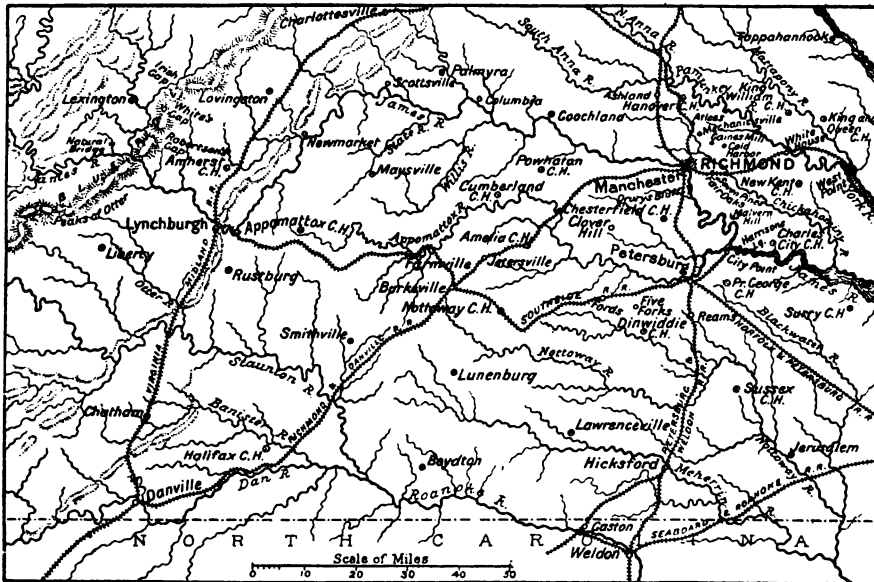
General Grant had forecast the probable movement of Lee, and determined, if possible, to prevent him from reaching Danville. Before daylight he issued his orders for the troops to move along the south side of the Appomattox—not pursuing Lee, but keeping abreast on parallel roads, for a retreating army can march faster than one in pursuit, and with a small force hold a much larger one at bay. The cavalry and the Fifth Corps were in position, near Five Forks, to keep even pace with the Confederates.

The rails of the road leading west from Petersburg to Lynchburg were five feet apart; those on the road leading from City Point to Petersburg were four feet eight and one-half inches. General Grant had a corps of builders in readiness, and just as soon as the troops passed on they were taking up one of the rails and spiking it down again at the required width.

The blow which had fallen so unexpectedly had a discouraging effect upon the soldiers under General Lee. “They left Petersburg in silence and dejection,” writes a Confederate officer. “Sometimes females would approach the windows, and ask, in a plaintive and supplicating tone, ‘Boys, are you going to leave us?’ We could see distress in their countenances. Some two or three were disposed to be merry. They said, ‘Good-bye, boys; we’ll drink pure coffee with sugar in it to-morrow.’”

The victory of Sheridan⁽¹⁾ had a dispiriting effect. It was felt that he might at any moment be dashing upon the retreating army. There was a sudden panic in the Confederate columns. This the account of one who saw it:

"We were gazing at the wagons on the road leading to Amelia Court-house. Our ears caught the sound of musketry. We saw five or six horsemen emerge from a wood half a mile away and as quickly retreat. We could not discern their uniform, but the supposition was that they were a part of Sheridan's cavalry. 'The Yankees! Sheridan!' In five minutes



MAP OF THE APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.

the scene had been changed from quiet to the utmost disorder. The wagons were turned back; each teamster unmercifully lashed his jaded animals. Our cavalry, who had been cooking and eating their breakfasts, caught the alarm, and leaving their rations on the ground, mounted and spurred their horses towards a bridge crossing a creek. Foot-sore infantrymen had little chance in a road crowded with horses, wagons, and men. Vainly plunging their sharp spurs into the steaming flanks of the poor mules, and still unable to make them trot through the mud and up the steep hills, the teamsters dismounted, cut loose the traces, and, remounting, galloped away, flourishing their long whips, and urging the animals

to the utmost speed. Forsaking the road, they leaped the fences, thronged the fields, and sought the woods for hiding-places." (*)

The South Side Railroad, leading from Petersburg to Lynchburg, crosses the Richmond and Danville road at Burksville, fifteen miles south-west of Amelia Court-house, with the little village of Jetersville lying between the two points. General Sheridan directed the Fifth Corps to march to Jetersville, while he himself went on with the cavalry to seize the rail-

road. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when he reached
April 4, 1865.

Jetersville with his escort of two hundred men. The men on picket saw a man riding towards Burksville on a mule, and ordered him to halt. Pulling off his boots, they found two very important telegrams signed by General Lee's commissary general. They were duplicate despatches—one directed to Lynchburg and one to Danville: "The army is at Amelia Court-house, short of provisions. Send three hundred thousand rations quickly to Burksville Junction," read the telegram. General Sheridan came to the conclusion that the telegraph between Jetersville and Amelia Court-house was not working, and that the man on the mule had intended to reach Burksville and send the telegrams from that point. A bright thought came to him. His own troops wanted rations. How delightful it would be if he could provide for them out of the Confederate Commissary Department! He had several trustworthy scouts, two of whom, with the despatch for Lynchburg, trotted off to reach a telegraph station on that line, and two others went down the Danville road to find a station. (*)

General Davies, with a brigade of cavalry, advanced north to Paine's Cross-roads, and came upon a long line of Confederate wagons. The

troops made a dash upon them, seized nearly two hundred,
April 5, 1865.

and captured five cannon. Among the wagons were several belonging to General Lee's headquarters. The presence of the army at Jetersville put it out of the power of Lee to move towards Danville. His only possible line of retreat was towards Lynchburg. It was a grievous disappointment to him not to find provisions at Amelia; but Jefferson Davis and the Government officials had filled the cars with their own private property instead of provisions. He sent out foraging parties, many of whom fell into the hands of the Union cavalry.

His army was in sore straits. The blow at Five Forks was so sudden, unexpected, and decisive that there had been no time to prepare for the march. Going into the Confederate ranks, we see Gordon's corps on the road nearest the Appomattox, Mahone on the road next north of it, and Ewell, with the troops from Richmond, on the road leading west from that

city. All had come together at Amelia Court-house. This the story as told by a Confederate: "The army marched all night long, and it was with intense satisfaction that the soldiers saw the heavily laden quartermasters', doctors', and commissary wagons begin to cast up their plunder. The jaded horses and mules refused to pull, and for miles the roads were strewn with every convenience, comfort, and luxury that 'sundry soldiering' could devise. There is no doubt but that for these wagons Lee's escape would have been insured; but *they* had to be protected, and the army dallied day and night by the road-side." (*)

Sailor's Creek is a little stream four miles west of Jetersville. There are two mills upon it—Mr. Lockett's, two miles from the Appomattox, and

April 6, 1865.

Mr. Gill's, two miles farther up-stream. The road from Amelia Court-house, after passing through the hamlet of Deatonsville, crosses the creek between the two mills. On the west bank stood the troops of General Ewell—composed of Anderson's, Kershaw's, and Custis Lee's divisions. General Gordon's troops were at Deatonsville, four miles distant, holding the rear. Longstreet was farther west, at Rice's Station. General Sheridan, during the night, sent Crook and Merritt across Sailor's Creek. (*) By this movement he obtained possession of the road between Ewell and Longstreet. He had left a brigade of cavalry behind, which, under General Stagg, seized the road leading back to Deatonsville, separating Ewell from Gordon, and compelling the latter to take the road leading towards Lockett's mill.

We come to the last battle fought between the Army of the Potomac and that of Northern Virginia—one of the most desperate conflicts of the war. The stag, when brought to bay, fights for its life, and so fought the Confederate soldiers on the banks of this stream. They had been in many conflicts. For nine months they had endured the hardships and privations of the trenches. They had made a weary march from Richmond—were hungry, almost famished. They had gathered here and there an ear of corn from a farmer's granary, pounded the kernels with a stone, mixed the meal with water from a brook, toasted it in the flame of the bivouac-fire. (*) Hope of success and expectation of triumph had died out, and desperation alone was the animating force to stir them to heroic effort.

General Ewell, finding that he could not advance, that his connections with Gordon on the one hand and Longstreet on the other were cut off, placed Anderson's division facing south-west against Crook, intending to make his way across the fields to a road leading north to Lockett's mill, and thence to Farmville; but he suddenly found Crook attacking Anderson in front, and Merritt falling on the flank. In one of the cavalry

charges a young soldier of the Second Ohio Regiment rode into the Confederate lines and was captured. He used his eyes to good advantage, made his escape, and told General Sheridan just how Ewell's troops were formed.(')

The Sixth Corps arrived. If the Confederate troops were nerved to desperation, the Union soldiers were animated by the thought that the Rebellion was going down, and that one more vigorous blow might end the struggle.

"The Sixth Corps will go in with a vim wherever you may dictate." was the message from Grant to Sheridan.(*) It had served in the Shenandoah—at the Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. General Wright, commanding it, rode in advance, followed by his men upon the run. They had marched all day, were tired and hungry. It was nearly night, but they were eager for battle. Seymour's division came first and filed north; Wheaton's division formed on the left. The artillery wheeled into position by the house of Mr. Hibbon, the cannoneers rammed home the cartridges, and the shells went streaming over the heads of the troops and across the creek into the ranks of the Confederates. General Getty's division had not arrived; Sheridan would not wait for it. With shouldered muskets, their cartridge-boxes strung on their bayonets, the men marched across the meadow, forded the creek, finding the water waist-deep. The Confederate skirmishers confronted them, but they moved resolutely up the slope upon the summit of which Ewell had formed his line. Not till they were within a few rods of the Confederates did they bring their muskets to a level, and then began the uproar of the battle.

One of Ewell's lines faces south-west and the other north-east, with a reserve between, to be used where they will render the best service. The troops in the centre of Wright's command behold a dark mass of men rushing upon them, and they are driven, but the shells from the Union artillery make sad havoc in the Confederate ranks, and Ewell in turn is obliged to fall back. He finds his men falling into disorder. In vain the efforts of the officers to reform them. He saw that he could not escape, for Getty's division had arrived. Anderson, with about two thousand of his men, made his way through the gap between Crook and Custer on one side, and Seymour's division of the Sixth Corps on the other; the rest, more than six thousand, including generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Duboise, and Custis Lee, surrendered.

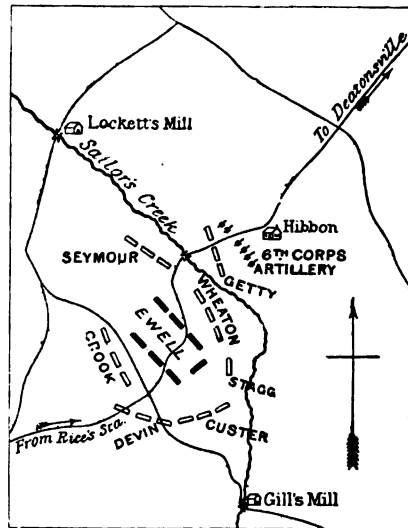
General Sheridan sent this despatch to General Grant: "I think that if the thing is pressed, Lee will give way." General Grant telegraphed it to

President Lincoln at City Point, who sent back the reply: "Let the thing be pressed." (*)

General Gordon the while was moving as fast as he could towards the Appomattox. A Confederate writer has given the scenes along his line of retreat:

"The wagons were hurried forward by the demoralized and badly scared drivers, who, with straining eyes and perspiring bodies, plied their whips vigorously to their jaded beasts. The infantry and some of the batteries were halted, and a line of battle formed to the rear on the left flank, and hardly was the formation made before the Federals were upon them. Our lines checked them long enough to enable the wagons to move ahead, and then began a retreating fight. At every hill divisions would form in line of battle and check the pursuers, and then move on. Before nightfall the battle seemed raging for miles along the flank, and by the time we reached the high range of hills in the vicinity of High Bridge, over the Appomattox, it became necessary to abandon over one hundred wagons and several batteries of artillery. During the day the fight at times was bloody, and many were killed and wounded on both sides. The wounded were left on the field." (")

The troops following Gordon were of the Second Corps, under General Humphreys. It was a retreating and pursuing battle, continuing for seventeen miles. The road was strewn with tents, camp equipage, baggage, battery forges, limbers, and wagons. (") Scouting parties were picking up stragglers—men foot-sore, weary, fainting for want of food, worn out by continuous marching, who dropped by the road-side, caring little whether or not they should ever see another sunrise. The cause for which they had fought so long was going out in darkness, and they would willingly go with it. The sun went down, its last rays falling upon the dying and the dead on the battle-field of Sailor's Creek—on the eight thousand lost to General Lee. The last chance to escape from the pursuing foe had



SAILOR'S CREEK.

Thirteenth Army Corps, under Gen. Gordon Granger; the Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith; and the troops of General Steele, from Arkansas, giving him an army of forty-five thousand. The troops landed on the east shore of Mobile Bay, accompanied by light-draught gunboats, commanded by Admiral Thatcher.

General Canby advanced against Spanish Fort, guarding one of the entrances to the Appalachee River, seven miles east of the city. The bombardment began. Intrenchments were erected. For thirteen

March 27, 1865.

days the cannon thundered, General Canby getting nearer with his guns every night. On the ninth day he had thirty-eight siege-



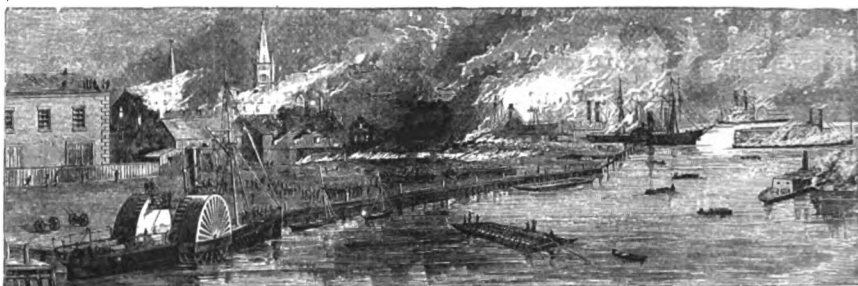
LANDING OF TROOPS AT FISH RIVER.

guns and thirty-seven pieces of field artillery hurling solid shot and shell at the fortifications.

General Carr held the right of the Union line. He saw that if he could make a charge, and gain a portion of the breastworks, he could place a battery in position, and pour in grape and canister upon the enemy from their rear.

April 8, 1865.

The sun goes down, and the twilight is stealing on, when the Eighth Iowa Regiment rushes across the narrow space and gains the parapet. There is a hand-to-hand struggle, ending in the capture of half of General



CONFLAGRATION IN MOBILE.

Ector's brigade. In a very short time the Union troops are firmly entrenched.

The morning dawned, but no Confederate was to be found in Spanish Fort. The troops had fled across the Appalachee, abandoning the fort and its fifty cannon. Five miles farther north was Fort Blakely,

April 9, 1865.

towards which the army moved, together with the vessels of the fleet. Let us not forget that at Appomattox the last Confederate cannon had become silent, the last volley of musketry had died upon the air; that the Army of Northern Virginia had no longer any existence. As the night comes on, by the placid waters of Mobile Bay the troops of General Canby are formed for an assault. It is a brief contest, resulting in the capture of the fort and its garrison of more than three thousand four hundred men. Three days later the city was surrendered. A large amount of cotton and several steamboats were burned, by order of the military authorities, before the city was given up.

We have seen how effective the Union cavalry had become as a distinct arm of the service. The time had arrived when it could be used to great advantage. Had we been with General Thomas in the west, after the defeat of Hood, we should have seen General Wilson preparing for a long, hard march, to destroy railroads in Alabama and Georgia.

The columns of horsemen moved southward from the Tennessee River—three divisions, commanded by generals Upton, Long, and McCook.

March 30, 1865.

Five thousand troops under General Forrest was the only organized force likely to be encountered. Here and there, riding wherever there were founderies or iron-mills to be destroyed, swept the advancing army. At Ebenezer Church was the first encounter with

April 1, 1865.

Forrest, who was routed, with the loss of two cannon and two hundred and fifty men. Wilson moved on to Selma—

strongly fortified and defended by seven thousand Confederates. Long's division rushed upon the breastworks, capturing thirty-two cannon and two thousand seven hundred prisoners. The city had been an important workshop for the Confederacy, and the arsenal, founderies, and mills were destroyed. The cavalry went on to Montgomery, the capital of the State. From the balcony of the State House Jefferson Davis had made a speech, on the evening of his inauguration as President, February 18, 1861. ("Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 39). Without opposition the Union troops entered the city. More than ninety thousand bales of cotton belonging to the Government had been burned by the military authorities rather than see it fall into Wilson's hands. A vessel in the river, mounting seven cannon, was destroyed, together with two hundred cars upon the railroad. From Montgomery Wilson moved to Macon, in Georgia. Armed resistance had died out. Lee and Johnston had surrendered, Jefferson Davis and the members of his Cabinet were fugitives, and there was no longer a Government.

There was still another movement of cavalry, under General Stoneman, who started from Knoxville, Tennessee, to make a demonstration eastward into Virginia. He destroyed the railroad nearly all the way to Lynchburg, turned south to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he fought a battle, captured fourteen cannon, destroyed the supplies accumulated for the Confederate army, burned the bridges and the railroads.

So while Grant was striking the blow at Five Forks, and moving to Appomattox, Sherman in North Carolina, Canby at Mobile, Wilson in Alabama, and Stoneman in North Carolina and Virginia were co-operating to put an end to the Rebellion.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXI.

- (¹) Capt. J. C. G., "Lee's Last Campaign," p. 26.
- (²) "A Confederate Courier's Experience." *Watchman*, New York, March 10, 1866.
- (³) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 176.
- (⁴) Capt. J. C. G., "Lee's Last Campaign," p. 30.
- (⁵) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 180.
- (⁶) Statement of W. L. Shepard to Gen. Horace Porter. *Century Magazine*, November, 1887.
- (⁷) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 182.
- (⁸) *Idem*.
- (⁹) *Idem*, vol. ii., p. 187.
- (¹⁰) Capt. J. C. G., "Lee's Last Campaign," p. 32.
- (¹¹) Gen. A. A. Humphreys, "Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865," p. 381.

CHAPTER XXII.

APPOMATTOX.

FARMVILLE is a small town of about one thousand inhabitants, on the Appomattox, fifteen miles north-west of Burksville. The South Side Railroad crosses the stream on a high bridge five miles east of the village, and again at the village. The main county road between Lynchburg and Richmond also crosses the river near the railroad. The river could not be forded; and so the possession of the two bridges was regarded as of vital importance by the commanders of both armies. General Lee was straining every nerve to place his army at Farmville; that accomplished, he would burn the bridges, which would detain General Grant and enable him to reach Lynchburg.

General Ord, moving west from Burksville, was directed by General Grant to seize the bridges.⁽¹⁾ A small and compact body of troops can

April 5, 1865. march more rapidly than a corps, and so General Ord despatched Colonel Washburne with two regiments and his own headquarters escort in advance of the main body. It was an audacious movement—the throwing out of a small isolated body of troops across the path of Lee. We need not wonder that General Ord became alarmed for the safety of the party when he came to think it over. He was so much disturbed that he sent Gen. Theodore Reade, his chief of staff, to take charge of the reconnoissance. That officer was two miles

April 6, 1865. from the bridge, with five hundred infantry and eighty cavalrymen, when he found himself confronted by a large force of cavalry. He quickly came into line of battle, rode along the ranks, and encouraged the men. The opposing troops were the divisions of Rosser and Mumford. The battle raged fiercely. Reade, Washburne, and all the Union cavalry officers were killed, besides a large number of the men. The others, seeing no possible chance of escape, surrendered. General Dearing, Colonel Boston, and Major Thompson, of Rosser's command, were killed. The battle was waged so stubbornly and fiercely that

General Lee, who was led to think there must be other troops behind them, ordered a halt.

While this was going on near Farmville, Sheridan with the cavalry and the Sixth Corps were fighting the battle of Sailor's Creek, and the Second Corps, under Humphrey and Griffin, with the Fifth, were following Gordon in his retreat towards Farmville. General Grant was at Burksville, and sent this despatch over the wires, to be forwarded to Sherman :

"The troops are pushing now, though they have had no rest for a week. The finest spirit prevails among the men, and I believe that in three days more Lee will not have an army of five thousand men to take out of Virginia, and no train of supplies. We have his army pressed hard, his men scattering and going to their homes by thousands. He is endeavoring to reach Danville, where Davis and his cabinet have gone. I shall press the pursuit to the end. Push Johnston at the same time, and let us finish the job at once."(*)

Before daybreak the Union cavalry was once more in motion, Crook's division following the fugitives west from Sailor's Creek, Merritt and Mackenzie south-west to Prince Edward Court-house, for
 April 7, 1865. General Grant was still of the opinion that Lee was trying to reach Danville. General Crook came upon the Confederates at Farmville, on the north side of the Appomattox, but was repulsed, losing quite a number of prisoners, including General Gregg. Sheridan saw that Lynchburg, rather than Danville, was the point which Lee desired to reach, and he directed Crook to join him at Prince Edward Court-house, for he wanted to throw his whole command across Lee's line of retreat, and head him off, as a farmer's boy heads off a flock of sheep. (*)

Through the night Lee's army, with the exception of Longstreet's troops, crossed to the north side of the Appomattox. Gordon's corps was at High Bridge, while Longstreet was on the hills overlooking Farmville. For a week the soldiers had had very little to eat; but here they received a supply of food, which gave them new strength, and revived their waning courage. They were in a strong position, and felt, if they could delay their pursuers a day, they would be able to reach Lynchburg.

The Union troops under General Ord and those under General Wright reached Farmville to find the bridges burned, and the river too deep to be forded. At half-past five in the morning the Second Corps reached High Bridge just as Gordon's and Mahone's divisions were gaining the northern bank, and were setting the structure on fire. General Barlow's skirmishers rushed forward and put out the flames.

Had we been there we should have seen a young man, Col. Thomas L. Livermore, of General Humphrey's staff, leading a party upon the run to drive off those detailed to do the burning. It was a structure sixty feet high, and the flames were leaping up the timbers; but the fire was put out, and all but four spans of the bridge saved.

The troops passed to the opposite bank. Barlow turned to the south towards Farmville, Miles and De Trobriand north-west. Barlow came upon the troops under General Mahone and attacked with great vigor, cut off a long line of wagons, which he destroyed, but lost a very able commander, Gen. Thomas A. Smyth, of Delaware.

General Humphreys, with Miles's and De Trobriand's divisions, came upon Gordon on the stage road leading to Lynchburg. General Miles sent forward three regiments, and there was a sharp engagement, but no general battle. During the day the Second Corps obtained possession of nineteen cannon.

In the preceding chapter we have seen General Sheridan sending four of his scouts with a captured telegraphic despatch, asking that supplies be sent to Lee's army. One of the scouts came to General Sheridan and informed him that he had succeeded in getting the despatch sent to Lynchburg; that he had been watching the railroad for three days,

April 8, 1865. and that there were four trains near Appomattox Station feeling their way slowly down the road—the engineers not knowing where to find General Lee's army. The messenger had kept the original despatch, and had shown it to the engineers. He told them that the troops were starving. (*)

It was great news. General Custer was nearest the railroad, and sent two regiments to tear up the track in rear of the trains. A moment later a Confederate force appeared. There was a sharp fight, ending in the seizure of cars and engines, twenty-five cannon, a large number of wagons, and a hospital train—all moving towards Lynchburg. Once more the Union cavalry stood across Lee's line of retreat.

A citizen, Dr. Smith, called upon General Grant, and informed him that he had had an interview with General Ewell, who said that when he left Richmond and crossed the James he was convinced that their cause was lost, and that it was the duty of the authorities to make the best terms they could while they had a right to claim concessions. It was not done, for Jefferson Davis was not ready to give up the contest. General Ewell said that every man killed after the hopelessness of the struggle was made so clear would be but little better than murder. (*)

General Grant reached Farmville, and made his headquarters at the

tavern where General Lee had passed the previous night. Upon thinking over what Dr. Smith had told him, the conviction came that he ought, if possible, to put an end to the fighting. He determined that, as for himself, he would not bear the responsibility for continuing the slaughter, and so wrote a note to General Lee:

"The results of the last week," it read, "must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."(*)

A white flag was waved on the picket line, and General Lee sent this in reply:

"Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender."

General Grant regarded it as evasive, and as written to gain time. He knew that in a few more days there would be no Confederate army, that it was rapidly melting away—soldiers continually dropping from the ranks and going to their homes. The proprietor of the hotel in which he was stopping was wearing the uniform of a colonel. "I am proprietor of this house," he said. "I found that I was the only man remaining of my regiment. I have come to surrender myself."

April 8, 1865.

"If you stay here at home you will not be molested," said General Grant.(')

General Lee held a consultation with his officers. He was not ready to surrender, and so it was decided that Gordon should sweep Sheridan out of his way.(*)

There had been no fighting to speak of during the day, and General Lee's soldiers were congratulating themselves that the worst was over. The bands played the old familiar tunes. The troops, having had a supply of food, swung their hats and cheered their beloved commander.(*)

So many horses had given out that the cannon could be dragged no farther, and the artillerymen smashed the wheels with their axes. From the time of leaving Petersburg and Richmond the army had been greatly retarded by its long lines of wagons, which were often fast in the mud, and hundreds were now destroyed.

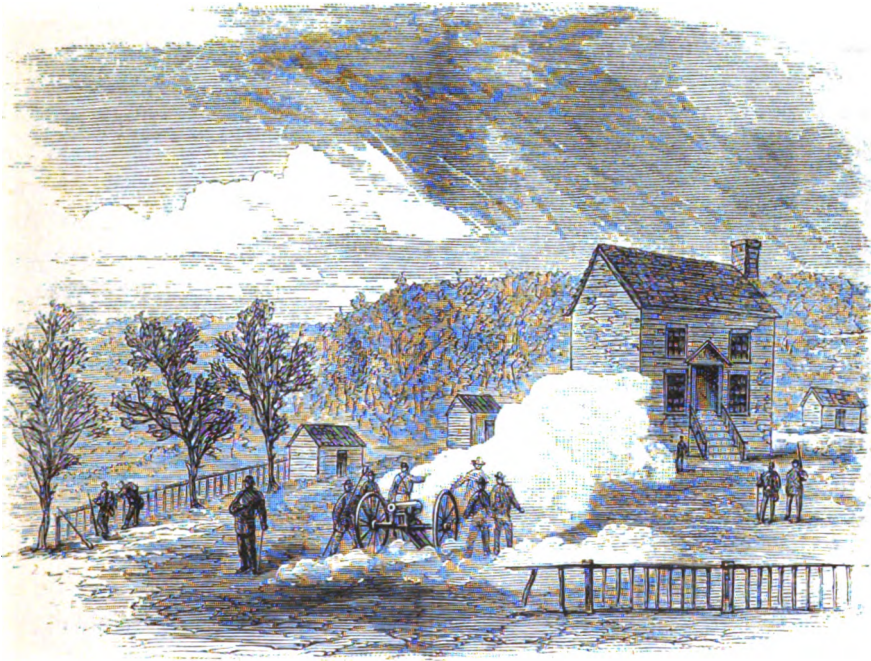
Going back to the Union army we see Sheridan's headquarters at a small house a few rods south of the railroad station at Appomattox. He has been in the saddle pretty much all the time for a week, has had the planning of affairs at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek, but every faculty is awake. He sees that a great hour is at hand. No sleep now. "Continue the skirmishing through the night. Don't let the Confederates have any rest," his order, and so through the night the rattling of musketry is heard along the lines. Some of his soldiers know how to run locomotives, and leap upon the captured engines, run them up and down the track, keeping the whistles going, having a lark.(") It is great fun.

Officers are riding with messages to Ord, to hasten on to Sheridan's support. Merritt, Crook, Custer, Devin—Sheridan's division commanders—are as wide awake as himself; they are with him, and feel that if General Ord arrives in time the day which is breaking will witness the end of the rebellion.(") Although worn by constant marching, the soldiers seem to know no fatigue, but move on with swinging step. "Nothing seemed to fatigue them. They were ready to move without rations, and travel without rest until the end. Straggling had entirely ceased, and every one was now a rival for the front," is the testimony of General Grant.(")

We come to a great day in the history of our country. Before the sun was up General Ord reached the headquarters of Sheridan. His troops were not far behind. The rattle of musketry was increasing. Sheridan rode to the front and saw the movement to sweep him out of the way. In a moment he resolved what to do: Merritt, who was holding the front, was to fall back slowly; he would shift Devin and Custer to the right, to make room for the troops of Ord, while Crook and Mackenzie, on the left, were to stand firm. Staff officers carried the orders. Sheridan wheeled his horse and rode back to Ord, who was forming his line in a piece of woods.

How wonderful the control of men by a military commander! A moment ago a thought came to Philip H. Sheridan, and now fifteen thousand men, as if moved by invisible machinery, are carrying out a plan—Merritt falling back, the other divisions shifting right and left as smoothly as the scenery of a theatre. A great dramatic scene in the history of our country is about to be enacted. The Confederates follow Merritt. They are driving him, so they conclude—opening the way to Lynchburg. They gain the crest where but a few minutes since sat Sheridan, and behold emerging from the woods the solid ranks of Ord! Not cavalry alone, but a corps of the army stands across their path. They come to a halt, turn about, and march towards Appomattox Court-house.

General Lee finds himself surrounded. The inevitable hour has come. Custer is ready; Devin will be in a few minutes, and then ten thousand horsemen, and as many more foot soldiers, will be advancing. Custer looks across the meadow, and sees a white flag waving in the morning sunlight. "Lee has surrendered. Don't charge; the white flag is up;" the message from Custer. Sheridan rides forward, but receives a volley of musketry. The men who fired are in a piece of woods, and do not know that a white flag is waving, and again open fire. He turns, gains



LEE'S ARMY FIRING ITS LAST GUN.

the shelter of a ravine, and rides on, followed by a sergeant carrying his battle-flag. Again a group of soldiers level their muskets at him. "Don't fire," the shout of the officers, and the men obey. One soldier attempts to seize the flag from the hands of the sergeant, whose sword flashes in the air. "Hold on! Don't cut him down," the word from Sheridan, who halts and sends a staff-officer to Generals Gordon and Wilcox. There is still a rattling of musketry in front of Merritt.

"Why not send an officer and have your people cease firing?" said Sheridan. "They are violating the flag."

"I have none to send," the reply of Gordon.

"I will lend you one."

The offer is accepted, and Lient. Vanderbilt Allen rides to General Geary, commanding a body of South Carolina troops, with an order from Gordon to cease firing; but that officer, instead of accepting the message, seizes Lieutenant Allen as a prisoner. "I do not care for white flags. South Carolinians never surrender," he shouts. The troops of Merritt, indignant at what they regard as treachery, open fire, but only for a moment. The general sees his mistake and Lieutenant Allen is released.

"General Lee asks for a suspension of hostilities pending the negotiations which he is having with General Grant," said Gordon.

"I have been constantly informed of the progress of the negotiations, and think it singular that while they are going on General Lee should have continued his march and attempted to break through my lines. I will entertain no terms except that General Lee shall surrender to General Grant on his arrival here. If these terms are not accepted we will renew hostilities," said Sheridan.

"General Lee's army is exhausted. There is no doubt of his surrender to General Grant," the reply. (")

During these moments the last cannon-shot has been fired by the Richmond Howitzer battalion, who fired the first shot in one of the first battles of the war, at Big Bethel. (See "Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 81.) It was one o'clock when General Grant and staff rode into the little village that surrounds Appomattox Court-house. Sheridan and Ord were already there.

"How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, I thank you. How are you?"

"Is Lee over there?" and Grant pointed in the direction of the court-house.

"Yes, in that brick house." (")

General Babcock, of Grant's staff, had borne a letter to General Lee, finding him by the road-side lying on his blanket beneath an apple-tree. The Confederate general-in-chief mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a single member of his staff, Colonel Marshall, rode back to the house of Mr. William McLean. (")

By themselves, in the large square room of the mansion, is the meeting of the two men whose names are to be forever associated in the history of our country — General Lee in a new uniform of gray, General Grant in a faded and soiled coat of blue, with no sword, nothing to indicate rank except three small stars upon his coat. General Lee, the

ever courtly gentleman, descendant of honored ancestors; General Grant, unheard of, unknown in 1861, clerk in his father's store, so obscure that few of his fellow-citizens in Galena, Ill., had knowledge of him; both leaders of great armies, both writing their names large as military commanders. Not as victor and vanquished do they meet. If there was any surrendering or accepting of a sword the world does not know it. They meet as friends, to bring about the blessed dawn of peace. They are by



FRONT VIEW OF McLEAN'S HOUSE.

themselves a few moments; then Sheridan, Ord, the members of Grant's staff, and Colonel Marshall, of General Lee's staff, enter the room. This the historic picture by one who was present: "We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa and a few chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood. The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other.

"General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and show-

ing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt 'sugar-loaf' stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

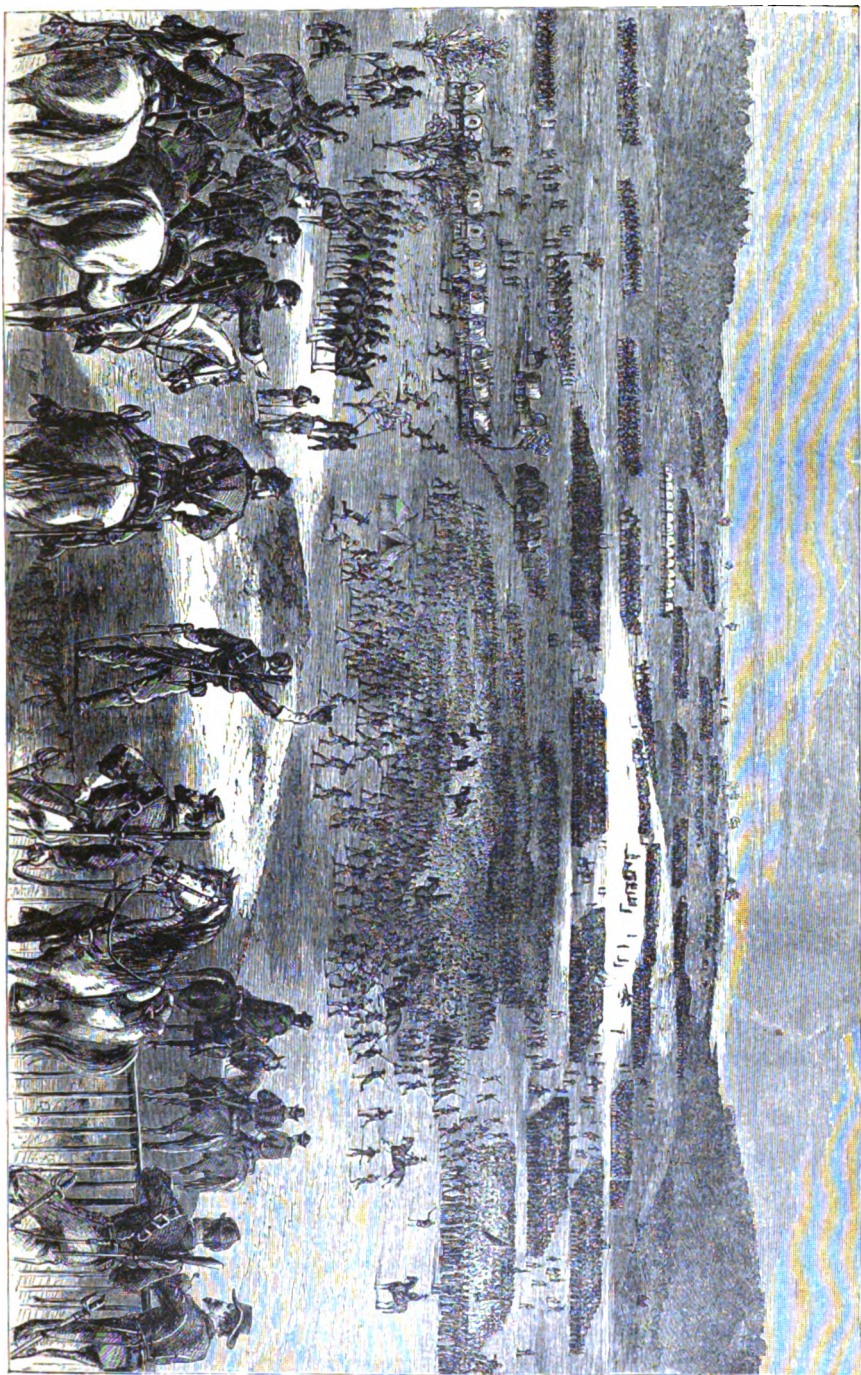
"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table.

"We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggery, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the 'shabby-genteel.' He enlightened us regarding the contrast, by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best.

"General Grant began the conversation by saying:

"I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

"Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it, and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature."



LEE'S ARMY AT THE TIME OF SURRENDER.

"After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said :

" 'I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army.'

"General Grant replied :

" 'The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday—that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property.'

"Lee nodded an assent, and said :

" 'Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed.'

"General Grant then continued :

" 'Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting ; and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities, and be the means of preventing any further loss of life.'

"Lee inclined his head, as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. (")

"The writings were made. The Confederate officers were to give their paroles not to take up arms until exchanged. The arms to be stacked, the cannon parked. Officers were to retain their side-arms, to return to their homes, not to be disturbed so long as they observed their paroles and obeyed the laws.

" 'I would like to inquire if the terms as written permit the men who own horses to retain them?' General Lee asked.

" 'The subject is new to me. I did not know that your soldiers owned their animals, but I think that this will be the last battle of the war—I sincerely hope so. I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding. I will not change the terms already written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals with them to their homes to work their farms.'

" 'This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much towards conciliating our people,' said General Lee. 'I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as can be arranged, for

I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days on parched corn, and we are badly off for rations.'

"'I should like to have them sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied,' the reply.

"'Colonel Morgan, will you see that twenty-five thousand rations are sent at once?' he said to his commissary.

"General Grant's eye fell upon the jewel-hilted sword of exquisite finish worn by General Lee. 'I started from my camp several days ago without my sword,' he said, 'and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since then, I have been riding without my side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible, only during the actual operations of the campaign.'

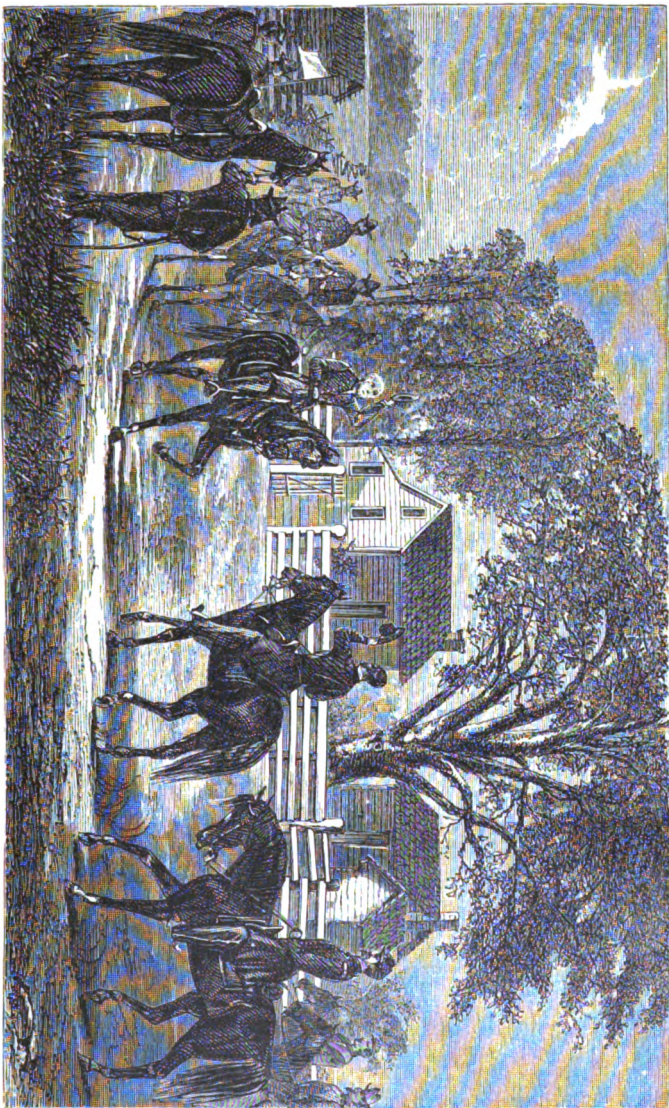
"'I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time, and wear it invariably when I am among my troops, moving about through the army,' said Lee."(')

The sun was nearing the western horizon before the surrender was completed, and Lee mounted his gray horse to take his departure. The group of Union officers lifted their hats to him; he raised his own with courtly dignity and rode towards his waiting troops, who gathered around him, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Bareheaded, and his own cheeks wet with tears, he said: "I have done the best I could for you; and you, who have been so faithful and true in battle, will go to your homes and become good citizens."(')

The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were also waiting. All day long they had stood in their places, with the white flags fluttering along the enemy's lines. No one can tell which corps received the first intelligence of the surrender, but it burst out all along the lines—"Lee has surrendered!" Men leaped into the air, danced in wild delirium, hugged and kissed one another, turned summersaults, hurrahed, and yelled their delight. No more fighting, no more weary marches, no ghastly wounds, but home, wife, children, peace, rest, joy everywhere—on earth and in heaven!

General Grant is riding towards his headquarters when he remembers that he has sent no word to Abraham Lincoln. He dismounts, sits down by the road-side, and looks at his watch. The hands point to half-past four as he writes, "General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself."(')

Between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand men were surrendered; but of these it is said that not more than eight thousand were in



CONFERENCE BETWEEN SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON.

condition to fight a battle. In one week the army, which had so long held Richmond and Petersburg, had become exhausted under the tireless energy of Grant and Sheridan. By the returns, dated February 20, it numbered 76,174, but it had melted away as the dew before the sun after the victory at Five Forks.

While this was taking place the army under General Sherman, numbering, with the troops of Terry and Schofield, nearly ninety thousand, was at Goldsborough getting ready to advance, so as to move promptly at the hour fixed by its commander. General Johnston was at Smithfield, but returned to Raleigh, N. C. Never, at any time during our struggle for the Union, was heard such cheering as by the men of the West when, the next day, the telegraph flashed the news of what had taken place at Appomattox. A few days more, and the war would be ended and they would be at home.

General Sherman moved on to Raleigh, the capital of the State—Governor Vance fleeing, Johnston making no effort to prevent the army from entering.

A messenger came from General Kilpatrick, who was out on the road leading to Hillsborough, twenty-six miles from Raleigh, bringing a letter from General Johnston, asking for a conference. The Confederate commander knew that his Government had gone down—that his power to continue the struggle was at an end. The two commanders met in conference in the house of Mr. Bennett, near Hillsborough. General Sherman, in his desire to bring about a surrender of all the Confederate armies, and a quick restoration of peace, exceeded his authority by including political questions in his agreement with Johnston.

It was a conditional agreement, to be submitted to the President. The authorities at Washington could not accept it. General Grant went to Raleigh, and informed General Sherman that Johnston must surrender on the same terms that Lee had accepted at Appomattox. It was done. The arms were surrendered, cannon given up, and the remnants of the armies which had fought at Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, and Atlanta—the troops that had held Charleston, Savannah, and Wilmington disappeared, each soldier going to his home, tired of war, to become a peaceful citizen. In two weeks after the battle of Five Forks the Confederacy and its armies had been swept away. No more the thunder of the cannonade, no more the fusillade of musketry, the ground strewn with killed and wounded men, but peace, blessed peace, one country, one people, one destiny!

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXII.

- (¹) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 473.
- (²) Gen. Adam Badeau, "Military History of Gen. U. S. Grant," vol. ii., p. 579.
- (³) Idem, p. 588.
- (⁴) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 190.
- (⁵) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 477.
- (⁶) Idem, p. 478.
- (⁷) Idem, p. 480.
- (⁸) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 191.
- (⁹) Capt. J. C. G., "Lee's Last Campaign," p. 38.
- (¹⁰) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 190.
- (¹¹) Idem.
- (¹²) Gen. U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 481.
- (¹³) Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, "Personal Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 197.
- (¹⁴) Gen. Horace Porter, *Century Magazine*, November, 1887, p. 142.
- (¹⁵) Idem.
- (¹⁶) Idem.
- (¹⁷) Idem, p. 149.
- (¹⁸) Gen. A. L. Long, "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," p. 424.
- (¹⁹) Gen. Horace Porter, *Century Magazine*, November, 1887, p. 150.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

THE war in its progress had been marked by bitterness and hate. It is not strange that it was so, for it was a conflict between people speaking the same language, having the same lineage, inhabiting a common country, but moved to action by antagonistic ideas. The difference between Freedom and Slavery was irreconcilable and eternal. One or the other must go down before the country could be at peace. The slaveholders in 1860 looked with contempt upon Abraham Lincoln, regarding him as low-born. Vile epithets had been applied to him. He had been called a "baboon." One of the literary productions of the time, published in Richmond, was a drama entitled "The Royal Ape,"⁽¹⁾ the scenes laid in the White House, Washington, and President Lincoln, the chief actor, living indecently. The hope and expectation of the Confederates had been the election of General McClellan and the triumph of the "Peace Democrats," as many of those who supported him called themselves; but the reelection of Abraham Lincoln was a declaration on the part of the people of the North that the war was to go on till the last Confederate should lay down his arms in unconditional surrender, to become a loyal citizen of the United States.

On the marble steps of the eastern portico of the Capitol President Lincoln took a second time the oath of office, administered by Chief-Justice Chase. Before him stood a great throng. Many soldiers were there—weak, emaciated, pale, haggard, on crutches—
 March 4, 1865. who had crept out of the hospitals to gaze upon the face of one whom they loved, and whose great heart they knew was beating only for the welfare of his country. Tender and pathetic his words:

"On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in this city seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve

the Union and divide the effects by negotiations. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves. These slaves constituted a peculiar powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen and perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or before, the conflict itself. Both parties read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, lest we be judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which in the providence of God must needs come, having continued through his appointed time, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in the living God ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago so still must it be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up another's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."(*)

We think, as we read these words, of another who was born in obscurity, and who at his birth was laid in a manger, who in his manhood years preached repentance, righteousness, forgiveness, and redemption—of whose life, spirit, and service to his fellow-men Abraham Lincoln became par-

taker. The President of the United States desired peace for the country, but he wanted it accompanied with righteousness.

It is not strange that there were men in the South who, when they saw the Confederacy going down, were ready to engage in desperate and wicked undertakings to save it. To carry on operations against the United States, Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who was Secretary of the Interior during the administration of President Buchanan (see "Drum-beat of the Nation," chap. ii.), was sent to Canada with several hundred thousand dollars, which he was to use as he should see fit in secret operations to embarrass and trouble the United States.

It is not probable that the police or any citizen of Toronto, during the month of October, 1864, had any suspicion of what was going on in a building at the corner of Agnes and Tearnly streets in that city—that William L. McDonald was manufacturing an explosive compound, which he called "Greek fire," which was to be placed in hotels in the city of New York, or on steamships, to explode and set the buildings and vessels on fire. Mr. Thompson was furnishing the money for this method of warfare. From a letter written by him we obtain an insight of what was being done :

"A Mr. Major visited me," reads the letter, "and represented himself as an accredited agent from the Confederate States to destroy steamboats on the Mississippi River, and that his operations were suspended for want of means. I advanced him two thousand dollars in Federal currency, and soon afterwards several steamboats were burned at St. Louis, involving an immense loss of property to the enemy. He became suspected, as he represented to me, of being the author of the burning, and from that time he and his men have been hiding, and consequently have done nothing. Money has been advanced to Mr. Churchill, of Cincinnati, to organize a corps for the purpose of incendiaryism in that city. I consider him to be a true man, and although as yet he has effected little, I am in constant expectation of hearing of effective work in that quarter."(')

This letter was written by an accredited agent of the Confederate Government, appointed by Jefferson Davis, supplied with funds by the Secretary of the Treasury, receiving instructions from Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, thus making President Davis and his Cabinet, in the eyes of the common law of civilized nations, accessories to all that was done before and after the fact.

"Colonel Martin," reads the letter written by Thompson, "expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New York City. He was allowed to do so, and a most daring attempt was made to set it on fire."(')

Had we been in New York on the evening of the day which saw Abraham Lincoln re-elected President we should have seen rockets rising in the air and bonfires kindled in the streets. Great crowds

Nov. 5, 1865.

were rejoicing over the news, flashing from all parts of the country, of the continued confidence of the people in the President, and the manifestation of their determination that the war should go on till the last Confederate should lay down his arms. Those who had voted for Abraham Lincoln hurraed till they were hoarse; those who had voted for General McClellan retired in disappointment to their homes. Midnight came; quiet succeeded the noise and uproar, suddenly broken by the clanging of the fire bells, the rumbling of engines, flames bursting from hotels—thirteen fires blazing at once. Several men had come from Canada, in the employ of Jacob Thompson, with money drawn from the Treasury of the Confederacy, and had kindled the flames. The firemen were quick to act, and none of the hotels were wholly destroyed. There is no compunction, no upbraiding of conscience in the letter written by Jacob Thompson relating to the transaction. "Reliance on Greek fire," it reads, "has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended on as an agent for such work. I have no faith in it whatever, and no attempt shall be made hereafter under my general direction with such materials."(*) In the eyes of the agent of the Confederate Government the failure to burn hotels filled with men, women, and children was a "misfortune!" The burning of a few buildings in New York could not possibly have affected the operations of the Army of the Potomac, nor retarded the march of General Sherman to the sea. There was no sanity or reason in the method of warfare entered upon by the Confederate Government through Mr. Thompson. It was the madness that came from a sinking cause. His operations were not confined to New York. "A great amount of property," reads his letter, "has been destroyed. Several parties have done the work at St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisville, Brooklyn, and Cairo."(*)

This accredited agent of the Confederacy, having a safe retreat in Canada, determined to bring trouble and sorrow to the people of the United States by throwing railroad trains from the track and killing or maiming the passengers. John Y. Beall, who was a captain in the Confederate army, and owned a large plantation and more than one hundred slaves, who had been educated at Charlottesville, and had served under Stonewall Jackson, was sent to Canada to act as Mr. Thompson should direct. Captain Beall placed obstructions on the Lake Shore Railroad at night, threw a train from the track, and made his escape to Canada. The police were vigilant; detectives shadowed him. Once more he crossed the line into

the United States, and was arrested. When brought to trial he took a commission from his pocket, signed by Jefferson Davis, to show that he was in the Confederate service, and that he ought not to be regarded as a private individual, but as in the employ of the Confederate Government. He manifested no sorrow for what he had done, was found guilty, and hanged. This the information sent by Mr. Thompson to Mr. Seddon: "Some of the Confederates here are to operate on their railroads, and force the enemy to keep a guard on all their roads—which will require a large standing army at home—and to burn, wherever it is practicable, and thus make the men of property feel their insecurity, and tire them out with the war."(')

A party of men dashed into the town of St. Albans, Vt., robbed a bank, and escaped to Canada. It was done by authority of Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, who was acting jointly with Mr. Thompson as agent of the Confederacy. This the testimony of Mr. Clay:

"I met a Mr. Young at Halifax, who showed me letters from men whom I knew by reputation to be true friends of the South, vouching for his integrity as a man, his piety as a Christian, and his loyalty as a soldier of the South. After satisfying me that his heart was with us, and that he had suffered imprisonment from which he had escaped, he developed his plans for retaliating some of the injuries and outrages inflicted upon the South. I thought them feasible, and therefore recommended his plans to the Secretary of War. He was sent back by the Secretary of War, with a commission as second lieutenant, to execute his plans and purposes, and to report to the Honorable Secretary and myself. We prevented his achieving what he could have done for reasons which may be explained hereafter. Disappointed in his original plan, he proposed to pass through the New England States, burning towns, and robbing them of whatever he could convert to the use of the Confederate Government. This I approved as justifiable retaliation. He attempted to burn the town of St. Albans, and would have succeeded but for the failure of the chemical preparation. Believing that the town was already fired in several places and must be destroyed, he then robbed the bank of all the funds he could find. That he was not prompted by selfish or mercenary motives, and that he did not intend to convert the funds taken to his own use, but to that of the Confederate States, I am as well satisfied as I am that he is an honest man. My instructions to him, oft repeated, were to destroy whatever was valuable, not to stop to rob; but if, after firing a town, he could seize and carry off money, he might do so, upon condition that it was delivered to the proper authorities of the Confederate States. It seems to me that the

Confederate States Government would not hesitate to own that his act was fully authorized as warrantable retaliation."(*)

Let us go to Richmond, that we may comprehend the desperation and demoralization of Jefferson Davis and his fellow-associates during the last

weeks of the existence of the Confederacy. It is February.

Feb. 11, 1865.

Mr. Alexander H. Stevens, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Campbell are at Fortress Monroe, holding an interview with President Lincoln and Mr. Seward. On the steamer *River Queen* (see page 346) Mr. Oldham, of Texas, senator, is writing a letter to Jefferson Davis, informing him that Professor McCullough has a combustible compound which can be used to destroy the steamships of the United States. "I have seen enough of the effects," writes Senator Oldham, "to satisfy me that, in most cases, without any danger to the parties engaged, we can burn every vessel that leaves a foreign port for the United States. We can burn every transport that leaves the harbor of New York or other northern port with supplies for the armies of the enemy, burn every transport and gunboat on the Mississippi River, as well as devastate the country, and fill the people with terror and consternation. For the purpose of satisfying you on this subject, I earnestly request that you will have an interview with General Harris, formerly Member of Congress from Missouri, who, I think, is able by conclusive proofs to convince you that what I have suggested is perfectly feasible."(*)

Upon this paper is to be found, in the handwriting of Jefferson Davis, the memoranda: "Hon. W. S. Oldham—February 12, 1865. In relation to plans and means to burn the enemy's shipping, towns, etc., preparations are in the hands of Professor McCullough, and are known only to our party. Ask the President to have an interview with General Harris, formerly of Missouri, on the subject.

"Secretary of War at his convenience please see General Harris, and learn what plan he has for overcoming difficulties heretofore experienced.—J. D."

On February 20, 1865, Jefferson Davis transmitted the letter to Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. The Peace Commission at that date had returned from their fruitless visit to Fortress Monroe; General Sherman was advancing upon Columbia, and the colored troops were singing a gloria to the memory of John Brown in the streets of Charleston.

We come to the great tragedy. Soon after the re-election of President Lincoln, in December, an advertisement appeared in a newspaper published in Selma, Alabama, proposing the raising of a fund for the assassination of President Lincoln and Mr. Andrew Johnson, Vice-President elect from



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.
From a photograph taken in 1864.

Tennessee, who had stood resolutely for the Union, and for the taking off of Secretary Seward. (")

Lieutenant Alston wrote a letter to President Davis, offering "to rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery."

This letter was referred by the secretary of President Davis to Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, who turned it over to Judge Campbell, whom we have seen at Fortress Monroe, who sent it to Adjutant-General Cooper, with the indorsement, "For attention." (")

The advertisement in the Selma newspaper brought forth no protest from any one in the South. The proposals to burn steamships and buildings did not shock Jefferson Davis or the members of the Cabinet. We are not to think that they were wicked above other men; on the contrary, they were high-minded. Let us with all charity believe that at the beginning of the war they would have scorned to enter upon so ignoble a method of retaliatory warfare as was proposed in the closing months of 1864. A sinking cause, the conviction that their efforts to establish a Confederacy were to end in failure, led to the employment of unscrupulous men and unwarranted measures. More than this, let us not forget that the barbarism of slavery, the indefinable influence of a system that authorized men to trample on the rights of their fellow-men, overshadowed them with a baleful influence, making them insensible to the enormity of the methods employed: the burning of men, women, and children in hotels, their mangling on wrecked railway trains. It is sad and mournful to record the degeneracy of the Confederate Government that marked the closing period of the War of the Rebellion.

Among those who were ready to engage in any undertaking, however desperate, was John Wilkes Booth, son of a gifted dramatic actor, himself also an actor. His sympathies were with the slave-holders. When John Brown seized Harper's Ferry, in 1860, he assisted in his capture. Through the war he had associated with those who opposed it. He had been in Richmond during the conflict, making his way secretly through the lines. The re-election of President Lincoln angered him. He made the acquaintance of a gang of ruffians, who became obedient to his imperious will. Among others were Lewis Powell, who sometimes went by the name of Payne, who had played the part of a spy for the Confederates; George Atzeroth before the war built wagons and carriages, but had engaged in sending goods through the blockading fleet; Daniel E. Harold had studied pharmacy, and was putting up medicines for an apothecary; Mary E. Surratt kept a boarding-house in Washington. She sympathized with

Jefferson Davis, as did her son John. Booth laid a plan to seize Mr. Lincoln, and hurry him by a roundabout route into the Confederacy. We do not know what he expected to do with the President after getting him to Richmond, or into some out-of-the-way place, or what advantage he expected could possibly come to the Confederacy by such an abduction, other than to hold him as a hostage. He had an abundant supply of money, and he gave his friends to understand that he had made it by speculating in kerosene oil. Quite likely he saw that it would be a difficult undertaking, and one not easily executed, and the plan was abandoned for one far more desperate. He had been in Canada, and held a conference with Jacob Thompson, and was back in Washington. He determined that President Lincoln, Vice-President elect Andrew Johnson, and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, should be assassinated. In the boarding-house of Mrs. Surratt the conspirators matured their plan.

It was Good Friday, a day set apart by many Christian men and women for meditation and prayer, in commemoration of their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, but not so observed by the people generally.

April 14, 1865.

John Wilkes Booth learned that the President was to attend the theatre on the evening of the fourteenth, and quickly matured his plan to strike a blow by which the South was to be avenged. To comprehend his state of mind we are to remember that his father bore the name of Brutus; that he had seen his gifted parent act with fiery energy the part of Brutus as Shakespeare has written it. It is not probable that he gave any thought as to what would come from the assassination—how it would affect the people of the South. He was actuated by one motive, and only one—revenge! It would be sweet to send a bullet through the brain of the man who had conquered and despoiled the South! Passion had possession of him. It did not elude his intellect, but rather made it so clear that every minute detail was prearranged for the assassination and for his escape. He had been in the theatre many times. He knew where the President would sit; that to reach him he must pass through a crowded audience; that when the deed was done he must bound upon the stage from the box in which the President would be seated, run rapidly between the side-scenes, and open a door leading to an alley. He must have his horse in waiting, leap into the saddle, make his way into the country to a tavern owned by Mrs. Surratt. That the world may know his motives and applaud his act, he writes an article and places it in the hands of a fellow-actor, to be published in the newspapers. He visits the theatre, bores a hole through the door leading to the box in which the President will be seated, that he may peep in and survey the scene; arranges a bar



MRS. SURRATT'S HOUSE, IN WHICH THE CONSPIRACY WAS PLANNED.

From a photograph taken in 1865.

to hold the door. He hires a horse, rides the animal to accustom himself to its motion. Forethought and calculation mark all his actions, as did those of Judas Iscariot on a Thursday night in Jerusalem eighteen centuries ago.

General Grant arrived in Washington in the morning and called upon the President. Had we been there we should have seen the Cabinet in session and all the members shaking hands with him. He had little to say, except that he wanted to hear from General Sherman. President Lincoln was cheerful. "We shall have good news," he said, "for I had my usual dream last night—the dream I had just before the battles of Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. I seemed to be a

passenger in a peculiarly constructed ship, swiftly sailing towards a dark and undefined shore. I think that we shall hear that Sherman has beaten Johnston. My dream must relate to that, for I know no other important event likely to occur.” (1)

Philosophy falters when confronted by such phenomena. Was it the whispering of one of the unseen beings that attend us lest we dash our feet against a stone—whispering of better news to him than any victory of Gettysburg; that for him the hour of rest, of relief from care, was not far away; that the great burden which he had borne was to be taken from his shoulders; that he was to receive the reward accorded to faithful servants?

Then the Cabinet took up the business of the morning: the restoration of the revolted States, and what should be done with Jefferson Davis and the members of the Confederate Government.

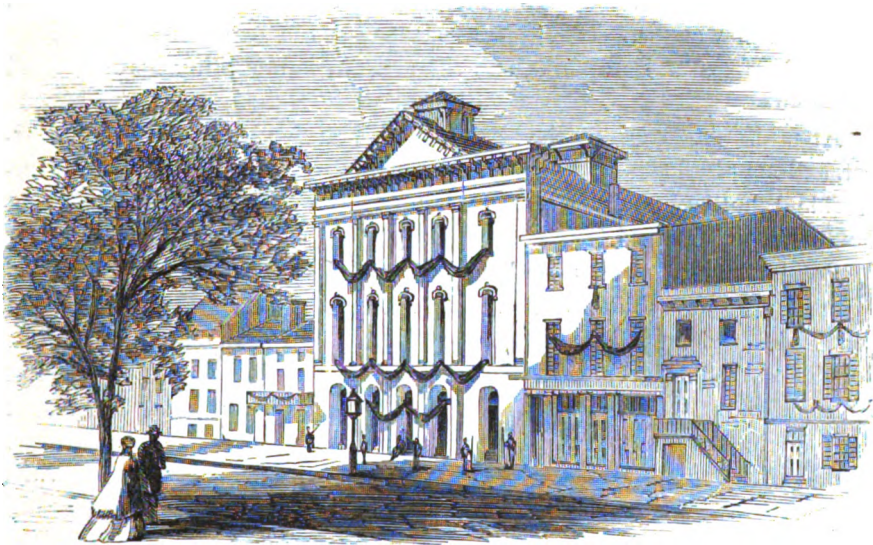
“I have no desire to kill or hang them, not even the worst of them. Let us frighten them out of the country—open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off. Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union,” said the President. (2)

In the afternoon with Mrs. Lincoln he drove through the suburbs of Washington. He was very happy, talking of the past and of the future. He said that when his four years as President were over he would go back to Illinois and be a county lawyer again. God had been very good to him. So, with the breath of spring in the air, fragrant with the perfume of budding willows and aspens, with the dandelions and wild strawberries opening their petals in the fields, with the April sun going down in the west—not knowing that the sun of his own life was nearing the horizon, that his life work was ended, all labor done—his spirit at peace with himself, his fellow-men, and with God, he passed the closing hours of life's last day.

People knew that he was to be at the theatre, that General Grant, just arrived from Appomattox, was expected to be there, and all Washington was purchasing tickets to see the *American Cousin* enacted for the benefit of Laura Keene, a favorite actress. They desired to be present when the two men foremost of all others in the honor and affections of the people of the United States should enter the building. Mr. Lincoln liked the play. Its wit, humor, breeziness, and energy, typical of the country he loved, and for which he had done what he could, refreshed him.

A great crowd welcomed the President upon entering, the band playing “Hail to the Chief.” There was waving of handkerchiefs and long

and loud applause. General Grant was not there; his heart was with his children, and he was on his way to see them—to clasp them once more in his arms. The play was nearly ended when John Wilkes Booth rode into the alley in rear of the theatre, leaped from his saddle, asking a boy to hold his horse. He went to a saloon and drank some brandy, entered the theatre, showed his card to an attendant, and reached the door through which he had bored the hole. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris, step-son and daughter of Senator Harris, were in the box, intent upon the play. The door behind them opens



FORD'S THEATRE.

From a photograph taken April, 1865.

so noiselessly that they do not hear it. Booth has a pistol in his right hand, a dagger in his left. A flash—a sharp report. The bullet has gone into the President's brain. The assassin is striking at Major Rathbone, then leaps upon the stage, his spur catching in the folds of the Stars and Stripes hanging from the box. He falls headlong, rises, brandishes his dagger. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he shouts. It is the motto on the shield of Virginia. He runs across the stage, reaches the door leading to the alley, mounts his horse, and is riding with a broken leg through the streets.

Another scene in the tragedy was being enacted on Lafayette Square, at the house of Mr. Seward. At the moment when Booth entered the

theatre Payne rode up to the house on horseback, dismounted, rang the bell. Mr. Seward was sick. "I am a messenger from the physician, and am to give this package of medicine to him," he said, pushing past the servant. "I will take the medicine," said Mr. Seward's son Frederick. Payne rushes upon him, snaps his pistol, which misses fire, beats him till he falls senseless, enters the room of the Secretary, meeting Miss Seward and a soldier nurse—Robinson—strikes at them with a knife, wounding the nurse, springs like a tiger upon the Secretary, makes three stabs at his throat. The Secretary rolls to the floor, between the bed and the wall. Robinson is upon the assassin, receiving two wounds. Col. Augustus Seward, in his night-dress, rushes in and seizes Payne, to fall with several wounds. The servant attending the door encounters him. One stab of the knife at him, and the assassin is mounting his horse and riding away.

At midnight Booth reached a tavern in Maryland owned by Mrs. Sur-ratt, and kept by landlord Lloyd. Harold, who was to have killed the Vice-President, but had made no serious attempt, came there. "We have killed the President," he said.

Booth's leg was swollen—a bone broken. It was set by Dr. Mudd, living near, who gave him a crutch and took care of him a short time. He sympathized with the South, and so rendered service to the assassin. At Port Tobacco, in Maryland, Booth and Harold found shelter with Thomas James, who kept them in hiding, feeding them by stealth. On a dark night he took them to the Virginia shore. Booth was keeping a diary. He had thought to send his name down the ages as one of the world's greatest heroes, and was astonished when he saw in the newspapers that he was regarded as one of the greatest assassins of all time. This the entry under date of April 21:

"After being hunted like a dog through the swamps, woods, and last night chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. . . I struck for my country, and that alone—a country that groaned beneath his tyranny, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me."

The world never yet has given hearty welcome to an assassin. People in Virginia, sore over the going down of the Confederacy, stood aloof from the man who had committed dastardly murder. They did not offer hospitality, and were glad when he was gone. Upon the bank of the Rappahannock came the last scene in the part enacted by Booth in the tragedy: a barn, Booth and Harold upon the hay within, Union soldiers

surrounding it; the barn in flames; Harold giving himself up; one of the soldiers, taking aim, sending a bullet through the brain of the murderer. The final scene: the yard of the old Capital Prison in Washington; the lifeless bodies of Harold, Payne, Atzeroth, and Mrs. Surratt swinging beneath the scaffold, executed as conspirators and accomplices in the terrible crime.

In a house across the way from the theatre, a little past seven o'clock in the morning, President Lincoln died, with the light of heaven upon his brow, and the inexpressible peace of an eternal morning in every feature.

"Now he belongs to the ages," said Secretary Stanton, breaking the mournful silence as the spirit passed away.

All the world walked in the funeral procession that bore him to his last resting-place at Springfield, Ill. Kings and emperors laid their wreaths upon his bier. All that was mortal of him is entombed near his Springfield home; but that part of him which cannot die is more beautiful to-day than ever before, because, as the years go by, we see that he lived not for himself but for his fellow-men; that he was one of the great men of all the ages.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

- (¹) "The Royal Ape; a Dramatic Poem." Richmond, West & Johnson, publishers, No. 20 Main Street, 1863. In possession of the Author.
- (²) Inaugural Address of President Lincoln, March 4, 1865.
- (³) Jacob Thompson to Secretary Benjamin. Letter dated Toronto, C. W., December 3, 1864. Unpublished Confederate Archives.
- (⁴) Idem.
- (⁵) Idem.
- (⁶) Idem.
- (⁷) Idem.
- (⁸) Clement C. Clay to Secretary Benjamin. Unpublished Confederate Archives.
- (⁹) Senator Oldham to Jefferson Davis, February 11, 1865. Unpublished Confederate Archives.
- (¹⁰) Pitman, "Report of Conspiracy Trials," p. 51.
- (¹¹) Idem, p. 52.
- (¹²) Gideon Welles, *Galaxy Magazine*, April, 1872.
- (¹³) Idem.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRIUMPHANT END.

IN this outline history of the War of the Rebellion there is far more than the marshalling of armies—more even than the conflict between Slavery and Freedom. Through the smoke and flame of battle we see the stamina, firmness, and power of a government of the people. Kings, emperors, dukes, and lords in lands beyond the sea had looked forward to the time when the Republic would disappear, as a stately ship founders in a storm. They thought the time would come when the financial resources of the country would be exhausted and the nation bankrupt. The Union, they believed, was forever divided. Bitterness and hate would work the dissolution of the nation. When the news of the assassination reached Europe, it was regarded as the beginning of anarchy; but, though the President was dead, the nation still lived. In the presence of Senator Sumner and others, a few hours after the death of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson took the oath as President.

It has been said that there is nothing so timid as money. The man who loves money is ever anxious for fear that he may lose it. So, on the morning of April 15, 1865, men in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, who had invested in the bonds of the United States, when the shock over the news of the assassination had passed, began to think of the bonds which they had purchased. Would there not be a financial panic? Would not everybody lose faith in the stability of the Government? In the great exchange building in New York was an excited crowd, eager to sell their bonds, expecting that no one would buy them; but they found there were people ready to purchase. There was no panic, and a fall of only two per cent. in the market value. The excited men did not then know that one man in particular had such faith in the stability of the Government that he had sent a message from Philadelphia to his agents in New York to purchase all the bonds that might be offered—Mr. Jay Cooke, (') who had been the agent of the Treasury Department to negotiate the original sale of the bonds, and who had thus purchased them. The rich men of Eng-



BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JOHNSON, RALEIGH, N. C.

land, France, and Germany wondered at the faith of the people of the United States in themselves. The newspapers of those countries could not account for it.

The new President, Andrew Johnson, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina. His parents were poor, and he was obliged to work for a living. He became a tailor, and while working with his needle learned to read. He moved to Tennessee and married a good and loving wife, who taught him writing. He had been elected to Congress, had been Governor of Tennessee, and senator. He had opposed secession, stood resolutely for the Union, and the people in their gratitude had elected him Vice-President. He was bitter against the secessionists. He offered a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of Jefferson Davis.

We have seen the President of the Confederacy leaving Richmond in the gloaming of a Sunday evening, accompanied by the members of his government.

When the day dawned he was at Burksville, and breathed more freely, for he had escaped falling into the hands of Sheridan. The train moved on to Danville. The people of that place gave him a hearty welcome. Thenceforth that town was to be the seat of government, for the President was resolute in his decision not to leave Virginia. He wrote a proclamation. "We have entered," it read, "upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free. I announce to you that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my heart and soul. I will never consent to abandon one foot of the soil of the States of the Confederacy. . . . If by the stress of numbers we shall ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from the limits of Virginia, or of any other border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free. Let us, then, not despair, my countrymen, but, relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

Proclamations, however brave the words, do not carry muskets or repair worn-out railroads. They do not fight battles, win victories, or bring money to an empty treasury. The resources of the Confederate Government were exhausted, its military power fast fading away. The people of Virginia and of the other sections of the South made no response. No citizen came to enlist. The printed sheet was waste paper—nothing more. Five days, and then came the news of what had happened at Appomattox.

There was again a hasty packing of trunks and boxes, hurrying to the railroad station, and departure for Greensborough. Jefferson Davis met generals Johnston and Beauregard on the hill-side where, in the war of the Revolution, was fought the battle of Guilford Court-house. Notwithstanding General Lee had surrendered, the President ordered Johnston to fight on to the bitter end. The people of the town did not cheer when the train rolled into the depot. No citizen came to offer hospitality, and the Government of the Confederacy went on to Charlotte—nearly to the South Carolina line.

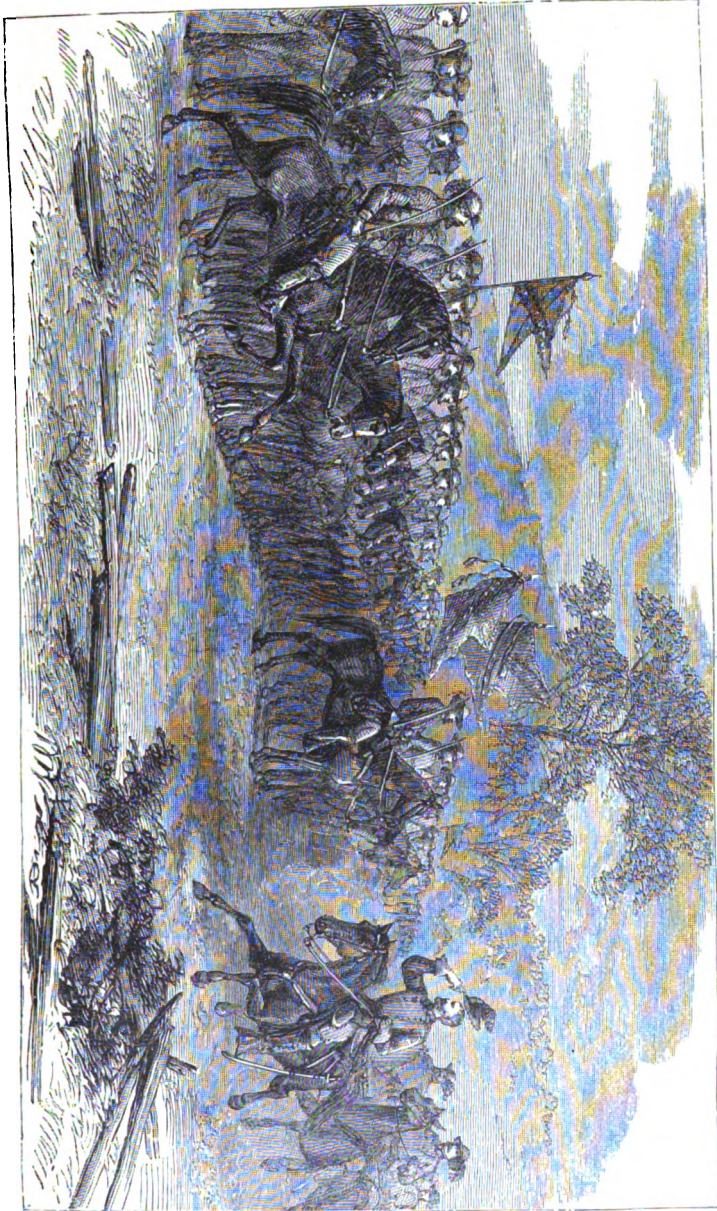
The terrible realization comes to Jefferson Davis that the Confederacy has gone down—Johnston has surrendered; Secretary Breckinridge arrives with the depressing news; Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, resigns; Breckinridge, Benjamin, and Mallory steal away to seek their own safety; Regan, Postmaster-General, alone remains. The President has joined Mrs. Davis, who, as we have seen, forecasting the approaching end, sent her furniture to the auction-room and took her departure quietly from Richmond. The President has an escort of two thousand cavalry. The escort dwindles. A large number leave in a body. The flight ends at last. Union cavalymen, sweeping through Georgia, come upon the trail of the fugitives. Near Irwinsville, in a pine thicket, in the early morning, they find Jefferson Davis, disguised as a woman, with a pail in his hand, a servant in appearance, going to the brook for water. The vision of power that dazzled him as he stood upon the balcony of the State-house in Montgomery, February, 1861 (see "Drum-beat of the Nation," p. 39), has passed away—this the end. He becomes a prisoner, and is taken to Fortress Monroe.

There are still Confederate soldiers in arms, the partisans in Virginia, whom we have seen peacefully following the plough during the day, riding with General Mosby to pounce upon a Union wagon train at night. Their commander summons them once more, reviews them as in the past. "The war is over; I am no longer your commander. Go to your homes," his words.

Far away in Texas Gen. E. Kirby Smith enacted the last scene—surrendering the last armed soldier of the Confederacy. Once more the Stars and Stripes were waving over an undivided country.

May 27, 1865.

This history of the War of the Rebellion has still an unwritten chapter. Several times I have set myself to write it, but my heart recoils and the pen refuses to do its work. The story of Belle Isle and Andersonville, the starvation and death of the soldiers of the Union: at Andersonville thirteen thousand white head-stones marking the graves

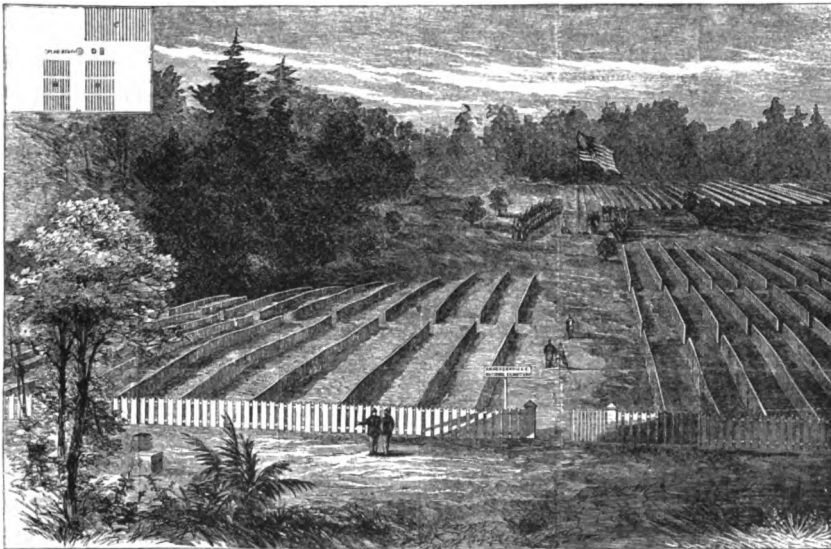


THE LAST REVIEW.

of those who, day by day, wasted away through want of food and disease engendered by studied and systematic brutality and neglect—so revolting and heart-rending that brain and heart alike recoil from the portrayal—a stain so deep that Jefferson Davis has endeavored to explain it away. This his indictment against the United States:

“Persistence by the United States in the refusal to observe the cartel caused so large an increase in the number of the captured at Andersonville as to exceed the accommodations provided, and thus to augment the discomfort and disease consequent on their confinement.”(1)

Once more we are to keep in view the origin and meaning of the war



ANDERSONVILLE.

—the attempt on the part of the slave-holders to establish a government based on slavery. When President Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation Jefferson Davis submitted a message to the Confederate Congress, announcing that he should hand over to the authorities of the several States all commissioned officers of the United States, to be dealt with as criminals engaged in inciting insurrections. We have seen in a preceding chapter the resolutions offered in the Confederate Congress, that all negroes taken in arms should be delivered over to the several States. Let us remember that the negro troops were soldiers of the Republic. In July, 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring

that the Government would protect every Union soldier, irrespective of race, lineage, or color. The Confederate Government refused to surrender negro soldiers captured on the battle-field, whereupon the United States declined to continue the exchange. This is the refusal referred to by Mr. Davis; and so into the prison-pen of Andersonville, enclosing less than twenty-six acres of ground, were crowded thirty-three thousand human beings, without shelter from the blazing summer sun or the storms sweeping in from the sea—no protection save burrows excavated in the ground or a tattered blanket stretched on sticks; their food uncooked corn-meal, peas, and rancid meat; their drink the water of a brook thick with malaria and germs of disease. More than seven hundred deaths a week the record. Who was responsible, Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis? The United States or the Confederacy? Could Abraham Lincoln make any distinction between soldiers who were fighting that the nation might live? On what ground could Jefferson Davis refuse to exchange negro soldiers?

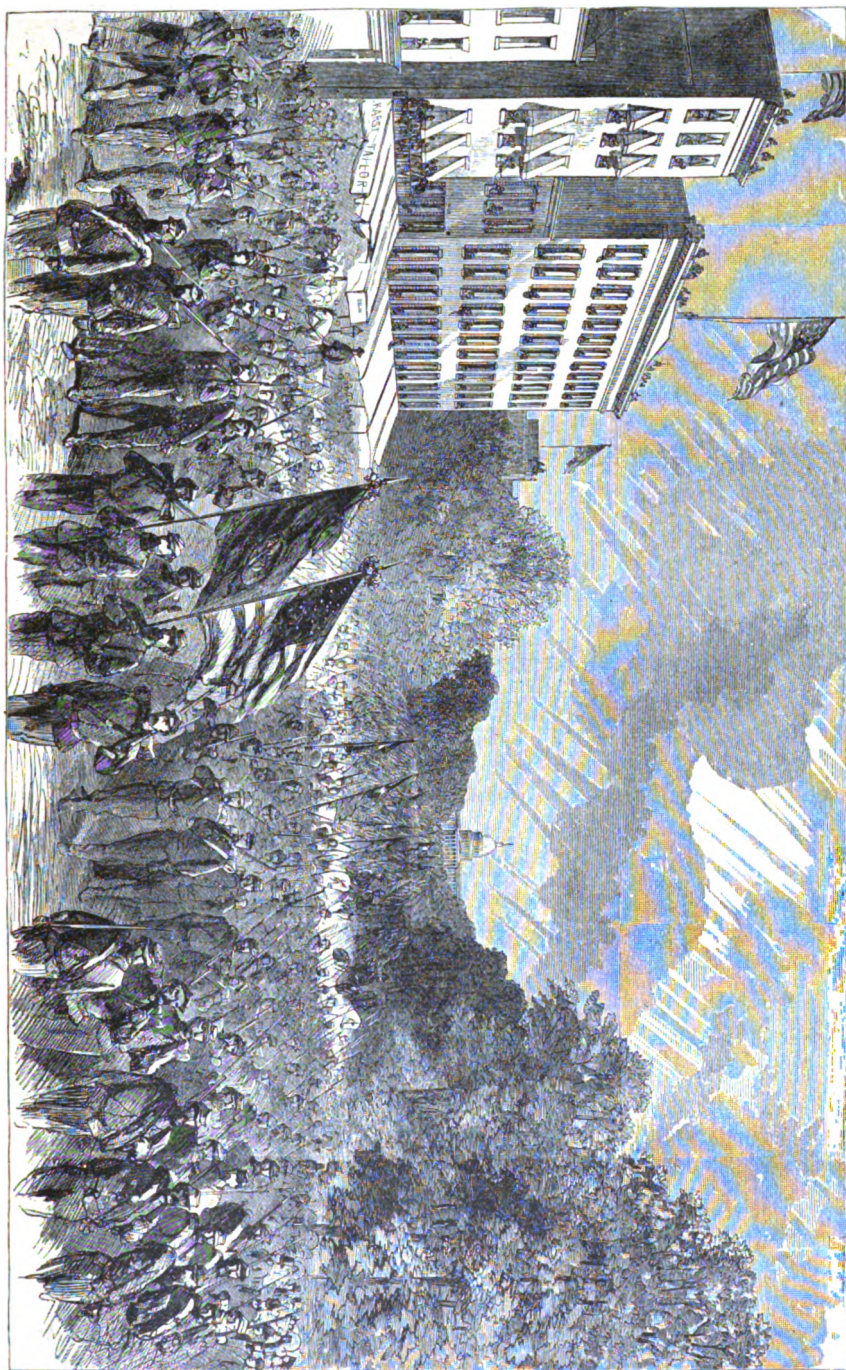
General Grant, at City Point, in correspondence with General Lee, asked if colored troops, the same as white soldiers, were to be exchanged.

"I intended," reads the reply of General Lee, "to include all captured soldiers of the United States, of whatever nation or color, under my control. Deserters from our service, and *negroes belonging to our citizens, are not considered subjects of exchange, and were not included in my proposition.*"(*)

Jefferson Davis has this to say in regard to the correspondence: "That there were any of the not included class among the prisoners was purely hypothetical; but the pretence served General Grant as an excuse to decline negotiations, and for putting the matter offensively, for the purpose of preventing an exchange."(*)

This the sneer of the President of the Confederacy upon General Grant: "That a soldier, bred and educated under the Constitution of the United States, should have so great a regard for deserters and fugitives from service or labor that, lest any of those classes should be denied exchange, he would prefer to leave hosts of his fellow-soldiers to languish, and many of them to die, in captivity, was an act which is left for others to determine."(*)

Behind the refusal of General Grant and Abraham Lincoln to continue the exchange was the eternal principle of justice. It was the last conflict between the barbarism of the past, as represented by a government based, as was the Confederacy, on slavery, and a Christian civilization upon the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount—the brotherhood of man. The begin-



REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

ning of the conflict was, on the part of the United States, a struggle for the preservation of the Union; but with the discontinuance of the exchange Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, representing the people, became the champions of the loftiest ideal ever attained by a nation. The thirty-three thousand soldiers at Andersonville knew why they were starving. The thirteen thousand borne out on the dead-cart to the lengthening trenches accepted death rather than the invitation of the Confederate authorities to make shoes, harness, clothes, or to engage in other occupations for their benefit, with abundance of food. Within Andersonville were fifty colored soldiers, thirty-three thousand white. We need not wonder that some among the thousands were ready to sign a petition to Abraham Lincoln praying that the exchange might go on; that they might once more take their places in the ranks rather than to die where they were. The petition came to Charles E. Lee, of Connecticut. "Sign it? No! These negro troops were slaves. They had no country. They enlisted to fight for my country. I can die with them, but I will not desert them!" he said, and tore the petition to tatters.

Though dying from starvation, nothing could swerve the great multitude from their loyalty. When November came, in 1864, the day on which the people of the United States were to decide whether Abraham Lincoln or General McClellan should be elected President—whether the war should go on, or peace, as Jefferson Davis might dictate, should be accepted—General Winder, commanding at Andersonville, desiring to ascertain the feelings of the prisoners, ordered them to vote with beans instead of ballots. Those who wanted Abraham Lincoln re-elected were to vote with black beans; those favoring General McClellan with white. The ballot-box was an old coffee-pot. The prisoners were marshalled by the guards and marched to the balloting. Great was the astonishment of General Winder to see that only here and there a prisoner dropped a white bean into the coffee-pot. (*) Whether on the battle-field, or wasting away day by day amid the horrors of the prison, they were true to the flag they loved. In contrast will ever stand, on the one side, the barbarism, inhumanity—the indescribable horror; on the other, the heroism, loftier than that of the battle-field, a loyalty and fortitude unsurpassed in the history of nations.

The conflict was over. A million of men were in arms. We see the two great armies which had borne the brunt of battle—the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the West—marching to Washington. They pass in review before the newly elected President, and then melt away. The fleets

of war ships become merchant vessels, or are sold to dealers in old junk. Four years of battle has not engendered among the soldiers a love for war, but rather a higher conception than ever before of the blessings of peace.

Reunited in indissoluble bonds, chastened, purified, redeemed, slavery vanquished, freedom triumphant, leader and teacher of all the nations, at peace with ourselves and all the world, the nation, in a new and larger life, its flag the emblem of the world's best hope, moves on to its mighty destiny.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIV.

- (¹) Jay Cook to Author.
- (²) Jefferson Davis, "Andersonville and other War Prisons." *Belford's Magazine*, January, 1890.
- (³) Correspondence between generals Grant and Lee. Military Records in Adjutant-General's office.
- (⁴) Jefferson Davis, "Andersonville and other War Prisons." *Belford's Magazine*, February, 1890, p. 344.
- (⁵) Idem.
- (⁶) Hon. Mr. Pingree, Mayor of Detroit, to Author, August, 1890.

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